

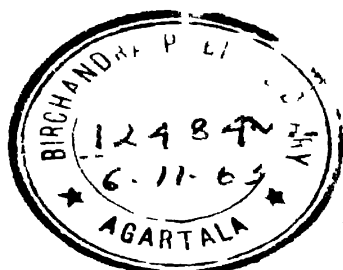
**HOW TO LIVE  
WITH  
YOURSELF**



# HOW TO LIVE WITH YOURSELF

*Or What To Do*  
Until The Psychiatrist Comes

*by*  
DR. MURRAY BANKS



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**This book is dedicated to the best-adjusted  
lady in my life . . . Dora Banks**



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## INTRODUCTION

I ONCE RAN across a paragraph that said: "A good reputation; a clear conscience; appreciation of nature; a peaceful heart; the knowledge of having given happiness to others; a trained and well-filled mind; satisfaction from duty well-done; faith in the outcome of right; contentment; well-adjusted social relationships; these make for true happiness."

Ever since then, I have pondered the meaning of happiness, and what the quest for happiness really involves. This book is the result.

I believe that the greatest task that any human being faces in this life is to learn how to live with himself. I personally cannot see how an individual can ever live well with anyone else, or engage peacefully and successfully in any activity unless he has first mastered the art of living with himself.

To live well with oneself, to live peacefully and creatively, is a two-pronged key: one prong is *understanding*. Here indeed is the foundation for good living. Understanding is the prerequisite for maturity and for growth. Without it, there can be no real growth.

A creative life is rooted in insight and understanding. This is its life-blood.

Learning to make new adjustments to old problems is the other prong of the key of happy living. Understanding, and learning to make new adjustments—this, I believe, is the secret of a balanced personality.

There is a law in psychology that states in effect . . . "learning that is associated with pleasant feelings is the best kind of learning." In my attempts to make learning as pleasant as possible, during my years of teaching psychology on the college level, I have blended humour with psychology, only to find that people everywhere are hungry for knowledge of how to live

better, but the pill is swallowed with a smile when it is heavily sugar-coated.

*How to Live with Yourself* is my contribution to the store of sugar-coated pills. Most of the material in this book is the outgrowth of lectures given both in the college classroom and on the lecture platform to clubs and organizations all over the country. Indeed, my greatest satisfaction has come when a member of the audience would come up to me after my talk, and say, "Thank you . . . you have made me laugh, and you have made me feel better".

That, after all, is what we all need . . . to learn each day how to live better and better . . . and to laugh a little as we learn.

This book is composed of three parts designed to do just two things—to give you understanding, and to throw a little light on learning to make better adjustments.

Part One is designed to give you some insight into your mind and personality. It answers some of the questions that most people ask in their attempts to understand themselves.

Part Two deals with the specific problems of adjustment in relation to other people. Sound psychological principles for getting along well with others are developed in this section.

Part Three deals with your problems of adjustment in relation to yourself. The chapters in this section deal with the why and the how of the specific things you must do to build a better life in the years ahead.

Now let's begin our exploration of the most important art in the world—the art of learning how to live with yourself.

MURRAY BANKS

## **PART ONE**

# **UNDERSTANDING YOURSELF**





## 1. HOW TO LIVE WITH YOURSELF

NO MATTER WHAT you do in life, there is a reason for it. All behaviour, no matter how strange, has its underlying reason.

At the funeral of the richest man in town a great many mourners turned out to pay their last respects to the dead. Among the multitude was a poor man who heaved deep sighs as he followed the hearse.

"Are you a close relation of the deceased?" someone asked him commiseratingly.

"I'm no relation at all!" he replied.

"Then why do you weep?"

"That's why!"

Although there is a reason for everything we do, the fascinating thing about human beings is that more often than not, we do not know the *real* reason for our actions. We think we know, and we are convinced of the motives for our behaviour.

A woman goes to the gas company to pay her bill. She is given too much in change. But she'd like to keep it. So what does she say?

"They've got more money than I've got! They must have overcharged me many times. I'll keep it just to get even!"

Now is that the real reason she keeps the money? No. She simply keeps it because she wants more money.

The story is told of a man who has the habit of running around his apartment in the nude all the time, except for a high silk hat that he wears.

"Why do you always run around in the nude?" asked a friend.

"Oh, no one ever comes in here."

"Then why do you wear that high silk hat?"

"You never know," he replied, "when company may drop in!"

In my college classes I ask my students this question. "Tell me, how many of you expect to get married?" The hands go up. Selecting one boy, I ask, "Sam, *why* do you want to get married?"

Sam ponders and finally says, "Why? I never thought about it."

"Well, think about it, and tell me why you want to get married."

"Well," says Sam, "I want someone to love me; I want someone to cook for me; I want to have a place to come home to—in case I should decide to come home; I want—I want—I want."

To the girl: "Annie, why do you want to get married?"

"Well, I want to sleep late. I want to quit my job; oh, how I hate my boss! I want a man who will give me the things I've always wanted—furs, jewellery, nice things; I want—I want—I want."

So you see, even when you get married, you do not marry for the reasons you give. Ask anyone why he got married. "Well, what else was there to do?" It is worth remembering, *No man ever marries just to be a good citizen!*

The real reason we get married is because we have certain wants, and we expect marriage to satisfy those wants. I have counselled many marriages—good and bad—and here is one secret of a happy marriage: **KNOW WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE, AND SELECT A MATE WHO CAN HELP SATISFY SOME OF THOSE WANTS!** Nothing could be more unfair than to attach yourself in a lifelong partnership *expecting* that certain wants of your personality will be satisfied, when from the very beginning it is impossible for the other person to do so.

If you are a very lively, enthusiastic, extrovert person, then don't marry someone who every three years—turns around! Imagine going to a show with such a person. What happens when you become enthusiastic, turn to him and say, "Isn't that wonderful! Joe, don't you think that's wonderful?"

Slowly he turns to you and says, "Everything to you is wonderful. Bah!"

What can you feel but, "Stay with me; I want to be alone!"

*What Do Human Beings Want from Life?* Everything we do has a motive. Nothing is done without a reason. Whether we go to school, take a job, get married, stay single—everything has its motive. Now, what is it that all normal human beings want from life? What satisfactions are we striving for?

The whole drama of life springs out of four basic "I wants". Here they are:

1. *I Want to Live.* "How long?"

"Forever."

Oh, you will hear people say, "When I'm ninety I won't care if I'm dead!" And that is just the way you feel until you're eighty-nine! That's why people buy liver pills, patented cure-alls, washing machines. Did you think that a woman bought a washing machine to make clothes whiter? Oh, no. When the salesman says to the lady, "Madam, this machine will add twenty years to your life," she says, "I've got to have that machine, deliver it at once!"

2. *I Want a Feeling of Importance.* Everyone wants respect, power, prestige, admiration. Did you ever see a little boy who goes swimming or is about to dive?

"Watch me, Mama," he says. "Watch me!"

Now Mama can applaud and admire him. He glows under the admiration and approval. Adults are just the same. Of course we can't run around openly demanding, "Watch me, watch me!" Now we learn to do it more subtly. We do it with our big cars, expensive furniture, college degrees, furs, jewellery, diamonds.

A girl is engaged. "We're engaged, Annie," says Herman.

"We're engaged?" she answers. "Where's my engagement ring? Twenty-two carats, please."

This all calls: "Watch me, watch me—and admire!" There really is very little difference between infants and adults—although someone asked me once, "Do infants have as much fun in infancy as adults do in adultery?"

In connection with the feeling of importance—ego—what do you say when you are introduced to someone? Do you say, "How do you do?" If so, you will probably be forgotten in about five minutes, if it takes that long. What you should say if you can is:

"Oh, Mr. Appleduff—well—I've heard so many *nice* things about you!"

Then he spends half the night wondering what you heard, where you heard it, what's your name, and how can he find out what you heard! But don't say: "I've heard so many things about you." For if you do, he may think: "My God, maybe he knows!"

Be tactful. Tact is the oil of life. It makes the wheels go round smoothly and quietly. Oh, you can be rude, tactless, discourteous, and you will get on; but no one will like you. Tact makes the other person feel more adequate, and is related to the desire to feel important.

Of course it isn't so much *what* you say as *how* you say it.

A man died suddenly while doing business in the market place. So the minister sent the sexton to the dead man's wife.

"Be careful," he cautioned him, "and break the news to her as gently as possible!"

The sexton knocked. A woman came to the door.

"Does the widow Rachel live here?" he asked.

"I'm Rachel, and I live here," replied the woman, "but I'm no widow."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the sexton, triumphantly. "How much do you want to bet you aren't?"

Perhaps another example of how to say it is illustrated in the story of the beautiful stage star who became greatly perturbed about her looks as she got on in years. Her photographer in particular began to feel the brunt of her temperamental moods. One day she was very unhappy over a set of photos taken of her, and she was furious with the photographer.

"What's happened to you?" she cried. "These pictures are awful. Where is that fine technique you had ten years ago?"

"Well, you must remember," the tactful photographer replied, "I am ten years older now."

A woman walked into a shoe store one day. She had rather large feet, but like many others with defects to which they are sensitive, she joked about it. To the salesman she said, laughing, "Can you fit a horse?"

The salesman looked her over carefully, and said, "Certainly madam, sit right down!"

He might just as well have called her a horse! It is not what you say but how you say it. Why, take a little word like *No*. Did you ever consider how many different meanings "No" can have?

"No!" one man roars with fury in his voice.

"No, no," a mother cautions.

"Nooo—" a sweetheart coyly drawls. (This is probably the biggest *Yes* you'll ever hear!)

I remember overhearing a fellow trying to get a girl's phone number. "Come on, give me your number," he insisted.

"I will not," she insisted in return.

I called him over and said, "You know, that's the worst technique I have ever seen."

"Why, do you have a better one?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I told him. "You were *making* that girl say no. She couldn't say yes, because you were making her lose face. Whenever you embarrass another, make a person feel cheap or ridiculous, you will lose; you just can't win.

"But I will show you how you can always get yes for an answer, and here's how. Next time simply say, 'You know, I've enjoyed talking with you. I'd like to see you again sometime. Tell me, which is more convenient for you—shall I write or phone?'

"So she thinks, Which is more convenient for me—write or phone? Then she says, 'I think you'd better phone.'

"You come back with 'O.K., what's the number?'"

You must never give a person a choice between something and nothing. You might get nothing. Always give a person a choice between *something* and *something*—both of which are favourable to you.

If you say, "You wouldn't lend me a couple of pounds, would

you?" what can the answer be but, "That's right, I wouldn't. How'd you know?"

' Say: "Which can you lend me, a pound or two pounds?"

"Here take a pound. This way you lose a pound and I lose a pound."

Let a person retain his feeling of adequacy and importance and you will always be better liked. For example when someone asks you an embarrassing question, don't offend his ego by saying "It's none of your business." Be like the man who, when the Irishman asked him, "Tell me, why do you always answer a question with a question?", replied, "Why shouldn't I?"

3. *I Want a Mate.* Everyone wants to be loved. Unfortunately there are more people who want to be loved than are willing to do the loving.

Said one girl: "I was involved in a triangle; he and I were both in love with him."

Every woman would like to marry well. Often a girl would rather remain single than marry *any* simpleton. She's waiting for a *special* simpleton! No wonder the poor woman in Bournemouth who at the age of forty-four was called an old maid exclaimed:

"I am not an old maid. I'm an unclaimed treasure."

Perfume manufacturers know that women want romance. Did you ever notice the names on perfumes? "Desire", "Possession", "Tabu", "Risqué", "Forbidden", "Unfinished Business"—"Follow Me", "Come and Get it"—"Evening in Paris". Why not Evening in Balham? Don't they do the same things in Balham?

Speaking of perfumes, I am told that there is a new perfume coming out called "Whiffenpoof"—One whiff—and poof! One fellow told me he expects to make a fortune on a new perfume. Says it drives women crazy! Smells like money.

Everyone seeks for the security of a permanent and enduring love. One girl said to her boy friend:

"Tell me, Herman, do you love me?"

"Yes," said Herman.

"Would you die for me?"

"No, mine is an undying love!"

A durable and permanent love—this is a much sought-after goal of so many humans. What is it we *want* in love, and what is it we *get* in love?

One fellow wrote to his sweetheart:

DEAREST ANNABELLE:

I would swim the mightiest ocean for one touch of your little hand. I would climb over mountains and valleys for one smile from your little lips. I would tramp over deserts for one twinkle from your little eyes.

Your everlasting slave,

OSWALD

P.S. I'll be over Saturday, if it doesn't rain.

I have mentioned three "I Wants"—I want to live and be healthy; I want a feeling of importance, power, prestige; I want a mate—love. What do you guess the fourth one to be? Money? No, not money. Money is only the means to satisfy the wants. It is because of what we really want that we seek money. Often we take what the money gets us instead of the money itself. Many a person has taken a job that paid less because it carried more prestige.

If you are thinking the fourth one is sex, then remember it comes under "I want."

The fourth "I

4. *I Want a Little Variety—Change.* Humans tire of the same things. We hate monotony, and seek through recreation and vacations to escape the sameness of our routine.

A woman goes to the wardrobe packed with dresses, and murmurs, "I haven't a thing to wear".

Another says to her husband, "You know, Joe, I'm so tired of what I've been doing—always the same things. I'm tired of cooking the same dishes, making the same beds—to tell you the truth, Joe, I'm even a little tired of you. I think I'll go to the country for two weeks."

Speaking of variety, perhaps you saw Mae West in her show

"Catherine Was Great". In one scene Mae saunters into her boudoir filled with at least one hundred men. She looks them over carefully, and drawls:

"I'm a little tired tonight. One of you boys will have to leave" (Which may be carrying variety a bit too far.)

All these things, human beings want—to live and be healthy; to be admired, have power, prestige; to find a mate and be loved; to escape from the monotony of life through variety. But—we are all destined to be thwarted and frustrated in some of these things.

The person you love, and who loves you, may die. The power you seek may never come. Ill health may threaten at every turn. Frustration is the destiny of man. Frustration will face you in some phase of life sooner or later, even though you be a multi-millionaire.

I should like to protest now against loveless marriages. If you marry someone for money only, without love, well, the best I can say is, you will suffer—in comfort! But suffer you will.

One married woman said to me, "I'm suffering anyway, I may as well suffer in comfort."

In most Western countries a man has a very decided advantage over a woman in his love life. A man may be homely and getting on in years, yet if he wishes to get married he doesn't have very much trouble. But a woman! A woman is a slave and a victim to her looks. Looks, looks, looks! The emphasis on a woman's looks has led to the choice of mates with qualities that do not necessarily make for a good wife or mother. When a girl goes out with a homely fellow, what do people say? "He's got character! On him it doesn't show, but he's got it!"

But when a fellow goes out with an attractive girl, what do people say?

"If Moses had seen her, there'd be another commandment!"

I remember a woman in her anxious thirties who sat in my office, and complained: "Dr. Banks, why do men find me so repulsive?" By the oddest coincidence, after she left, a man entered my office, and believe it or not, he said, "Dr. Banks, why do the women find me so repulsive?"

• I thought, "Ah, I'll arrange an introduction."





I arranged the introduction, and what do you think happened? *They found each other repulsive!* It was very disheartening.

The difficulty of locating a proper mate has given rise to the interesting phenomenon of the "marriage broker". One marriage broker arranged a meeting with the following results:

"You faker, you swindler!" hissed the prospective bridegroom, taking the marriage broker aside. "Why did you ever get me into this? The girl's old, she's unlovely, she lisps, she squints."

"You don't have to whisper," interrupted the marriage broker, "she's deaf too!"

We are all going to meet frustration in our lives. This we must realize at the outset. The important thing, however, is what you do when you are faced with failure, difficulty, scandal, or loss of a loved one through death. What you do—and every individual does something—we call by the term "adjustment". A situation demands an adjustment. And all of us learn to make varied adjustments to our daily problems. Some of the adjustments we make are good, some indifferent, and some useless, and even dangerous.

There has not been too much success in adjustment. Here are the most shocking figures you will probably ever hear:

There are 7,000 babies born in the United States every twenty-four hours. Of these 7,000 babies, one out of every 17 will be in a hospital for the mentally ill before his life is over.

There are more people in the institutions for the mentally ill than there are students in all our colleges and universities put together! There are more persons in beds for mentally ill than for all other hospital beds combined.

The American Medical Association reports that one out of every thirteen men reporting for induction in the armed services was rejected as mentally unfit.

It has been estimated that out of a group of twenty-five children, one of the group will be in a hospital for the mentally ill before his or her life is finished; four more will be profoundly neurotic; four more will be deeply neurotic; four more will be mildly neurotic, and approximately eight to ten will be fairly normal. Your chances don't look good, do they? That all

depends on the kind of adjustments you learn to make. Adjustments are learned! We are not born knowing how to make intelligent adjustments.

Here is a case of adjustment: A case about a woman whom you probably know, and have heard about. This woman was in love—deeply in love, but was jilted by her sweetheart. She then committed suicide. Her name? Lupe Velez. Her name? Carole Landis. Remember?

Lupe Velez and Carole Landis had fame, fortune, beauty; everything that many women would give half a life to have. But when they lost their sweethearts—Lupe left a note:

“Dear Harold:

There is nothing left for me any more, so goodbye to you.”

I wish she had phoned me first. I’d have given her some good ideas.

Did you know that Lupe Velez and Carole Landis were insane when they killed themselves? Only the insane wish to die. I am not speaking of those who regularly commit suicide each week, who proclaim loudly that they would have been dead, except for the horrible odour of the gas. Real suicides are always mentally ill. Sane people wish to live.

A man was carrying a heavy load of wood on his shoulders. When he grew weary he let the bundle down and cried bitterly, “Oh, Death, come and take me!”

Immediately, the Angel of Death appeared and asked, “Why do you call me?”

Frightened, the man answered, “Please help me place the load back on my shoulders.”

Even though life has its griefs, man prefers a life of wretchedness to death. It is believed that anyone who goes insane over failure in love was insane to begin with. After all if everyone who were to fail in love were to go insane, who would be left to take the case histories of those who were going insane?

When her sweetheart left her, a Japanese girl wrote to her American soldier boy friend:

DEAR HARRY:

You are gone three months, and I am three months gone.

What shall I do? Shall I commit "Hari Kari", or shall I carry Harry?

Of course, not every girl who falls in love wants to kill herself. Some say, "Why should I kill myself? I'll shoot him!" Thus even murder is a form of adjustment. (She adjusts him pretty permanently, too.) Some people when faced with trouble turn to liquor to wash away their troubles. Liquor will never wash away your troubles. It will only irrigate them a little bit. One man said, "My father is a drunkard. He read a sign, 'Drink Canada Dry'. So he went up there to do it."

Once there was a scholar who was a souse. A friend rebuked him:

"Don't you know that our sages condemned drunkenness?"

"Do you need to tell me that?" retorted the scholar. "Of course I know. I'm not drinking to get drunk, but to drown my sorrows!"

"Have you succeeded in drowning them?" the friend asked.

"No, I'm afraid not," the scholar answered grimly. "You see, my sorrows are very spiteful. The more I drink the better swimmers they become!"

Some people turn to insanity as an *adjustment*. Insanity is a form of adjustment to an intolerable life problem, as I will illustrate later. Thus a person who goes insane may even be thought of as wanting to be insane. Now when I say *want to be*, I don't mean that this is a forthright decision which is consciously made. A man or woman doesn't sit down and say, "I think today I'll go insane". It is the eventual outcome of a series of ineffective and dangerous adjustments which the individual has learned to make as part of his pattern of life.

Forget the delusion that people are born insane. We do not inherit insanity. The most we can inherit is peculiar parents! Although, of course, then our chances are much better.

We *learn* our patterns of adjustment, and parents play an important role in this respect. It has been wisely said: "The best break a child gets in life is when he selects good parents." That's the first real break.

Of course you have heard the term "nervous breakdown".

This is a very widely used expression. Perhaps your mother had one. Your father? Your sister? Your husband? Perhaps even you had one. A "nervous breakdown"! We all know what that is. But did you know that *there is no such thing* as a "nervous breakdown"? The nerves never, never, break down! Yet there are thousands of patients—thousands upon thousands—who visit doctors' offices and complain: "Doctor, I've got weak nerves—weak nerves! I need a nerve tonic. Something with iron in it."

He may as well give you Fitch's Shampoo for all the good it is going to do you. What are weak and not your nerves, but your habits of adjustment!

What do human beings do with their fears? We take fear of death, fear of old age, fear of losing money, fear of being found out, fear of failure, FEAR, FEAR, FEAR—and we turn it into a "nervous stomach", "weak heart", "headaches", "constant tiredness". A person complains, "I don't know why it is, but I'm always tired. No matter how much I sleep, I'm tired." People are constantly turning their fears and conflicts into physical aches and pains. Daily, thousands of X-rays are taken for aches and pains that exist in the emotional life of the patient, not in the organs. Oh, the pain is real enough, and it hurts as strongly as if it were caused by a real infection—but its cause lies in the fear and conflict which the patient is battling.

How does a situation like this occur? Why do people convert their fears into bodily disturbances? To understand this, you would have to look into the home life of a child to see how he *learns* his particular adjustment to his daily problems.

Let us look into the home of little Joe, aged ten: He gets up one morning, eats a hearty breakfast, and on the way to school he suddenly remembers that he has an arithmetic test to take. He thinks: Maybe I should throw up? Then I wouldn't have to take the test! But he manages to keep it down. In the classroom you can observe him doing the arithmetic problems, but then the third problem is too difficult—so phfft . . . That's all!

The principal sends him home. Mama puts him to bed. Papa buys him a toy. Sister reads him a story. Why, the upset stomach has had a high value! He has saved face.

If he had come home with a mark of 50 on his test, what

would Mama have said? "Why are you so stupid? Why can't you be smart like the little boy next door?"

In this case, however, she says, "Imagine how smart my little Joe must be. Even though he was sick he managed to get fifty. Can you imagine what he would have got if he weren't sick! He must be a genius. Isn't that true, Joe?"

"Yes, it's true. I am very bright. But I'm sick. That's why I got fifty."

Now, little Joe is big Joe, and whenever he meets a problem that is too much for him, he throws up without even thinking about it. He goes from doctor to doctor complaining of "nervous stomach". But can't you see that his nervous stomach is a protection? A protection from the truth, which is: Joe, you're a flop! With his "nervous stomach" he says to the world: "World, look at me, World, I could be such a success. I'm really quite brilliant, but my nervous stomach—that's what prevents me." And Joe would rather suffer from all the misery of the stomach disorder than face the real truth—that he is a failure!

More or less, all of us learn to turn our dissatisfactions and emotional tensions into physical complaints. It is a form of neurotic escape. Notice how tired *you* get whenever you have something unpleasant to do.

How do you feel when someone says to you, "Come inside, help me clean up the house"?

"Oh, I'd love to, but I'm so sleepy. I just can't keep my eyes open. I've got to lie down for two months."

But notice how wide-awake you feel when someone invites you to go to a night club or the theatre!

Even in our speech we show the tendency to convert our emotional tensions into physical ones:

"I hate her. She just makes me burn up inside!" (Now you have taken a hate, and turned it into a heartburn!)

"I don't like him. He gives me a pain in the neck!" (Sometimes we locate the pain in other places!)

*Examples of Neurotic Adjustments.* Here is a case of a so-called "nervous breakdown". I remember interviewing a very attractive young girl of twenty-one who was deeply in love with a

young, poor sailor, whom she wanted to marry. Her mother, however, had other plans. She wanted her daughter to marry a very rich, but rather old man. (Of course, Mother didn't want her to marry him for his money, but she didn't know how else to get it.) She and her daughter argued constantly until Mother had a "heart attack" and finally won. The daughter agreed to break off her relationship with the sailor and marry the old man.

The wedding was held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. It was a beautiful wedding, and the bride looked stunning. But as she walked down the aisle to the altar—ten feet before she reached the altar she fell to the ground paralysed from the hips down, and was carried off in a stretcher.

Of course, if you wish, you can call this a "nervous breakdown". But I assure you; not a single nerve broke down. Not one! And all the injections, pills, or physical treatments in the world will not cure this girl. This represents her unconscious, neurotic, hysterical adjustment to a miserable life problem. Now that she cannot walk she cannot reach the altar and complete the marriage. She is not faking a paralysis at all. She is genuinely paralysed. But the paralysis itself is her own unconscious adjustment to this problem, and will never show up on an X-ray.

Here is another illustration: A skin specialist asked me to talk with a woman who had a chronic skin rash, which stubbornly resisted all treatment. He felt that there was an emotional reason that aggravated or caused her skin condition. I did not get very far with her, but one day her husband left her, and when he left, the rash left too! This woman was allergic to her husband! She hated him, yet could not be divorced because of her religious feelings about divorce. At the same time, however, she was emotionally attached to another man whom she really wanted to marry. The rash was the outward expression of her internal conflict. Again, an emotional conflict turned to physical symptoms.

There is still another adjustment which is even worse than the psycho-neurotic adjustments outlined above. That is the adjustment of insanity or psychosis. Even insanity is a form of

adjustment, which is less painful than facing intolerable realities of frustration and denial.

I am thinking now of a girl who stands in the ward of a certain mental hospital. She stands with her head bowed low, her hands at her sides, her face expressionless and empty. This is the way she has been standing for over sixteen years! In all that time she has not said a single word, nor voluntarily eaten a single thing. She is fed through a tube or she would die. If you pick her up, she stands up. If you throw her down she lies down. If you jab her with a pin, she allows you to do it, without an utterance of pain. Yet this girl is aware of what you are saying, and what you are doing. She feels the pain, and hears your questions, but she refuses to say or do a thing. She is not unusual. She is only one of thousands of boys and girls who stand in a similar way in wards of mental hospitals all over the country—standing like human vegetables—average age twenty-one or twenty-two. Human beings who have found the battle of life too much, and have retreated from the unpleasant realities by running into insanity.

How does such a thing happen? What makes an individual turn to psychosis as an adjustment? This girl's present condition is a form of adjustment. But adjustment to what? What sort of thoughts did she have that makes such a retreat so alluring?

If we could look into her mind, perhaps we would observe the following:

My sweetheart has left me. I can't keep a sweetheart. I'm not pretty. No one will ever love a girl like me. Why, even my mother doesn't love me as much as she loves my little sister. My sister is pretty. She has curly hair, and everyone is always praising her. But no one ever notices me, except to tell me how stupid I am. My father says that I'm very stupid; that I'll never be anything.

How will I ever get a job? Who would take a stupid, unattractive girl like me? I am afraid to even ask for a job.

I'd love to get married, but who would marry me? I won't even go to a dance. What if someone should ask me to dance, and I should make a mistake. Then they'd all laugh at me.

Everyone would say how stupid I am. I can't bear to have people laugh at me. Oh, how I hate this world. I'm afraid of it. I wish I could leave it. I do want to leave. Yes, I will leave. I'll go where no one can call me stupid, or laugh at me. I'll go where I don't need any sweethearts; where no one can hurt me. I'll go where I don't have to be smart, attractive, or loved. I'll give it all up, and leave.

And now she retreats like a little turtle into her shell, where she removes herself from the competition of life. Now no lover, mother, father, or employer can hurt her again. She has withdrawn from reality, and is immune to laughter, criticism, or love. She has become a human vegetable!

And *all of this could be avoided*, if we would only learn the effective principles of mental hygiene in time! What is mental hygiene? It is simply the learning of effective patterns of adjustment, so that when frustration and difficulty face us we do not run into psychotic or neurotic retreats. Mental hygiene is an *attitude*, a way of looking at life. Perhaps one of the best definitions of mental hygiene that I ever saw appears on a menu of a restaurant where they specialize in doughnuts. This is what is written:

As you ramble on through life, brother,  
Whatever be your goal,  
Keep your eye upon the doughnut,  
And not upon the hole.

One girl loses a sweetheart and she kills herself. Another girl looks for another sweetheart! Mental and emotional habits of adjustment: one healthy, one disastrous. After all there is no one person in the world for anyone. Poets may write of the "one and only", but psychologists know that whoever you marry is merely an accident of geography. If you live in London you will probably marry a Londoner; in Manchester a Mancunian; in Bristol a Bristolian.

When his wife died, a man had engraved on her tombstone "My light has gone out". A year later he was about to remarry, so he went to the bishop and asked: "Bishop, don't you think I



should erase the inscription? It doesn't fit my present condition."

"No, no," said the bishop, "just write underneath: 'I have struck another match.'"

After one of my lectures a woman came up to me and said, "Dr. Banks, I want you to show me how I can become *permanently* well adjusted."

"My dear lady," I replied, "the only *permanently* well adjusted people I know of are in cemeteries! There you adjust them once, and they stay adjusted! But so long as you live you have new and constant adjustments to make."

People say, "How do you like that! I just finished solving one problem, and now I've got another. Why is it that problems are always happening to me?" Because you are still *alive*, that's why. Life and problems are synonymous. ~~grateful~~

It wouldn't be good to be too well adjusted anyway. If you were completely pleased with yourself, you would never care to do anything to improve. We need to learn to be happily mal-adjusted! A good example of this is the wonderful philosophy of one milk company which paints this slogan on every one of its milk bottles: "Our cows are *not* contented. They are anxious to do better!"

Haven't you ever thought that you were abnormal? Haven't you ever suspected that your mental processes were not as "normal" as you felt they should be? Of course you have. We all have.

But what is normal? Who is normal? How can you tell what is normal? What is it that the insane do, that you do not? Actually nothing—but the only difference is they do *too much* of it, or at the wrong times. Normalcy is not so much what you do, but how much of it you do, and when.

To illustrate: Surely you have moments of depression—the blues. Of course you do, and that is normal. But you don't *stay* depressed. If you did, then the mental hospital would send for you. There are times too when you are highly elated and very enthusiastically happy. But if you stay too elated, or too happy, then the mental hospital sends for you too! Normalcy is not so much a question of *kind* of behaviour as *quantity*.

You can be considered normal and healthy if you learn to meet all your problems in a realistic way, without retreat from reality, and without hurting others. Learn to secure your satisfactions from the real environment, rather than from too many dreams. Dream, but make your dreams come true, and "do not let your dreams become your master".

Speaking of who is sane and who isn't, the story is told of a man who was walking by a mental hospital with a sack on his back. A patient looking out of the window saw him, knocked on the window, and said,

"What you got there?"

"Fertilizer," answered the man.

"What's it for?"

"To put on my strawberries."

"Oh," said the patient, "I put cream on mine, but I'm crazy."

There are people who feel that others hate them, are trying to put them out of the way, are persecuting them, and interested only in destroying them. This condition is called paranoia. The mental hospitals are filled with such people.

One man of thirty-two said to me, "My mother is poisoning me."

"Really?" I asked. "How long has she been poisoning you?"

"Ten years."

"How come you're not dead yet?"

"It's slow poison."

While there are paranoids in mental hospitals, all normal people are a little bit paranoic. Ask any son-in-law about his mother-in-law and you will note a little touch of paranoia. Or for that matter ask the mother-in-law.

A very good illustration of paranoid reaction is shown in the story of the lady who went to the races for the first time. Before the first race began, she tapped a gentleman on the shoulder and asked:

"Could you please lend me a safety pin?"

"Sorry, miss, I haven't one."

Suddenly over the loud speaker the announcer cried, "THEY'RE OFF!" And she fainted!

At this point, I should like to ask you a very important question. If you want to know whether you are physically healthy, what do you do? You go to a doctor. He examines you. He takes your blood pressure, listens to your heart, and you find out if you are physically healthy. But what do you do if you want to find out whether you have a healthy personality? How do you find that out?

A woman may have a peaches-and-cream complexion, a gorgeous figure; a man may have muscles that bulge, together with the strength of Hercules; but—inside there may be a broken, twisted, miserable soul.

Here are some "indicators" to help you to appraise your own personality to see to what extent you make a good father, a good mother, a good husband, wife, or sweetheart.

I am going to ask you ten questions—ten little questions that will indicate how well adjusted you may be. The answers to these questions will show whether you know *how to live with yourself*. And you've got to know how to live with yourself before you'll ever be able to live with anyone else.

When a doctor of broken bodies comes to see a patient, he first inserts a thermometer. He wants to see how high the temperature is. A high temperature is the sign of a disease process in the body.

When a doctor of "broken personalities" examines a patient, he also has a thermometer, but it isn't made of glass. It's in the form of a question. Here is the question:

1. *Are You Happy?* "Happy? I'm miserable, just miserable."

Such an answer indicates that you have a high "personality fever", and that you are not making the most effective adjustments to your everyday problems. Happiness is something that comes as a *by-product* to effective striving for desirable goals. It is never something that you can get directly. It is always a by-product of good adjustments and good living.

Don't confuse happiness and pleasure. Pleasure you can buy. You can buy an evening in a night club or a theatre. You can buy a week in the country. But you can't buy happiness! When

will human beings learn that? Happiness can't be bought. It must be lived!

If your life has purpose, if you set up desirable goals, and then work to attain these goals, then happiness comes to you—it comes to you as a by-product—your reward for good living.

2. *Are You Ambitious for Life?* At any age from two to ninety-two are you interested in life, in love, in work, in play? Do you have zest for living? Are you interested in increasing your knowledge, in enriching your personality?

I have known people of 80 and 90 years of age who were very young. I have also known people of 18 and 19 years of age who were very old. Now and then you will read in the newspapers of a boy of 19 who kills himself, by his own hand—finished, life spent, like an old, old man.

Said Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"To be 70 years young is sometimes far more cheerful than to be 40 years old."

There are people at all ages whose zest for living has long since disappeared, who eke out an existence, and can never be said to be living. Life is not something we find. Life is something we create! The truth of the matter is that it is existence that we find.

Be ambitious for life, but not ambitious beyond your ability. A parent should not attempt to fit a square peg in a round hole. Only tragedy can result when you try to make an engineer out of a moron.

Be ambitious within the limits of your ability, interests, and capacities. Always remember the little story I am about to tell you, should you desire to bite off more than you can chew.

A psychiatrist is speaking: "It was a year before the great depression that a gentleman came to me complaining of all the symptoms of nervous unrest and worry. He was in a dilemma.

"'I have a partner,' he told me, 'and we are doing a good business. My partner refuses to keep books. He just buys and sells and takes the profits. I told him a thousand times that we have got to keep books because we must pay taxes. He says if I don't like the way he does business, we should dissolve the

partnership. So I talk it over with my wife and she said to me, "William, you can't do business with a man who doesn't keep books. It says in the Talmud: Don't push me too high; don't push me too low; let me go the even way."

" 'Now, Doctor,' continued William, 'my partner is a very shrewd businessman and I hate to dissolve the partnership, but my wife, she can't respect a husband who isn't an upright citizen. As a result, I don't eat, I don't drink, I don't sleep. I don't know what to do.'

"My answer was quick: 'Break your partnership—your wife is right.'

"About a year after the depression, William came in to see me again. He walked with a slight limp. I asked him what was wrong with his gait and he told me the following story:

" 'Doctor, I took your advice and dissolved the partnership. My partner made a million dollars, and I made a hundred thousand. I was satisfied. We moved into the same apartment house. His apartment was a penthouse with a terrace and my wife and I had an apartment on the first floor. My partner had two cars and a chauffeur—I had a nice little car which I drove myself. And again, I ate, I drank and I slept. "Don't push me too high, don't push me too low, let me go the even way" was good advice.

" 'Then came the depression! My partner jumped out of the window and broke his neck. When I jumped, I only broke my ankle!'

The moral to this story needs no further comment. Be ambitious but don't frustrate yourself by setting impossible goals.

On the other hand though, I remember a man who sat in my office one day, and on the way out sighed, "You know, Dr. Banks, I wish I had gone to college."

"Well, why don't you go?" I asked.

"Because I'm thirty-five years old, married, have two children, and it would take me ten years to go through college at night."

"Tell me," I asked, "how old will you be in ten years if you go?"

"Why, I'll be forty-five years old!" He exclaimed.

"And how old will you be in ten years if you don't go?"

He thought a moment and said slowly, "Uh, forty-five, I guess," and was completely confused that the age came out to the same amount.

Remember next time you say to yourself, "Oh, I can't do that, I'm too old", ask yourself: "How old will I be if I don't do it?" And if you get a younger answer, please write or phone me immediately!

Did you ever want something so badly that you prayed for it, saying, "Please God, just send me this *one* thing, that's all I'll ever want!" And then you get your wish, and suddenly you go back to God and say, "Excuse me, God, I just remembered three more things!"

Next time you feel that there is only one thing that you will ever want, read this little poem to yourself. It has been a favourite of mine for many years. Perhaps you will see people that you know in it.

### SEVEN DAYS

Before he was old enough  
To know what God meant,  
He began pestering Him.  
On the First Day  
He asked Him for something,  
praying:  
"Dear God,  
I'll never ask for anything  
again  
As long as I live,  
If only this once . . ."  
He was a child then,  
Wanting a bicycle for  
Christmas.

On the Second Day,  
He prayed, saying:  
"Dear God,

Never again will I ask . . .  
But this time . . .  
Please . . ."  
He was a student  
Asking for a passing grade  
In higher Mathematics.

On the Third Day,  
He prayed the prayer again,  
But without realizing what  
he said,  
Because he was thinking  
Of Her.  
"All I'll ever ask of you  
Is Her,"  
He begged.  
So God gave Her to him.

On the Fourth Day,  
He became a father,  
And God was once more  
requested  
To guarantee the results.  
“ . . . Though never again a  
favour,”  
He promised.  
But God was a little sceptical  
by now.

On the Fifth Day,  
It was at a business  
conference,  
When he felt another moment  
of inadequacy  
And called upon God  
To carry him through the  
crisis.

“Is this the last time?”,  
Asked God.  
“Oh yes,” was the answer.  
“Very well,” said God,  
And performed another  
miracle.

On the Sixth Day  
He was an old man,  
Very old and very senile,  
But he still clung to Life,  
And was afraid of Death.  
And he began:  
“Dear God,  
I’ll never ask • for anything  
again  
As long as I live . . .”  
“That’s true,”  
Said God.  
And he died.

And on the Seventh Day  
God rested.

3. *Are You Socially Adjusted?* Do you like people? Do you want praise, sympathy, understanding from others? Do you like to be in the company of other people? Do you get along well with others? Social adjustment is imperative for good mental hygiene. In the last analysis the insane are those who can no longer get along with other people.

A person who hates people and who enjoys living a solitary life is a mentally sick individual. You needn’t be a social butterfly, but you should be adjusted to some congenial group.

4. *Have You Unity and Balance?* Unity means that you are not torn between choices, that all your actions lead to the formation of a well-integrated personality and orderly thinking.

Perhaps the opposite of unity can be seen in the case of a woman who is on a reducing diet. Suddenly she is served

strawberry shortcake. She eats it and thinks: Oh, am I gaining weight! I know I'm putting on pounds, and it worries me. (Waiter, another piece, please.) Oh, how I'm gaining weight! And so she eats it, and worries.

Now, if you are going to eat it and worry, then don't eat it! If you do eat it, then enjoy it.

Speaking of unity, one young man said to a girl: "So help me, I'll kiss you!" She replied, "So kiss me, I'll help you!"

Balance means that you are moderate in all things. That you are not irritatingly quick, or annoyingly slow. Balance means that you do not spend all your time in work or all your time in play. It means that you know when to play cards, and when to stop playing cards. It means that you know when to choose participating in a ball game, and when to attend a lecture.

Balance means that you do not wrap your entire life around one thing exclusively, like your mother, your father, your wife, your husband, your child, or your job. If you do that, just consider what you are doing! You are setting your entire personality up on one single support. Would you build a house on one support and expect it to survive? If you should ever lose that one support, then Heaven help you—you will collapse! You have nothing else. But if you have many interests, many activities—many supports—then if you lose one, or two, or even three, you won't go to pieces; you will be supported by your other interests.

Don't lose your balance by attempting to please everyone. If you feel that everyone must like you, must admire your talents or comment favourably on your clothes, then you will end up as a good neurotic. Don't feel devastated when you hear that others are criticizing you. I think the first real sign of success is shown when others start criticizing and tearing you down. Criticism is usually a sign that you are alive and doing things.

Dr. A. A. Brill was once advised to go study with Freud.

"Who is Freud?" he asked.

"Oh, he must be someone of great genius; everyone talks against him."

5. *Do You Give Attention in Your Life to the Present?* Oh, the



thousands of people who make a hell on earth, worrying whether they will keep out of hell. We make a hell on earth by worrying over our past, over the things we did twenty years ago, by regretting and regressing, by wishing we could do it over, or undo it all.

"If I could only live my life over again, I wouldn't make the same mistakes twice." Of course not, you'd make a whole set of new ones!

We worry about the uncertain future. Will I make it? Will I lose my money? Will I ever succeed? Will I ever marry? Maybe my sister will marry before I do. Worry, worry, worry. Worry over the past, worry over the future—and no consideration for the present.

Consider: How many things that you worried about last year actually came true? There is a little saying that I have always been fond of: "I am an old man, and have had many troubles, most of which have never happened."

A group of relatives were gathered in the lawyer's office, waiting for him to open the envelope that contained their late relative's will.

The lawyer opened the envelope and read to the expectant group:

"Being of sound mind, I spent all my money while I was alive."

6. *Have You Insight into Your Own Conduct?* This question is perhaps one of the most important of them all.

I once asked my students what the opposite of insight was. In chorus they called: "Outsight."

Insight is the quality of being able to see into yourself and see the truth. It means that you understand the deeper and real reasons for your behaviour.

Did you ever wonder what a psychiatrist does with a patient? How he cures a patient? It is the psychiatrist's function *to help you to help yourself*. He doesn't attempt to cure you. He helps you to help yourself! But of course, if you do not wish to help yourself, then you are lost. A broken personality is not like a broken bone, where a splint can be placed, the finger bandaged,

and it will get better in spite of you. In broken personality, you must want to be helped.

But if you do, then remember that all emotional problems, all nervous troubles of a psychological origin, are removed in two steps.

You are 50 per cent better when you get real insight—when you know the truth about your “nervous stomach”, for example. When you realize that your stomach troubles you, not because you have a bad digestion, but because you are *afraid*—afraid of something, for which the “nervous stomach” is a cover-up, a symptom. Then you are 50 per cent better. The proper diagnosis is half the cure. But if that is half the cure, what is the other half?

You are another 50 per cent better, when you give up the old ineffective adjustments (like a “nervous stomach”) and turn to more realistic, more effective adjustments. Now you are 100 per cent better.

Yet there are people who say, “Oh, what I don’t know won’t hurt me. Ignorance is bliss.” Let me emphasize as strongly as I can that the only thing in this world that can ever hurt you is not what you know, but what you don’t know! What you don’t know can crush and destroy you. What you know, you can take care of. Ignorance isn’t bliss! It’s the most expensive and dangerous thing in the world!

The Bible gives you the answer: *Know ye the truth and the truth shall make you free!* And this is the cornerstone of all psychiatry—for when the patient begins to know the truth, then he is on the road to recovery.

Yet, isn’t it strange that there are “none so blind as those who will not see”? The mind is useless if the eyes be blind!

A professor was attempting to illustrate to his class the effects of alcohol on the human body. He placed a worm in a glass of water, and the worm crawled out. He then placed the worm in a glass of alcohol, and it was killed.

“What’s the moral?” asked the professor.

A student called out, “I see if you drink alcohol, then you never have worms!”

There are none so blind as those who will not see!

Investment in knowledge always pays. Real estate may go down, shares may crash, and the money you have so earnestly accumulated through the years may melt away, but the investment you have made in yourself, learning more, and enriching your personality, can never be taken from you. It lives on and on, paying dividends throughout the years.

In a large industrial plant one of the machines broke down and failed to operate. All work had to be stopped. The entire staff was laid off. An expert was called to repair the machine. The expert came, and with a little hammer, tapped here and tapped there. Finally, he announced that the machine was ready to operate. It did.

Later a bill arrived from the expert. It stated: "For Services Rendered—£50." A clerk in the accounting department sent back the bill, and asked for "an itemised statement of services rendered".

Back came the bill: "Itemised Statement for Services Rendered:

For tapping power machine	£1
For knowing where to tap	£49"

#### 7. *Have You a Confidential Relationship with Someone Else?*

Every person—no matter how young, how old, how rich, how poor, or how successful—needs *someone* to confide in, to talk to freely and without fear of being doublecrossed. Loneliness is a cancer. A sorrow shared is always halved; a joy shared is always doubled.

A lady was alone in her home knitting peacefully when a telegram arrived telling her a distant cousin had passed away and left her a million dollars. Half the thrill of getting news like that, of course, comes from telling others about it. The little lady dropped her knitting, ran to the telephone, and cried excitedly, "Hello, operator! Get me anybody!"

A confidante may be a teacher, a priest, a parson, a mother, a father, a husband, a wife, a friend, or a psychiatrist. Some people need a listener so badly that they even get married to get one. Then, of course, often comes the greatest irony of all;

the very person they married to be able to talk to freely and honestly is the person they start to lie to and to deceive. Could anything be more ironical?

A poor man passing a rich man saw him digging in his back yard.

"Why are you making a hole there?" the poor man asked.

"Because the Germans are coming, and I intend to bury my valuables, my candlesticks, silverware, before they get here."

A day later the rich man saw his poor neighbour digging in his own yard.

"Hey there, you haven't anything valuable. What are you digging a hole for?"

He looked up with indignation.

"Nothing valuable," he snorted. "I want you to understand that my wife is just as valuable to me as your fancy candlesticks and silverware."

#### 8. *Have You a Sense of the Ridiculous?*

This is more than just a sense of humour. It implies the ability to be able to laugh at oneself. Can you look in the mirror for example and say to yourself, "My, what a little show-off I am. But I'm cute!"

Beware of feeling too important. Remember there is always someone who feels more important than you do. In a hospital for the mentally ill, a patient sat in the ward in a very grandiose pose. A psychiatrist passing by said to him, "Who do you think you are?"

"I, sir," answered the patient, "am Napoleon."

"Who told you that you were Napoleon?"

"God told me."

But a voice came from the next bed, "I DID NOT!"

Did you know that the more you laugh, the longer you laugh, and the easier it is to make you laugh, then the healthier is your personality? While you laugh you can't get ulcers. (Some of you are reading this too late!)

There was a man who at the age of 94 was the picture of health. Everyone marvelled at his strength. They marvelled all the more because it was well known that he had been

married for over seventy years to a woman who had the temper of a shrew.

"How did you stay so healthy, married to such a woman?" an admirer asked him one day.

"Well," he said with a smile, "when my wife and I were married, we agreed that whenever we would quarrel, I would go out for a walk. Since the day I was married, I've been leading an *outdoor life*!"

The human body can never be angry and laugh at the same time. It is simply physically impossible.

Here is a little secret about human behaviour that you can begin to use with good effects immediately. If your sweetheart, husband, or wife, is angry with you, and you are not (one of you must be not), and you wish to snap him out of his anger, it is very simple. Do one thing: make him laugh! If necessary, wiggle your ears at him, and you will be amazed at the results. (Of course, use good taste!)

### 9. *Are You Engaged in Satisfying Work?*

Satisfying work is a very strong and positive influence for mental hygiene. Satisfying work fulfils our innermost needs and gives us a strong prop with which to weather life's many frustrations. It supplies an outlet for our ego needs, and our creative interests.

No one ever broke down from "overstudy" or "overwork"—only from overworry!

Fortunate, indeed, is the person who discovers early what his niche in life should be, and who fights discouragement and thwarting in the attainment of his goal—and who eventually finds himself actively engaged for money in work that he would gladly do for nothing.

### 10. *Do You Attack Your Problems Promptly and Intelligently?*

"Don't make tragedies of trifles.  
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles."

I am always amused when I listen to some people advise their friends who are worried.

"Are you worried, Tom?"

"Oh yes."

"I'll tell you what to do."

"What?"

"DON'T WORRY!"

As if we could turn worry on and off like a tap.

Or did you ever hear this beautiful gambit of advice to the troubled? "Are you troubled? I'll tell you what to do. Go to the south of France for two months. Forget it."

I don't know whether you have ever realized it, but if you have a trouble inside you and you decide to go away for two months, the trouble gets right on the train with you, goes straight to the south of France—at no extra fare!

We are not *in* trouble; trouble is in us! "He who fights and runs away, will live to run again another day."

There is only one thing to do when you are worried, and this is it: DO SOMETHING ACTIVE ABOUT THE CAUSE OF YOUR WORRY. If you are worried about your physical health, then go to a doctor. Find out if your worries are justified. If you have an emotional problem, then seek out a psychiatrist.

"A psychiatrist!" say some, "a crazy doctor? Oh, no!"

When people begin to seek treatment for emotional problems as readily and as quickly as they do for physical problems, then we will have gone a long way to better prevention of personality breakdown.

Don't feel like the man who said, "Anyone who goes to a psychiatrist should have his head examined."

In solving your problems, get every assistance you can. Only when you have adequate knowledge are you in a position to make an intelligent decision. Remember too that it is often better to make a poor decision than to remain in a state of constant vacillation and indecision. This can rob you of all your energies.

Here is a personal illustration:

Recently, I had a house remodelled. The contractor said to me, "Dr. Banks, what do you want—a square door or a round door?"

• "Let me think about it a few days," I said.

I found that whenever I had to give a talk or was engaged in a conversation, I began to think. What should I do? Should I make it square or should I make it round? My powers of concentration were being affected, and were leaking out through the worry.

I immediately phoned the contractor and said, "For Heaven's sake, make it square!"

"Are you sure you don't want it round?" he asked.

"Don't even talk to me about it." I hung up and felt better at once.

What would have happened had I gone to a movie in an attempt to forget my problem?

If the hero should say to the heroine, "Come now, kiss me—give me a square deal"—what do you think I would have thought about first? You're right!—Should I make it square, or should I make it round?

Ah, but what does one do when one can't do something active about the cause of worry? Then, of course, you must develop what are called "balancing factors". What is a "balancing factor"? A story will make it clear.

Bing Crosby's little boy was feeling very sad. His pet turtle was dying, and he was almost inconsolable.

Bing tried to cheer him up, and said, "Look, son, if the turtle dies, do you know what we'll do? We'll put him in a little box, get all the kids together, put on fancy uniforms, get a bugle, march down the street in a parade, and bury him in the back yard."

The boy listened carefully, hesitated and then said, "Let's kill him!"

Life itself is very much like climbing a slippery glass hill. We climb, and we slip; we climb a little more, and slip again. *We all slip!* Everyone has sorrow, disappointment, tragedy, frustration! But the measure of a man—the measure of you—is not whether you slip, but what you do when you slip.

Do you pick yourself up and go a little higher on the hill, or do you lie there and whine, or go backward into illness, nervous breakdown?

Never forget that happiness is like a butterfly. The more you chase it and chase it *directly*—then the more it will elude you. But if you sit down quietly and turn your attention to other things—then it comes and softly sits on your shoulder!



## 2. MYSTERIES OF THE MIND

"ARE YOU A psychologist?" she asked, looking up at me with great expectations. "Are you really? Well then, say something in psychology!"

"If you're a psychologist, then let's see you read my mind!"

"Can you tell my fortune by looking at my handwriting? Does it show how many children I will have?"

"If I was born under the sign of Cancer the Crab, does it show that I will be successful?"

These and similar questions are typical of those which many people expect a psychologist to be able to answer. They are very disappointed, indeed, when they discover that a psychologist does not tell fortunes by examining handwriting, stars, or tea leaves. This he leaves to the more unusual talents of the gypsy tearoom swamis.

What does your handwriting reveal about your personality? Is hypnotism a fraud or a fact? Is it really possible to read another's mind? What is mental telepathy? To what extent do the stars control your destinies? What future is prophesied in your palms?

These are all fascinating questions, about which all of us would like to know more. Unfortunately, too many persons fall prey to charlatans and swindlers, or are victims of their own gullibility and ignorance.

Palmists have developed a most interesting system of investigating your personality as indicated by the various characteristics of your palms and fingers. Here are some samples of what they say about your personality, depending on the depth and

length of the lines in your hands and the size and shape of your fingers:

Long fingers with a long thumb and strong life line often mark women who painstakingly succeed as painters, writers, actresses, or musicians.

Men with knotty fingers and well-defined head and destiny lines are long and lean physically. They are thinkers, executives, inventors, and scientists.

Men with square fingertips and strongly marked mounts are the organizer, soldier, salesman type.

Women with tapering fingers do well in occupations like luxury selling or interior decorating.

Look at the lines in the palm of your hand. A palmist gives each line a name—"life line", "heart line", "destiny line", etc. The "life" line indicates health and physical strength. "A well-marked life line suggests success." According to this system:

The thumb is a powerful influence. A large thumb holds will-power and determination, and the ability to force success against any obstacle.

The heart line—clearly, strongly marked indicates good health, vitality, personal magnetism, and attractiveness to both sexes.

The success line marks those who possess the inherent ability to gain artistic fame and fortune.

How do you feel about these statements? How does this system of judging your personality appeal to you? Personally, I think the system is frightening. If my palm showed a short "success" line (heaven forbid!), then it would seem the better part of judgment to give up entirely any serious attempts to find artistic fame and fortune. After all I am already doomed by the unclear markings of this line. Anyone can see that. All you have to do is look at my palm.

From the palmist's point of view it would appear that one "forces success" with the sheer power of the thumb. I think this would be truer of a ditch-digger. We do not push against

obstacles with our thumb, but more likely with our will and our character. Could anything be more ridiculous?

If our "life" line really indicated what it is claimed to show, then every insurance company in the land would demand to examine your palm before approving a life insurance policy.

"Let's see your life line, please. Hmmm . . . it is obvious, sir, that you need an undertaker, not a policy!"

Your palm, however, does indicate certain things. If you have calluses, it shows that you are doing some heavy work with your hands, or perhaps you have been carrying some luggage around. If it is dirty, it shows that you are not washing it as often as you should.

Your hand does not in any way prophesy your length of life, your probable success in love or marriage, or indicate the kind of personality you have. Of course if you have "dishpan hands" it shows that you are not taking care of them, or that you would welcome a washing machine. But you don't have to be a Sherlock Holmes or a palmist to know that.

If the "hand readers" were right, then we would at once have to resign ourselves to being complete fatalists. Our entire destiny would indeed be foretold at birth in the shape of our fingers and in the length of our palm lines. Since we are born with our finger shapes and line lengths, we would have to assume that nothing we would ever do in our lifetime would affect our destiny since this was already preordained in our palms. Brr . . . what a horrible thought!

It is more sensible to realize that, despite the shape of your fingers or your palms, you still fashion your own life. It is your willingness to learn more, to improve, to live each day better than the day before, that will mould and form your destiny.

Is there such a thing as being born under a "lucky star"? If you were born under the sign of one star will your personality be different from what it would be if you had been born at another, and perhaps a more favourable, time starwise?

Recently I ran across an article in a magazine widely read by adolescent girls. It featured a diagram of the stars, and then proceeded to give the horoscopes for those born at various

times. The article began with the following statement (and I quote exactly!):

"Hitch your wagon to a star, little lady! Which star? And what exactly does this hitching business mean? Well, here's one interpretation. Every girl has, according to her birth date, her own lucky colour, flower, etc. Do you know yours? The table below will not only tell you, but also list those of your friends. Memorize yours and then incorporate them in your room, your wardrobe, as often as you can if you want to be lucky. Twinkle twinkle, little star, your horoscope is what you are!

This bit of hogwash is then followed by the horoscope—"what you are"—based upon the sign of the star under which you were born.

Here is one example as given by the writer of the article, who certainly has a primitive belief in evil spirits:

If you were born between February 19 and March 20, you are under the sign of Pisces the Fish. Your lucky star is Neptune. Your lucky day, Friday. Your lucky colour, lavender. Your lucky numbers, 4, 9. No problem is too great for you! An intellectual mind plus a kind heart enable you to solve almost any difficulty. Because of these two qualities, you will always draw people to you. At the same time, you have a strong tendency to become pessimistic—the one thing you must always watch. You make a good friend to all. Love is a very serious matter with you and you are inclined to shower all your affections on one individual. Your fate? You would succeed at any of these three M's—medicine, merchandising, or marriage!

Here is another horoscope to light up your eyes if you were born between March 21 and April 20:

You are under the sign of Aries, and are idealistic, protective, ambitious, daring, sometimes even reckless, enthusiastic, impulsive, witty, sometimes even cynical, strong willed, sometimes even obstinate, better at beginning than at finishing a

job. You must watch out for stomach and kidney ailments, and are subject to paralysis and apoplexy.

• Of course it makes no difference as to how you were brought up, the kinds of friends, parents, or teachers that you had. Your personality, of course, has nothing to do with the kind of experiences, education or difficulties that you have had—with the books you've read, the concerts and lectures you have attended, or anything as unimportant as that. It is much more important to determine what star influences your fate.

Were you born between July 24 and August 23? Then listen carefully, you may have to alter your plans. Did you know that you were born under the sign of Leo? Your horoscope states without question or equivocation that "since you are under Leo, you are therefore magnetic in personality, make friends easily, you are dependent on the affections of others, are loyal and constant in your friendship, impetuous and impulsive, masterful and headstrong, inclined to show off. You must watch out for ailments of the heart and back."

The horoscope which gave me the biggest jolt was the one for those born between December 22 and January 19, under the sign of Capricorn the Goat (how unromantic!). I was impressed with the clever and penetrating personality diagnosis:

You might almost be called a "Dr. Jekyll and Miss Hyde"! For, while you outwardly often appear cold and indifferent, actually you are just the opposite. Even your tastes are more or less of a dual nature. Sometimes you adore being in crowds—then again you want to do things all by yourself, or just be "left alone". Money is very important in your life—too much so, frequently. But the lofty ideals, which you also have, are worth following. And stop brooding over past disappointments, remember instead, that "tomorrow is a lovely day!"

At this point in the article I stopped reading. I became too nauseated.

*Why the Horoscopes Sometimes Fit.* Could you think of a single person for whom the above statement would not apply in some measure—at one time or another? Who doesn't have tastes of a

dual nature? Who doesn't prefer to be left alone now and then? Who doesn't find money important? Who likes to think that he is without lofty ideals? And when are lofty ideals not worth following?

These horoscopes seem to hit us squarely because they all include some virtues that we think we have—

"You are idealistic, unselfish, loving (all too carelessly)."

"By golly, that's right! That is so. How'd you know?"

The horoscopes contain a mild sprinkling of faults, that we all have in some measure, and are even inclined to brag about—

"You are quick to anger, but also quick to forgive."

"Exactly right. Forgive and forget, that's me. These stars really know what they're twinkling about."

I think it is very amusing to observe how an astrologer can make even a misfit theory fit. Thus Calvin Coolidge was "born under the influences that make him a man of few words". However, Senator Borah, a most eloquent and moving speaker, was born under the same "influence". But say the prophets—"Powerful Taurus, the sign that rules the throat, overcame all these factors and made him a great orator." (Gadzooks!)

If you are so naïve as to subscribe to the theory that your fate "is in your stars", then once again you are sinking into the cynical philosophy of the absolute fatalist. If the stars do indeed control your destiny, then what is left for you to do? How can you change what so overwhelming a power has already ordained? This may of course give you a darned good excuse to explain your failures. A neurotic should be quick to grab this pleasant escape . . . "Why, it's all in my stars; I am helpless!"

Shakespeare, however, had the answer:

The fault, Dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Fortune-telling is a big-time racket. People who patronise mediums are victims of a fraudulent operation. To make an impartial, scientific survey, *Look Magazine* some time ago sent a young man and woman, both single, to six mediums practising

in New York City. Both kept their purpose secret, worked in a 24-hour time-control period, recorded verbatim the mediums' predictions on several major human interests. The charted findings revealed: (1) that no two fortune-tellers agree in their predictions on any given subject; (2) that fortune-telling is a fake.

The Better Business Bureau estimates that fortune-tellers are swindling two hundred million dollars annually from gullible Americans, who come to the mediums with their anxieties.

Here are the fortunes given by each of the soothsayers to the woman whom the magazine sent to make the survey.

Regarding the young woman's future, and love possibilities, six mediums told one woman these six fortunes:

	<i>FUTURE</i>	<i>LOVE</i>
1. Madame Rett Card Reader (\$1.50)	Man coming with suitcase.	Serviceman loves you. One marriage.
2. Prince Alta Palmist (\$2.00)	Sign no paper until the 18th of month.	You never have a man out of your arms. You are very jealous.
3. Gypsy Helen Tea Leaf Reader (\$1)	You'll get a letter.	Your beau is two-timing you. You will never marry.
4. Professor Votor Palmist (\$2)	Watch for a golden opportunity.	Very good! One theoretical marriage (?) and one real one.
5. Taissa Astrologist (\$10)	You've just missed a big chance.	Stormy; several marriages.
6. Doctor Karler Handwriting Analyst (\$2)	Creator of your own destiny.	You are a dominating person in love relations. One marriage.

For the man the same mediums also had these six fortunes:

	<i>FUTURE</i>	<i>LOVE-</i>
1. Madame Rett	A doctor is coming to help a boy injured in a bicycle accident.	Very loving. Many marriages.
2. Prince Alta	Sign no paper until the 18th of the month.	Always thinking of loving. Jealous. Two marriages.
3. Gypsy Helen	An executive-mannered person will take over all your responsibilities.	Your girl is making a jackass of you. Two marriages.
4. Professor Votor	Man or woman with light brown eyes will help you.	Reluctant to love. No marriages.
5. Taissa	Next year will be great.	One brief marriage. Fear marriage ties.
6. Doctor Karler	(No prediction)	Too critical to love anyone for long.

A fortune-teller usually tells so many things in such glittering generalities that they may seem to apply to you. The things that come true you remember with shocked admiration. The things that do not come true you very conveniently forget. Fortune-telling, whether it be in the form of card reading, palm reading, astrology, or tea leaves, capitalizes on the gullibility and ignorance of the person who is so eager to learn about the unknown future, and who listens with childlike credulity to the nonsense of the soothsayer. Imagine telling one's fortune by looking at his tea leaves! Tea leaves!!! They may as well read your garbage leaves! At least they will learn what you had for breakfast.

One of the dangers of fortune-telling lies in the power of suggestion, more of which will be said under the section on hypnotism. It is possible that a showmanlike fortune-teller may plant a suspicion in the mind of the customer that may



lead her to actively look for and actually bring about what was prophesied.

If a woman is told, "The crystal ball shows there will come into your life a tall, blond, thin man who will love you deeply and finally marry you," she may go to a party all a twitter, and with her sights set, only to be approached by a brunette. "Go away, don't waste my time—you're not meant for me!"

One woman was warned that her fiancé was born under the influences that were not harmonious with her own, that she would quarrel with him constantly, and that he would eventually desert her.

The poor foolish woman, once the suspicion was planted in her mind, began to notice all his faults, constantly quarrelled with him, and eventually the engagement was broken off. The prophecy did come true.

I think to the end she believed that the fortune-teller had rescued her from a miserable marriage. It was not her stars but her own doubts which finally dissolved the engagement.

Some newspapers seem to encourage a belief in these nonsensical systems. Some run columns every day which give the horoscope for those born that day, with advice for the day ahead. I was particularly amused to see these words of wisdom at the top of a column one day: "Today is a good day to be cautious." Indeed! When is it not a good day to be cautious???

*What Does Your Handwriting Reveal about Your Personality?* Do you write with your *a*'s, *o*'s and *d*'s open? "Then you are dishonest and have a tendency to steal." Do you write with these letters all closed? "Then you are cautious, careful, and reserved." So say the graphologists (handwriting analysts). "If you write with a heavy line over your *t*'s, then you have forcefulness." "If all your lines are heavy, then you are bashful." (Good gracious—how this bit of "logic" developed, I'll never know.)

Is your handwriting quick and careless? "Then you are irresponsible and careless in your daily life."

Personally, I have known people who were most painstakingly careful in their handwriting and most careless in the way they kept their personal belongings.

Whether you believe in graphology or not, handwriting does show several things you can depend on:

For instance, if the pressure is real light, you are nearly out of ink or just up from pneumonia. If the pressure is heavy, you're either overweight or so mad you are trying to push some of your temper into the paper.

If your lines are straight your paper is probably ruled off. If the lines look like a snake, either you're drunk or Junior is pulling your arm.

Should your writing be large and wide-spaced, it proves you have a large sheet of paper and very little to say. But if your script is small and crowded, you are no doubt using your last sheet of paper.

If your writing is careful and neat, you have told some good gossip you want to be sure spreads around; if it is wild and unreadable, you are either illiterate or famous.

A smooth, even stroke shows you have a good pen. A skippy, scratchy script indicates you probably wrote it in the post office with a government pen.

So, your handwriting really does show character traits—but, despite the graphologists' claims it tells more about your pen than it does about you!

All the deductions made with the use of this system on character and personality traits are made in a most unscientific and arbitrary manner. Why should a heavy line over the *t* indicate force, and all heavy lines indicate bashfulness? Who has decided this? And why?

This is one mystery I haven't been able to fathom as yet. Do you question or do you believe? I am reminded of the street stall before which many curious people had stopped to listen to the sales talk of a barker, attempting to sell his particular brand of hair restorer. It was packaged in small bottles with big prices.

"Do you people realize what precious ingredient this hair restorer contains?" he yelled at the crowd. "Lanolin!"

"And do you know what lanolin is, my friends? It is a by-product of sheep's fat." (And the statement was true.) But then came the *pièce de résistance*—"And did you EVER SEE A BALD SHEEP?"

He then proceeded to illustrate the harmfulness of using olive oil on the hair. He made this startling and remarkable statement, that I am sure convinced quite a number of people present, judging from the tremendous sale that followed his talk: "My friends, use olive oil on your hair, and you will soon be bald. . . . The proof? DID YOU EVER SEE HAIR ON AN OLIVE?!"

This was just too much for one day, so I left (without buying), and can therefore report no other world-shaking discoveries about restoring hair. Up to our present knowledge on the subject, the only sound and sure way to prevent baldness is carefully to select the right parents.

*Does Your Personality Show in Your Face?* "He has an honest face."

"She's a very kind girl. You can tell just by looking at her."

How much can you really tell about the personality and character of an individual just by looking at him? Very little, indeed. Usually it is our past associations and experiences with certain features and facial mannerisms that produce the particular feeling tone toward another individual. The movies have done a great deal to condition us to positive and negative reaction to various types of facial characteristics. If the villain is portrayed as a swarthy, dark-haired creature with a scar running all the way down his face, it is very likely that if we are brought up on such fare, we will unconsciously come to feel that all swarthy people, especially those with scars, are not to be trusted.

The hero, you will observe, is always cleanly shaven, curly haired, with pearly teeth, and a winning smile. The heroine is usually a demure, trusting, kindly soul with features to match (Hollywood version). No wonder we learn to associate certain types of people with certain personality traits. An unconscious, although entirely unscientific, force operates to make us feel about people as we do.

"I just don't like his face. I don't know why, I just don't!"

"He has an appealing face. Don't you think so? My, what a beautiful dimple in his chin. I could go for a fellow like that!"

All these reactions are a result of conditioning. Conditioning in a form of association—associating with an indifferent object

the feelings and reactions originally set off by another, unrelated object or stimulus.

Why does a baby love its own mother? Because from the time the baby can see and hear, it has associated its mother's face with pleasant things—being dried, being fed and made comfortable. The pleasant reactions to a full stomach and a comfortable dressing were associated with Mama, since she was always present when these things occurred. Later on, just seeing Mama walk into a room is enough to stir a pleasant reaction in the baby.

The kind of person you fall in love with, the foods you like or dislike, the colours, places and people that you are fond of, have their original roots in early learning or conditioning experiences. If the original association was a pleasant one, then the reaction to the present stimulus that sets it off will be pleasant. If the original association was filled with terror, pain, nausea, fear, dislike, then whatever re-stimulates that memory, by look or action, will be disliked and avoided almost as if it were the original unpleasant experience.

Even songs are associated in our own minds with certain people and events. If, on one memorable moonlit night, you sat in the park with Oswald, held hands, and felt as though you were floating on air, as you listened to the band in the park, then that particular melody will probably bring back pleasant memories of Oswald and a moonlit night of love.

If at some unexpected moment, "The Song" suddenly drifts through the air, you may jump to attention with, "Shh,—ah, that's 'our' song—'Chibaba-Chibaba'!"

The movies for a long while depicted all villains as either of Italian or Chinese nationality. The governments of each of these countries actually objected to the portrayal of Italians and Chinese as perpetual villains, claiming that the people in the United States were learning to regard all Italians and Chinese as desperadoes.

The war conveniently supplied Hollywood with a substitute, and all villains suddenly emerged as Nazis or Japs. I think the present trend is to give them a Russian background.

Do you believe that there is a "criminal type"? Many years

ago, an Italian criminologist said there was. Lombroso said that there was definitely a "criminal type" characterized by certain facial and bodily features. If this were really true, can you just imagine what meaning such a discovery would have? We could merely parade through every grade school, point to certain children—"You, you, and you over there, come with us."

"Where are we going? Where are you taking us?"

"To be gassed, my dears, to be gassed!"

If there were really a criminal type, then we could pick them out just by looking at them, and kill them all off before they had a chance to do much damage.

I conducted an interesting little experiment with my own college students one term. I brought to class about one dozen photographs, projected them on a screen, and asked each student to try to pick out the criminals from the authors, doctors, and teachers in the group of photos.

The majority of the students seemed convinced of the criminal nature of one particular man. He just looked "bad"! It turned out that he was the chief of police in a large Texas city!

A completely unscientific and emotional manner in which to come to any conclusions is to judge another's personality from his physical features.

I remember at one party a chap turned to me, pointed to a girl sitting across the room from us, and said to me slyly, "That girl is very passionate, you know."

"Really," I said. "How many times have you been out with her?"

"Oh, I've never even met her," he said.

"Then how do you know she's passionate?" I asked.

"Just look at those lips and you'll know—thick lips always indicate a passionate nature!"

I can think of more accurate ways to make such an inventory. Measuring the thickness of the lips would not occur to me as being one of the reliable methods.

This lad probably did know one or more young ladies that he considered "passionate" and they may indeed have had ample lips, but I wonder what he would say if he should one day meet

a "thick-lipped" girl, who turned out to be anything but what he expected. This is another example of conditioning.

What does a square jaw mean? Headstrong? Stubborn? All it means is that here is a person who happened to inherit a square jaw! It is not a sign of character or strength.

"He has a weak chin—he'll never be a success!" Have you ever heard this comment made about another? Who has decided whether a certain shape of chin should be considered "weak" or "strong"? A receding chin is not a sign of a lack of initiative, but a sign of a certain type of heredity.

Other beliefs that many people put stock in are that an "aggressive brow" shows sternness; fine hair indicates a fine temperament; coarse hair, a tough, mean nature, with low ideals. (I suppose no hair would indicate that the person is dead.)

Do small ears indicate a thrifty nature? "Oh yes, they certainly do," said one woman, "I know a very thrifty man, and he has small ears." Well, so what? Aren't there any small-eared men who are parted from their money all too soon?

Does a high forehead indicate great intellect? All it indicates is falling hair.

Do small eyes show that a person is greedy? One young lady told me a fellow she had just met had "bedroom eyes". I never could quite figure out what she meant, although I looked him over very carefully, and all I could discover of interest was that his name was Simmons!

What is the truth about mental telepathy? Is it possible for one's thoughts to reach and influence another person some distance away, for example, without any physical means of communication?

If this were so, then the telephone would become redundant. How convenient it would prove for minor housekeeping problems, or absent-minded husbands! If I forgot to turn the gas off in my apartment, I could suddenly stop in the street, concentrate hard on sending Tillie a message: Tillie, turn off the gas, turn off the gas, I would keep thinking. Upon arrival all I would find is a completely gassed-out Tillie, or a blasted apartment.

All "mind-reading" is trickery! It is not yet possible for one human being to receive the thought waves of another just by concentrating on them. No receiving set for brain waves has yet been invented. Personally, I hope none ever will be. It would make life an unbearable torture, if everyone could know what we were thinking just by turning on a machine. The amenities and politeness of social intercourse would soon disappear. Aunt Minnie would know that we didn't mean it when we greeted her at the door with "Aunt Minnie, how wonderful it is to see you. I hope you will stay with us for a month!"

I know that you have all seen astounding demonstrations of "mind-reading" given on television, the stage, and in night clubs. All I can tell you about these astounding demonstrations is—they all have a "gimmick"—a system known to the demonstrator, and carefully worked out by him. It is safe to say that you could do exactly the same thing—if you knew the system.

Dunninger, a famous mentalist with a startling act, states that even a child of six could do his stunts, if the child had thirty years' practice!

Often what goes under the heading of "mind-reading" is nothing more or less than shrewd observation. Judging by a person's actions, mannerisms, facial expressions, etc., we all can do a bit of "mind-reading".

"Sadie, how about coming up to my apartment? I want to show you my record collection."

"Well," says Sadie, "I'll bet I know just what you're thinking!"—Mind-reading?

One girl told me she was invited by her escort to visit his apartment. "He said he wanted to show me an old chest! I went, and he showed it to me. It was his!"

*The Power of Suggestion in Everyday Life.* Have you ever found yourself walking down the street in a great hurry, only to see a man gazing up at something? Could you resist the desire to look up too? This is an illustration of the power of suggestion.

Many radio programmes are making neurotics out of us. They suggest so many illnesses. "Are you tired? Do you feel sluggish, droopy, and nauseous when your mother-in-law comes to call? Do you have that dragged-out feeling?"

"Ah, yes, that's me!"

Another example of suggestion.

Do you know what sympathy pains are? If one of your friends was operated on for appendicitis, you may have found that you developed some pains in your right side too a few days later—just coincidence of course!

I know one man who developed numerous heart pains and shortness of breath when his mother suddenly died of heart attack.

"Ah, you're looking better today," says the doctor, and already we are sure we feel better.

If enough people stopped you to comment on how sickly you looked, it might not be long before you would start to believe it. Suggestion is a powerful force.

In many hospitals, patients in great pain receive injections of morphine to deaden the pain. If too much morphine is given, however, it is possible to create a drug-addict. After a while instead of injecting morphine, the patient may receive injections of sterile water—which amazing as it may seem reduces pain just as if it were genuine morphine! The patient expects the injection to reduce his pain, and it does. Suggestion can increase or eliminate pain.

Here is the explanation to the "miracles" that many hypnotists produce in curing paralysis of the arms and legs, by creating a feeling of pain, or eliminating it. We feel pain with the brain—and if the brain is convinced that there is no pain, then we just don't feel it.

Advertising, the movies, words, songs, dress, a lifted eyebrow—all suggest certain things to us; and if the suggestion "takes"—the act itself is carried out.

"I feel as though I have been here before."

"It seems as though I have been saying and doing this before somewhere, although I do not know just where."

We have all felt these things. We visit a city we have never seen before, and it looks familiar to us. It seems we spoke and acted like this somewhere before, but can't recall when or where. What is the explanation for this?

You may visit a strange city, only to feel that you've been



there before because there is some element present that is familiar to you. Perhaps a chimney on the house in the strange city is very much like the chimneys on the houses in your neighbourhood. This sight stimulates a feeling of familiarity, and you quickly jump to the conclusion that you have seen the whole city before.

It is the same way with a familiar face. . . . "You know, your face is familiar."

"Yes, I know, I have a familiar face."

Is it possible that the mannerisms, crooked smile, or the way the eyes seem to crinkle does remind you of another you have known who smiled in just the same way? Is it also possible that the familiar smile causes you to jump to the conclusion that the entire face is familiar? Psychologists call this reaction "reduced cues". One cue is enough to start a whole chain of associations rolling, culminating in the conclusion: "I have been here before."

What we should really say is, "The eyes on this lad remind me of Oswald's eyes. Yes, Oswald does have eyes like his. That's why this boy looks familiar. I only think I have seen him before, because I have seen eyes like his before." This would be a better explanation of what might otherwise seem very mysterious and amazing.

### 3. THE MYSTERIOUS LANGUAGE OF YOUR DREAMS

ABOUT ONE-THIRD of your life is spent in bed recuperating from the other hectic two-thirds. While we have all been amused at the legend of the irresponsible Rip Van Winkle, who slept for twenty long years, you yourself spend no less time in sleep. Assuming that the average man lives about sixty years, then one-third of his life, twenty years, is spent sleeping! An amusing breakdown of the balance of one's life might be somewhat as follows: ten years in going to school, fifteen or so more years at work, about two years in attending movies and shows, three years in eating, two years in waiting (just waiting), one year in reading and attending lectures, another year or so in washing and dressing (considerably more for some), a half year in arguing (with conductors, receptionists, waiters, police, sweethearts, etc.). Some find the twenty years of sleep quite inadequate, and spend at least another year or so taking odd naps here and there. Two years more can be deducted for walking and travelling to various places, two and a half more years melt away for miscellaneous events such as celebrating, party going, necking, and other indoor sports. This leaves approximately six months without anything to do. Most people marry to fill this gap. For the amount of time available, and for the hectic interlude it provides, one almost wonders whether it pays to get married!

What happens during the relatively large chunk of our existence spent in sleep? Is it all a matter of rest, of no activity? Quite the contrary, as there is a great deal of mental activity that goes on during sleep. All of us are constantly thinking

about our dreams, wondering why we dream, and how we can understand the mysterious language of our dreams.

First, some general comments about sleep itself.

"I slept like a rock last night."

"I never moved an inch all night."

"I went out like a light the second I hit the pillow."

From these comments it would appear that sleep is an all-or-none affair, and that we are either awake or asleep. Actually, you fall asleep piecemeal—gradually, as different parts of your body become less sensitive, one at a time. First you shut your eyes, but can still hear sounds. Then sounds gradually become inaudible. In this manner then, you are gradually blanketed in sleep. Your pulse and heartbeat slow down considerably. As a matter of fact, the measurement of heart and pulse beat will reveal how deeply asleep a person is. Another measurement of the deepness of sleep is made by determining how loud a bell has to be sounded before one is awakened by it.

When do you sleep most deeply? Your sleep becomes deepest after about one hour. You move around a great deal during sleep to relax various muscles. This does not necessarily indicate restlessness, since in order to relax various muscles you must flex others, and therefore have to change positions frequently. If you maintained a single position all night you'd feel pretty stiff indeed upon awakening. No one is ever so deeply asleep that no part of his body remains awake. You thus continue to react to temperature and pressure changes. Try removing the cover from a sleeper in a cold room and see what happens. Or tickle his foot and see whether he moves it. Is he really "dead to the world"?

Now this should give you a clue to the explanation of dreaming. While you are awake, there are many things you see, smell, taste, touch, and feel in a single day. All this supplies food for thought, reminiscence, and speculation during the day. It is no different while you are asleep. While you do not see, your sense organs continue to bring you feelings of temperature, pressure, pain, position, etc., and even taste. If you have eaten something which does not agree with you, your stomach-ache

will report this to the brain, which will in turn supply food for thought in your dream life.

If a person sleeps really soundly or very deeply, therefore, he probably will not dream. This does not mean necessarily that if you don't recollect dreaming you have slept soundly, for more often than not we do not remember our dreams. The more lightly you sleep, however, the more likely you will dream or tend to remember what you have dreamed.

At what point do dreams occur? Dreaming may occur any time during the night, but will tend to appear most frequently when sleep is lightest, that is, just before waking up. It is not true that dreams occur all in the space of a few minutes before waking. They may well go on all night.

We are constantly making habitual associations which are set off innocently or accidentally. One thought leads us inevitably to the next. If I say "hot", you think "cold"; "up—down"; "in—out"; "table—chair"; "big—small". Our stream of thought, therefore, frequently runs along on its *own* momentum.

The story is told of the lovable old professor who once dreamed that he was lecturing to his class when, much to his embarrassment, he awoke, and found that he actually was! What we are thinking at any one time can therefore be set off quite innocently by any extraneous or related thought as one with which we may be subconsciously preoccupied. For example: One day a young man stopped to ask the time of an elderly man on the street. He received a very rude and loud refusal.

"May I ask why you reply so rudely when I simply ask what time it is?"

"Look here, young man," he replied, "if I were to give you the time, we might begin chatting. We might walk to the corner together. I might grow to like you, I would then invite you to my home for dinner. You would meet my beautiful daughter. You may fall in love and marry her, and I certainly don't want a son-in-law who can't afford a watch!"

Generally an emotionally charged thought will start a whole stream of thought, running along on its own momentum. In a

sense, a "bell has to be rung." There is a literal illustration of this in Rostand's play *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Cyrano, speaking to the woman he loves, says, "Roxanne, Roxanne, your name is like a golden bell hung in my heart, and when I say Roxanne, the bell rings and swings." We too have many such bells hung in our hearts, and when an emotionally charged thought enters our mind, it starts a whole train of associations going.

There is so much difference between dreaming and everyday thinking that dreams are bound to have some kind of fascination for us, to provoke wonder and amazement. Our dreams defy dimensions of time and space; we fly through the air as if on wings. They reverse the past; they trespass on the future; they often run counter to some of our most deep-seated convictions, and morality. As a matter of fact, we are often more amazed at our own dreams than we are by those of others. Dreams represent the least controlled portion of our mental activity, since we never know what we are going to dream, whether we will dream at all, or even be sure the next day that we dreamed something the previous night, and if we have, whether or not we have recalled all or part of it.

Dreams will always be a provocative and interesting subject, for through them we experience some of our most exciting and stirring adventures. "Oh, it was only a dream," we sigh regretfully when a very pleasant dream has ended. "Oh!! It was only a dream!" we exclaim comforted when we awaken from a morbid and scary interlude. Actually, dreaming is no more mysterious or unnatural than thinking or feeling itself. Our dreams are but a continuation of our thinking on a loosely controlled basis, despite its very dramatic quality. It is thinking without criticism; free, uncontrolled thinking. As dreams are the fancies of those that sleep, so fancies are but the dreams of those awake.

The meaning of your dreams presents a more difficult phase to explain. But we will get nowhere, however, if you will indulge yourself in the frauds that popular dream books bring you. There is no dream book written or sold in the world that can intelligently or honestly explain the meaning of anyone's dreams. It is usually a very complicated task. While there is no

simple formula for discovering the complete meaning of a dream, there are some clues as to how to go about it.

An Army officer, for example, had a recurring dream in which all his men were dead. Staring at the bodies of his dead men, he would hear marching feet of the enemy approaching. He would start to shoot at them, and as they approached, he found that they were not the enemy at all, but the mothers and fathers of his men. Although he would keep shooting through them, the marching parents would keep coming at him. Now, let us analyse this dream. To do so, however, requires a thorough understanding of the personality of the dreamer. This officer was a young, idealistic person who had developed real comradeship with his men. He felt very keenly the responsibility of leading his men into battle. When any of them were hit, he would have feelings of guilt, feeling that he personally had let them down. While he dreaded informing the parents, he would in each case, personally, write a gentle letter. Through it all, he continued to imagine that it was due to his personal shortcomings that any of his men were killed.

This dream should now begin to take on a fairly obvious meaning. The parents come to haunt him, while staring and pointing at him accusingly. But, is this dream any different from his waking thoughts? His deep-seated feelings of guilt are also present when he is awake, but his dreams which are but a continuation of his daily thoughts express them much more dramatically. This should give you the first major clue to the meaning of your dreams, namely that they are but a *dramatic continuation of your daily thoughts*. For just as there is a continuity between waking and sleeping which concerns our bodies, there is also a continuity that concerns our minds.

People often stop me to say that they have just had an interesting dream, invariably ending with "Now analyse my dream!" This can never be done unless there is a thorough understanding of the personality of the dreamer. That is why two different people may have a similar dream requiring an entirely different interpretation. Sometimes knowing a person's outstanding wishes or desires is enough, for dreams are frequently dramatic wish fulfilments. Note for example the titles

of some popular ballads: "I'll See You in My Dreams"; "My Dream Girl"; "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" (with vassals and serfs by my side); "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"; "Make My Dreams Come True". One young man confessed that he preferred the girls in his dreams to the ones in his daily life. "You meet a much higher type of girl this way," he sighed.

Since dreams are but a dramatic continuation of your everyday thinking, you should not be surprised to find the things you worry about during the daytime reappear, even if somewhat distorted, in your sleep. Many an accountant, unable to find an error in his trial balance continues to think about it, dreams he is looking for the error, and what is more, often finds it! "It came to me in a dream!" he may exclaim. Many a night, after having delivered a number of lectures during the day, I have continued in my sleep to deliver them all over again full blast and with all accompanying dramatics, only to awaken tired and overworked, and, what is worse, without any payment whatever for what often turned out to be a most excellent lecture!

*Why Dreams Are Often Wish Fulfillments.* "If I could only have this." "If I could only have that one thing!" Yes, man's most constant characteristic is that he is always wanting something. Our wishes and motives impose themselves upon us continuously and forcefully, forever seeking some kind of gratification. Do we not often satisfy ourselves in thought, long before we are satisfied in reality? Many times when we look forward to some pleasant experience, we anticipate it so vividly, and taste of the imagined delights so heartily, that the reality is a letdown. Yes, anticipation is all too often "greater than the realization".

Sleep offers us the best opportunity to escape from reality. Have you ever noticed how sleepy you grow when you have a lot of work or an unpleasant situation to face? And, by the way, how wide awake you feel when you have an exciting and pleasant experience facing you? By giving up our consciousness as we do in sleep, we can enjoy escape from our critical faculties and the world of hard facts. It is then that our wishes and desires

can parade themselves before us in the most amazing fashion. As one song aptly put it, "A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes".

Some time ago, one of my students confessed that he had a series of constantly recurring dreams in which he would consume large quantities of ice cream. Thereafter, he began eating lots of ice cream daily for lunch and dinner. And his dreams of ice cream promptly disappeared. Unfortunately, one cannot do that with everything!

You should now be able to understand some of your simpler dreams with the principles mentioned, but that is all. Complicated dreams are not as amenable to such easy interpretation. Did you ever consider how complicated dreams can really become? If dreams are but a dramatic continuation of your day's thoughts, what do you think about during the day? Actually a staggering number of things come into your consciousness in the course of but a single day. You see and hear thousands of sights and sounds, think about present things, recall things experienced years ago, and project many thoughts of the future. Now, when you realize that all of these, and more, go into the melting pot of your dream life, it is not too difficult to realize how bizarre and strange your dreams may be. If some uncontrolled cook were to mix together such things as gin, soup, flour, milk, eggs, and cheese, would you not find it difficult, to say the least, to analyse the concoction? In dreams, this uncontrolled mixture of a number of unrelated happenings and thoughts is not guided by your critical consciousness and may, therefore, appear as a most bizarre and truly unusual phantasy.

Dream interpretation is very important in psychoanalysis. Freud believes that one's unconscious and repressed hopes, fears, frustrations, wishes, and desires will come through and appear in one's dream life. There are many shameful and unconscious thoughts that have been repressed in the individual's life, but which will break through into his consciousness when his critical faculties are relaxed. The dream content will be disguised by what Freud calls the "dream censor", in order to make it acceptable to the individual's ego.



For example, here is a dream that a woman relates: She is a stenographer and receives a letter which is addressed to her young and attractive employer. In order to tease him she will not let him have it. He then comes into her office and attempts to snatch the envelope while she runs with it around the office desk. A Freudian interpretation of the symbols in this dream would follow somewhat this approach: The actual dream content is termed "manifest content", but the actual meaning or significance of this dream is termed the "latent content". The manifest content of the dream is the latent content after it has been disguised or distorted by the dream censor which will not permit a shameful, or obviously pleasure-seeking, desire to appear in consciousness. How do psychoanalysts therefore interpret this stenographer's dream? The desire of the stenographer to be made love to and seduced by her young and attractive employer is symbolized by the envelope and the chase. The envelope represents the female genitals, or, in this case, her virginity. She wishes to surrender the envelope to him, but does not do so without first coyly evading him by running around the room.

"Well, how did the dream finally end?" you ask her. "Oh, I gave him the envelope and he tore it open," she freely answers. All that is missing for a perfect Freudian dream is to have him open it with a letter opener from his desk!

Freud proposes the idea of symbolization in dreams, in which a symbol such as an envelope or letter opener represents an idea. Thus anything long or pointed, such as a sword, whip, tree, snake, or letter opener, would be symbolic of the male sex organs, while rooms, receptacles, bags and such, would be symbolic of the female organs. Dreaming of mice or running up or down a stairway would be symbolic of the sex act itself (since mice ordinarily run in and out of little holes). This ordinarily moral stenographer could not consciously allow herself to entertain the disturbing wish of being seduced by her attractive employer. In sleep, however, her wishes insist on gratification, although the eagle-eye "dream censor" is careful to disguise her wishes in garb of a more socially acceptable type. One's dream symbols and manifest content must of

course be interpreted in relation to the dreamer's personality and complexes, since dreams are not only fundamentally wish-fulfilling, but express, in distorted form, the anxieties and frustrations of the individual.

One day an old lady in her seventies came into a psychiatrist's office for consultation. She expounded all her ailments, real and imaginary, but seemed most concerned about a recurring dream in which she was diligently pursued by a personable young man whose intentions seemed dishonourable. The doctor was properly sympathetic and advised her how she might sleep more soundly. In a few days she returned, still woeful. "Don't tell me you aren't sleeping better nowadays," teased the doctor.

"Oh, I'm sleeping just fine," the patient replied, "but to tell the truth, Doctor, I certainly miss that young man!"

The interpretations from standard dream books sold in variety stores and over-the-counter, are only for the gullible, ignorant or superstitious. Dreams never predict the future. If you dream of the dead, stop being superstitious! This does not mean that the dead are "thinking of you" or praying for you, since nothing can influence your dreams but your own thoughts, conscious or unconscious. One of my patients, a woman of forty-seven whose husband fell on the ice one morning and was killed, dreamed that he was praying, to remove her from her world to his. Shortly after this dream she became highly agitated, insisting that this was an omen that she was to die. It was, in fact, only a reflection of her own unconscious guilt feelings, which she had in large numbers and reacted to very strongly. Another of my students told me quite solemnly that he believed in the prophetic quality of dreams—for did he not once dream that his wife was dead? After two months did she not actually die? But this poor, gullible young man did not realize that he often quite consciously, although fleetingly, thought of the possibility of her dying (perhaps even hopefully).

Upon questioning him further, I found that she had been quite sick for a long time before her death. All he did in his dreams was to continue his daytime thinking about her dying, and manage at night to complete it in his dreams.

If you have dreamed that something would happen, and it did, it is a coincidence, nothing more, despite all amazing stories to the contrary. How many times have you dreamed that something would happen and it didn't? If you are honest, you will admit that you remember your successes and conveniently forget your failures. We are quick to say, "My heart told me this would happen", when a particular incident occurs, but we are not so quick to admit, "My heart lied to me", when it doesn't.

I have heard of many men who dreamed they found a million dollars. But I have never heard of one who really did!

A nightmare is only a projection in a dream of a conflict or a troublesome problem or a fear which manifests itself in a dramatic fashion. The more nightmares you have, undoubtedly the more troubled you must be. These conflicts and fears may be completely unconscious, only showing up in your dream life. Only when you succeed in straightening out your life itself, ridding yourself of the causes, will the unconscious thinking or morbid dream life disappear.

Fears show themselves in your dreams in various ways. Perhaps you have dreamed that you are in a large room surrounded by many people, when to your chagrin you discover that you are stark naked! Is it not likely that this is symbolic of your fear of having a deep dark secret discovered by an unsympathetic society?

A lame boy who depended on special shoes regularly dreamed that he had lost his shoes and had to walk barefoot through the streets. A middle-aged man confided to me that he was a sexual deviate. His recurring nightmare was one in which his sister, with a dagger in hand, would chase him while he was completely naked and tried to run away. Analysis brought out his fear of having his family discover his sexual deviation.

Practically everyone has dreamed of running from some terrible pursuer with leaden feet, though they strain every muscle to escape. This is but a representation of a real conflict or fear in your life. If you will turn in your dream to look upon the face of the pursuer, you will find that it is vague and indistinct, a phantom! Thus, even in your dreams you are spared the shock of facing your conflict directly.

An easily understood dream is one in which you pick up money from the ground only to find more and more money lying there. The strong wish for money in this instance is apparent. Flying through space is another common dream experience. It is very likely that this is symbolic of the desire for power since flying puts one high above one's competitors. Highly ambitious, though thwarted, persons should perhaps dream of flying quite often.

One wide-eyed and overly gullible young lady told me that she heard of a man who had a terrible dream of falling that was so realistic that he died from a heart attack when he hit bottom! She never explained how she knew what the man dreamed of before he died.

To show you what can happen when you have understanding, the story is told of a patient who complained of his dreams to his psychoanalyst. "If you understand your dreams, they will not disturb you," said the analyst. "What is your dream?"

The patient said that he dreamed of being in a rowboat, rowing for hours when a whale rose up and swallowed him.

"That is simple," said the analyst. "It means that you are in love with your mother."

Some months later the analyst saw the patient, who was happy, and who gaily reported that his new dream no longer disturbed him, because he understood it. "I now dream of being in a luxurious room, with velvet walls, fighting my father for the attentions of my mother. I know what it means so I am untroubled."

"What do you think it means?" asked the analyst.

The man said, "Simple. It means that I want to go rowing."

In many ways, your dreams protect you from waking up and disturbing your rest. Thus, if you are thirsty you will dream of water. Here is a little experiment to try tonight! Eat a tin of well-salted anchovies. A dream of drinking copious quantities of water will then most probably await you. As the desire for water almost forces you to awaken, your dream mechanism will present you with plenty of water to drink, as if to say, "If it's water you want, stay where you are, here it is!" Thus, if you are thirsty, you will dream of water; if you are hungry, of food;

and if you are starved for romance—well . . . you will just dream!

• Here is another illustration of how physical stimuli are turned into your dream content. You may have dreamed that you are looking for a place to urinate. Pressure on a full bladder sending stimuli to the brain would ordinarily force you to awaken to relieve the tension of this urge, but the dream, protecting you from disturbed sleep, keeps leading you into places where you may satisfy your urge. To prevent a liquid catastrophe, however, you may find that there is always someone in your dream who pops in to watch you or spy upon you, thus preventing your normal expression.

Similarly, if your alarm clock rings, you may sleep right through it, having turned its harsh jingling into part of your dream, perhaps as the siren of a fire engine going by. A friend of mine therefore is forced regularly to set two alarm clocks to defeat the insidious manoeuvrings of his dream life.

If your tooth aches you may distort it into a dream in which you feel your teeth are breaking; if your foot hurts you may dream it is being operated on; if your blanket is removed, you may find yourself trekking through the snows of Alaska.

There is common belief that a nocturnal emission, usually spoken of as a "wet dream", is caused by a dream of a sexual experience. This is entirely incorrect since it is not the dream that causes the emission, but the emission which is causing the sex dream. Pressure on the prostate is the cause of a nocturnal emission, in turn resulting in dreams to match the stimuli. They are normal phenomena of all healthy males.

We are bound to have more sex dreams than we expect, since we always dream of those things of which we are most frustrated or thwarted. As pointed out previously, if you are hungry, you dream of food, of feasts and banquets. But most of us are well-fed, so sex dreams may become more prominent than dreams of food. It is usually true that when a man lives like a sheep, he dreams like a wolf! We see sleeping, what we wish for waking. Or to put it more poetically, "You eat in dreams the custard of the day".

You can have a most amusing and perhaps instructive time

considering the meaning of your own dreams. To do so, however, you must think of them immediately upon awaking or they will be forgotten. By association, fragments of a dream may be recalled. Ask yourself, "What do the things I dreamed about represent to me?" "What unconscious thoughts might this dream be expressing?"

I remember a woman who told me how worried and agitated she was about the number of shameful sex dreams she was having, despite the very pure life she was living.

"I can't understand it," she said. "I live such a pure life and yet have so many sex dreams." It is very likely that if she lived a sexier life her dreams would be purer!

Be able to smile at your dreams, thinking, "What an interesting mind I must have!" Even admit that you may have an unconscious that is undreamed of!

**HAPPY DREAMS!!**

#### 4. HOW TO RUB SHOULDERS WITH HAPPINESS

MAY I BEGIN by asking you a little question, please?

How many of you think that you are normal? Think now. Is your hand up? Good . . . you are the ones who need the treatment! First of all, do you realize what you are saying when you say that you are normal. Look at it this way: If I were to ask you, how many of you think that you are 100 per cent physically healthy, how many of you would raise your hands?

If any of you do, then you are either lying or are deceived, because there is no one present who can really be considered 100 per cent physically healthy. If you have imperfect teeth, flat feet, bulge where you should drop . . . drop where you should bulge, can you be considered perfectly healthy? Of course not . . . there are degrees of physical health. You may have a slight cold, or double pneumonia . . . you are sick in either case but to an entirely different degree.

So it is with mental health. No one can really consider himself perfectly healthy mentally. It is, again, a question of degree.

Ladies and Gentlemen, before this chapter is ended you will know what normalcy really means: You will know what your personal degree of normalcy may be: who is really the crazy one . . . you or your mate? And what is most important of all, you will learn the precious secret of how to capture the one thing that all human beings pursue relentlessly from the day they are born until the day they die . . . the little Bluebird of Happiness!

What is the real name of the Bluebird? Can you give the answer to this important question? To what name does the Bluebird respond? Before this hour has come to an end, the magic name to which the Bluebird responds will be yours. Listen for that magic name . . . that precious word . . . for when it comes it is a moment that may indeed change the course of your entire life!

If you ever wish to start a conversation with another that will last for hours, just ask them this little question: "Tell me, what would you say is the real name of the Bluebird?" Then sit back and listen to the variety of answers you will soon receive.

There are those who will say at once. . . "Money. . . That's the name of the Bluebird . . . just shovel that green stuff in to me, and see how happy I will be."

Money . . . yes, that's the name of the Bluebird.

One man was bawling out his friend for working so hard. . . "Listen," he said, "there are some things in life that are more important than the dollar bill."

"Really?" asked his friend, "tell me what. . ."

"Oh . . . a twenty-dollar bill . . . a fifty-dollar bill. . ."

Then you are bound to meet those who will tell you . . . "I'll find happiness when I finally fall in love."

*Love* . . . that's the name of the Bluebird.

Now, before we go any further I have a little surprise for you. No one ever *FALLS IN LOVE*! Now what kind of nonsense is that? *FALL* in love. . . It implies that you are walking along . . . suddenly a hole . . . bang! In you go!

*FALL* in love, indeed. . . You *MARCH* into it.

There is no such thing as love at first sight. Love must be earned . . . it is a creation . . . something you must nourish and help to grow . . . it doesn't just spring up. . . "Here I am, you lucky thing you!"

It just doesn't happen that way. . .

Oh, I know the movies and songs tell you differently . . . people are falling in love at first sight all over the place. Do you remember that song from "South Pacific" . . . "Some Enchanted Evening"? Recall the words? One part went like this. . . "One day you will walk into a room, and there she'll be. Once



you have found her . . . never let her go . . . never let her go . . .” About the same time, I remember another song that said, “Don’t cry, Joe . . . Let her go . . . let her go . . . let her go.”

If you listen too closely to all this advice, you are well on the way to becoming a serious neurotic. Don’t believe the love songs . . . we may all have a right to love . . . but it is not a question of accident . . . it is a question of being lovable . . . of *earning* it. Love is never an endowment . . . it is a reward. It is as responsive to cause and effect as anything else in life. It can be developed, it can be killed. But it is never just found . . . lying there . . . waiting for you.

Then you will find quite a few people who will tell you, “I’ll be happy when I’m married!”

Of course . . . *marriage* . . . that’s the name of the Bluebird.

You see, it is really very simple after all. . . . If you are single and unhappy, all you need to make you happy is to get married. Unfortunately, you are going to find a tremendous number of married people who will tell you all they need to be happy is to be single again.

Now listen, if all it took to make you happy was to be married, why would you have a situation like this:

A man was admiring the fact that his friend had just completed fifty years of married life.

“Tell me, Joe,” he said, “after fifty years of being married, what does it feel like?”

“What does it feel like?” reminisced his friend . . . “it feels just like yesterday . . . and you know what a rotten day it was yesterday!”

Well, we still haven’t got the name of the Bluebird, have we?

Let me put another question to you. All of us spend a tremendous number of years going to school . . . studying this . . . studying that . . . We are eager to educate our children . . . to fill their heads and their hearts with all the good things. Now tell me this . . . what would you say . . . of all the things that a person learns in a lifetime . . . what would you say is the most important single thing that he can ever learn?

Have you got it? . . . Hold it, for while you are thinking, I have some extra food for thought for you.

## LISTEN:

In 1923, a very important meeting was held in Chicago. Among those present at this meeting were nine of the world's most successful financiers. They were:

The president of the largest independent steel company.

The president of the largest utility company.

The president of the largest gas company.

The greatest wheat speculator.

The president of the New York Stock Exchange.

A member of the President's Cabinet.

The greatest "Bear" in Wall Street.

The head of the world's greatest monopoly.

The president of the Bank of International Settlements.

Certainly, we must admit that here were gathered a group of the world's most successful men. At least men who had found the secret of "making money". Let's see where these same nine men are today.

The president of the largest independent steel company . . . Charles Schwab . . . died a bankrupt, and lived on borrowed money for five years before his death.

The president of the largest utility company . . . Samuel Insull . . . died a fugitive from justice, and penniless in a foreign land.

The president of the largest gas company . . . Howard Hopson . . . is now insane.

The greatest wheat speculator . . . Arthur Cutten . . . died in a foreign land . . . insolvent.

The president of the New York Stock Exchange . . . Richard Whitney . . . was recently released from Sing Sing Prison.

The member of the President's Cabinet . . . Albert Fall . . . was pardoned from prison so that he could die at home.

The greatest "Bear" in Wall Street . . . Jesse Livermore . . . died a suicide.

The head of the world's greatest monopoly . . . Ivar Krueger . . . died a suicide.

•The president of the Bank of International Settlements . . . Leon Fraser . . . died a suicide.

Ladies and gentlemen, all of these men learned extremely well the art of making money, but not one of them ever learned the greatest of all the arts . . . *how to live!*

What do I mean by learning how to live? Well, you have all been to the seashore. You have watched little children playing in the ocean. Here are two little boys playing in the surf. Along comes a whopping big wave, and throws both of them over. One little boy runs back to the beach and sets up a loud howl for his mother. The other little boy scrambles to his feet, runs to the beach, takes a deep breath, and . . . laughs!

One of the boys sees the ocean only as a malicious enemy. He has learned nothing from the experience, except to be a bigger crybaby. The second little boy has enjoyed the encounter, has enjoyed the challenge, and is ready for the next one. Ladies and Gentlemen . . . when a wave of life knocks you over . . . and you then pick yourself up . . . scramble to the beach . . . take a deep breath . . . and laugh . . . then you have indeed learned *how to live*.

What is your reaction when life hands you a dirty deal? Do you scramble to your feet, take a deep breath and laugh . . . or do you lie there having a nervous breakdown, wallowing in self-pity, seeking sympathy, and bemoaning your fate? What do you do?

Notice . . . I said *LEARN*. We *LEARN* how. No one is born knowing how. It is not inherited, nor given as a gift to the chosen. We must all learn how. What a tremendous challenge this is for our educational system. It has far to go indeed. What did your schooling prepare you to face? Did you ever learn how to meet the death of a loved one? . . . business reverse? . . . a sweetheart who jilts you? . . . the problems of finding a mate? . . . living alone? . . . living with others? . . . think now . . . what did your schooling ever really teach you about these things?

The schools must do a great deal more to provide more

realistic teaching . . . teaching to meet the real problems of life . . . not the academic claptrap that is forgotten when the final exam paper is turned in.

I am reminded of a visitor to a kindergarten class during open school week. She watched the teacher clapping her hands loudly together and marching around the room. All the little tots were marching right behind the teacher and loudly clapping their hands too.

"Do you like it?" the visitor asked one little boy.

"I hate it!" he said.

"Then why do you do it?"

He pointed to the teacher, and said, "*SHE* likes it!"

How much human sorrow and suffering may have been avoided if only we had learned the things we need to know when the waves of life throw us off our feet. One mother sighed to her son . . . "At least learn a trade . . . so you'll know what kind of work you're out of!"

I'll bet quite a few of you were thinking "Peace of Mind" . . . that's the most important single thing any individual ever learns . . .

Well, if that's what you were thinking, I am sorry to say, you were wrong.

First of all, what is "peace of mind"? I asked one woman that question once and she said, "I don't know what it is, but when that shmo of mine leaves me, I'll have it!" To her, peace of mind was getting rid of what bothered her. To most people peace of mind means a life without problems, aggravation, or irritation.

Peace of mind never implies an absence of troubles, problems or worries . . . it simply means that you know *HOW TO HANDLE* the troubles, problems and worries. Remember that . . . the person who has peace of mind . . . may have many problems and difficulties . . . but the one thing that distinguishes him from the troubled soul . . . is that he knows *HOW TO HANDLE THEM!*"

For example: A pair of newlyweds checked into a hotel for their honeymoon. "Now, darling," said the wife, "please don't tell anyone that we're newlyweds . . . they'll all stare at us."

"I won't, honey," promised the husband. Then they checked into their room for the night.

• The next morning, all the guests stared at the wife, and looked her over from top to bottom.

"Now, you did tell them we were newlyweds, didn't you?"

"No, I did not," said her husband, "I simply told them we were good friends!" •

Some years ago I lived in one of those tall apartment buildings that dot New York City. One day, a lady who lived on the nineteenth floor turned on her gas jets and attempted to kill herself. Fortunately, the superintendent broke in before her life had completely ebbed away. She was taken away in an ambulance to the Bellevue Hospital Psychiatric Division.

I would like to tell you what I learned about this woman.

One day her husband, returning from the office, fell dead just outside the building. Two weeks later her only son was killed by a truck on his way home from school. So, one fine day, she decided to lock her door, turn on the gas, and end it all.

Coming down the elevator one evening, the doorman said to me, "Dr. Banks, did you hear about Mrs. Blake, the lady on the nineteenth floor?"

"Yes, I did."

"Isn't it sad, how these two tragedies broke her down?"

"Yes, it is . . . very sad."

But I wanted to scream out loud. . . . "THESE THINGS HAD NOT BROKEN HER DOWN AT ALL . . . IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE . . . SOMETHING ELSE!"

What really did cause this suicide attempt?

May I perform a very important experiment for you? It is one you must never forget. Now, take a piece of wax, some meat, some sand, some clay, some wood shavings, and throw them all into the fire. Let's see how they react:

One instantly melts . . . one starts frying . . . one dries up . . . one hardens . . . and one blazes. And think of it . . . *every one of them is acted upon by the same force.*

Just so, Ladies and Gentlemen . . . under identical influences of circumstance and environment, one becomes weaker, one becomes stronger, and another withers away.

Now here is the lesson: it is not so much what is done to us, but *what we do* that determines our character, our destiny, and our happiness. During the war, the people of England had to live under dreadful circumstances . . . they never knew when the Blitz would hit their homes, their children, or themselves. It was remarkable to see how differently each one bore up under the strain . . . or broke down completely.

The story is told of two charwomen who, during one of the many air raid alarms, were huddled together in a dark air raid shelter.

"Just think of it, Annie," said one, "the bomb could drop right here, and we'd be blasted into maternity."

"Yes," sighed Annie, "and the worst of it is, we'd never know who done it!"

At this point, we are ready to think about what normalcy really is. You remember that I asked you at the beginning whether you thought that you were normal. Now see if you really are:

Normalcy . . . *is simply your ability to extract as much happiness from life as you can without hurting yourself or anyone else . . . and . . . it is the ability to adjust to the realities of life . . . no matter how harsh, how cruel . . . or how insane those realities may be.*

To the degree that you are able to get as much happiness from life as possible, and to adjust to the realities of whatever may happen to you . . . to that degree, may you consider yourself normal. There are not two people reading this who can do these things in just the same measure. Some can do it better . . . some can squeeze every bit of happiness out of each day . . . others run from facts . . . they turn a blind eye to what displeases them.

A doctor was examining a patient, and finally he put down his stethoscope, looked gravely at the man in front of him, and said, "My dear man, you have but one hour to live . . . is there anyone you'd like to see?"

"Yes . . ." said the patient. . . . "Another doctor!"

The question I should have asked you at the outset is . . . not . . . are you normal . . . but **HOW NORMAL ARE YOU?**

I hope that you can now see it is really a question of degree.

Everyone, I suppose, may be considered a little mental. Don't think for one moment that all the insane are in mental hospitals. They are not! They are salesmen, stenographers, bookkeepers, lecturers . . . just take a look at your mother-in-law . . . and you'll agree at once, I'm sure.

One of the most fascinating things in psychiatry is to observe how human beings learn to drain off the fears and anxieties of the mind into the aches and pains of the body. Sigmund Freud was one of the first to show this fascinating phenomenon. He demonstrated most dramatically how these conversions take place. He proved that most aches and pains have an emotional origin. The palpitating heart, the sweating, the pain in the back, in the eyes, in the head, the ulcers . . . their roots lie deep in the emotions.

Shame and fear may come out in disguised form. Let me give you two very interesting examples of this, and both from real life. They are true cases.

A lady was admitted to the mental hygiene clinic of a large New York City hospital. She was suffering from what is clinically known as a "compulsive neurosis". Remember, she was not insane. Neurotic is the proper word for her symptoms. She had compulsive symptoms . . . hand washing! That's what I said . . . she was compelled to wash her hands over and over again. To look at her hands would have shocked you. They were rough, bleeding . . . yet she was compelled to scrub and scrub. Now where was the dirt? In her hands? No, you must look deeper for the causes. Analysis finally revealed that this woman, although a highly moral, religious lady, married for over twenty-five years, had suddenly fallen in love with her landlord. Now I must admit that this is somewhat crazy to begin with. But the landlord it was. Would she admit this to herself . . . not to me . . . or to you . . . but to herself, that she really wished he would carry her away and make love to her? No, this was an evil and sinful thought that must be crushed.

Whenever the desire started to work its way into her consciousness, she repressed it, and it was forced to come through in disguised form—hand washing.

Even Shakespeare gave recognition to this conversion. Lady

Macbeth, after assisting in the murder of her husband, has an awful time trying to wash the blood off her hands. . . . "Out damned spot . . . out!"

Remember always that everything is a question of degree. All of us show compulsions of various types that are not serious. For example, haven't you ever made a call in a phone booth, and as you hung up, heard a click . . . you are compelled to feel and see if the coin came back? You know it hasn't but you've just *got to* look.

Haven't you ever been compelled to get up during the night, to make sure that gas jets are off? Or to go back and test your door a couple of times to make sure you locked it? Haven't you ever stood in a theatre balcony . . . looked down, and thought . . . "Maybe I should spit down!" Of course you have.

Now let us look at another highly interesting case: A man who had amnesia. On television they have a very simple formula for creating an amnesia case. They simply hit someone on the head with a club and he promptly forgets who he is. He is also cured in the same miraculous way . . . he is hit on the head with another club, and the marbles roll right back into place.

Very nice for TV, but not quite according to Hoyle.

Let me tell you the story of an actual case of amnesia.

A man was brought to the psychiatric ward of a city hospital because he was found wandering, completely unaware of his name, his home, his people, his friends . . . his mind a complete blank. Eventually, you would have learned that this fellow in his late thirties had been engaged for over twelve years to be married to a girl. It is obvious that he didn't believe in rush engagements . . . but there was more to it than that. Actually, he wanted to marry the lady in question, but he supported a widowed mother. He was the kind of weak, frightened individual who was afraid to be married with its consequent responsibilities, and at the same time worry about supporting his mother. He had given the girl an engagement ring, and thus kept an option on her through all the years.

One day she came to him, and said (imagine waiting twelve years to say this!): "Willie, I am not getting any younger. We



have been engaged for over twelve years. Now, I am going to give you one more month to choose between your mother and me. If you take your mother, I'll give you back the ring, and we're through forever!"

Now, why she had to give back the ring is something I personally cannot understand, for it seems to me that by that time she had earned "squatter's rights" to it. But that's the way things stood. Three days before his month of grace was up, he was of course no closer to a solution than he had been twelve years before. He walked along the streets of New York City, tapped a policeman on the shoulder, and said quite simply: "I don't know who I am."

If you decide to tell this to a policeman in New York, then take my word for it, you do not have to reserve a room . . . Bellevue Hospital will prepare the bridal suite for you.

Now, would you like to see how Willie got to this point? Picture him walking along the street, thinking to himself . . . "Here I am . . . poor Willie . . . of course I want to marry Annie but how can I . . . I'm supporting my mother . . . what if I lose my job . . . what if Annie has a baby . . . what if I can't make enough money . . . no . . . I can't do it . . . shall I just throw my mother out. . . . I don't want to lose Annie . . . but she'll leave me for sure . . . who else would ever have me . . . but my mother. just three more days . . . oh . . . Lord. . . . I wish I were anyone but Willie . . . who am I . . . yes . . . who am I . . . who, who???"

There, in much condensed and simplified version . . . you have it. Doesn't it strike you as very curious that practically every case of amnesia that is brought to a mental clinic never seems to have any identification with them? Of course not . . . because as they are forgetting who they are, they throw away their wallets, their cards, their bracelets, their suit labels . . . everything that may identify them, because they *don't want* to know who they are. They are trying to escape themselves. In escaping themselves, they escape their problems. It is one way to do it. Get this straight . . . they are not faking . . . they actually have forgotten . . . they do not know who they are . . . but they have brought the situation about quite wilfully, although unconsciously.

You see, dear hearts and gentle people, it is possible to become sick in more than just one way. Human beings are more than just a set of organs . . . a pair of kidneys . . . a heart . . . liver . . . and lungs. Human beings have minds, emotions, feelings, that can become diseased and infected just like a kidney. The diseases of the body are exceeded by the diseases of the personality.

Look at the viruses that may infect the personality . . . resentment . . . guilt . . . shame . . . fear . . . jealousy . . . inferiority . . . loneliness. . .

"Don't you ever think of getting married?" a spinster was asked.

"Think . . ." she answered. . . "I worry!"

Worry is a virus I will talk about a little later.

We are living in an era of "wonder drugs". Surely you have all heard of terramycin, chloromycetin . . . drugs that immediately kill pneumococci, streptococci, and almost all the coccis you can list. But have you read or heard anything about a wonder drug for the emotions . . . a miracle drug for the personality . . . that comes packaged in a little box of six tablets . . . just six tablets . . . which will destroy worry, prevent nervous breakdown, prevent insanity, will cure ulcers, lower your blood pressure, and raise your ability to enjoy life?

Now, you buy many things during the course of a year . . . from a box of cleansing tissue to a diamond ring. Naturally, you are willing to pay more for the diamond ring than for the tissues, because the diamond's value is higher. How much would you be willing to pay for the box of six tablets? . . . the wonder tablets that are guaranteed to do all the things I have just claimed for them.

Ladies and Gentlemen. . . I want to make a sensational announcement right now. I want you to know that at this very moment, I can offer you those six wonder tablets.

I want you to know that I could be a multimillionaire if I were to box them and market them on a mass production basis. The line-up of people with high blood pressure, migraine headaches, business men racked with anxiety, salesmen with ulcers, people torn with worry, those who are in the process

of having a nervous breakdown . . . all these and more. . . this line-up would stretch around the world. They could command any price . . . the demand for them would be fantastic . . . it would outwonder the most wonderful wonder drugs!

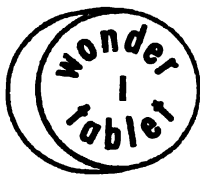
There is just one little thing that keeps me from doing it. I am missing just one tiny ingredient . . . an ingredient that would make these tablets work *automatically*. Oh, they work all right . . . but not automatically. It is still necessary for *you* to help them along . . . it still requires your aid and co-operation . . . it still needs your willingness and understanding.

That is the great catch to this miracle! Believe me, I am working on it! Someday perhaps I will find a way to solidify the ingredients in such a way that all you need do is swallow the six tablets one by one . . . and presto! It starts at once, all by itself its wonders to perform.

I should then, of course, become the wealthiest, and the most famous man of our century. Now, since I am unable to package and sell them to you in readily swallowed tablet form with automatic gearshift included, I have no alternative but to give them to you right now, absolutely free!

Because they are free, beware of making the error that they are not magical and magnificent in performing their functions . . . they are! Just remember that each one singly can enrich your life, and make you better than you are.

Take all six of them, and you will observe an indescribable wonder performed within your own personality. You need only to want to put them to work for you. . . . *YOU* are the missing ingredient that can make them work!



*Stop lying to yourself.* Now stop and think . . . how much do you lie to yourself? You don't think that you do, do you? Well, that only shows how deceived you really are . . . and you are the one deceiving yourself.

Lie to the world, lie to your parents . . . lie to whomever you must, but for your mental health's sake, stop lying to yourself. It is worse than useless to pull the wool over your own eyes, because then you are stopped from ever changing or helping yourself to be better than you

are. If you do not recognize a fault, then it is impossible to correct it. If you do not discover a leak, you cannot repair it. If you refuse to face reality, you will end up being your own worst enemy.

"Well, how do I lie to myself? . . . I'm not aware of it," is that what you are asking? All right, let's take a few examples:

Example Number One: We have been deluged lately with a great deal of publicity on the relationship of smoking and cancer. Surely you have thought about the subject just a little. I wonder if you ever thought that it applied to you. Who gets cancer from smoking? Why . . . *he* will, my neighbour, my father-in-law, the boss . . . but I? . . . never! It must apply to someone else.

It is hard to face an unpleasant reality, especially if the smoke-addict happens to be ourselves. Are you like the man who said, "I have read so many horrible things about smoking, I've decided to give up reading!"

Example Number Two: I wonder if there is just one mother or father who hears my words, who will admit to themselves . . . not to me, or to anyone else . . . just to themselves . . . that if they have more than one child, they actually love one child more than they do the other . . . that they have an emotional preference for one of them. Would you admit it? No, of course not . . . don't you love all your children exactly the same?

What nonsense! It is impossible to love them all the same. If one of them is sweet, lovable, thoughtful, considerate, and the other one is a mischievous monster . . . do you really mean to say that they have earned your love in exactly the same measure?

How can that be? Love must be earned . . . it is never just given . . . and if one is more lovable than another, he is bound to be loved more than the other. It is part of the law of cause and effect.

Mama may not realize it, but her child often senses it, and may tease mama. . . . "You love Herman more than you love me," he wails. . . .

"No, I don't!" cries Mama . . . "I love you both the same, and you shut up!"

• Example Number Three: When something goes wrong . . . do you look for someone else to blame? Who is to blame for the fact that you can't find a husband? Your aunt? Your clothes, the neighbourhood you live in?

Whom do you blame for your failures? Yourself? Never . . . it is always someone or something else. How terribly hard it is to face reality.

A man was found lying in the street . . . as drunk as anyone can be. It turned out that he was president of the synagogue.

"How terrible . . . how terrible, you the president of the synagogue, lying right in the street, dead drunk!" exclaimed the friends who found him.

"Don't blame me . . . don't blame me!" wailed the poor man . . . "It isn't my fault!"

"If it's not your fault," asked his friends, "then whose fault is it?"

"It so happens that it's the fault of those two foreigners."

"What foreigners?"

"Haig and Haig!"

If you ever want to improve, to be able to correct your errors in life, to make more intelligent adjustments, then you must be willing to face the truth. What would you think of a business man who refused to face his liabilities . . . who wished to look only at his assets? You would say that he was a pretty poor business man, wouldn't you?

Could you have the same courage as a little coloured boy in the deep south? He walked into a drug store, went into the phone booth, dialled a number and then said:

"Is dis you, Dr. Anderson? . . . Do you need a boy to mow da lawn . . . be a handy boy . . . clean up? . . . What? . . . You has a boy, has ya? . . . is ya puffickly satisfied wid da boy you now has? You is . . . thank ya, Doctah Anderson. . . . Goodbye."

On the way out, the druggist called, "Here boy, I believe I have a job for you . . . didn't I just hear you call Dr. Anderson?"

"No suh, I'se Dr. Anderson's boy . . . just checkin' up on mahself!"

*Give your old age a good swift kick in the pants.*  
 Why do people fear old age? "Oh my old age . . . I'm saving for my old age. . . . I want to get married, so I won't be alone in my old age . . . what'll I do in my old age? . . ."



We fear losing love . . . we fear being a burden.

"Will you love me when I'm old and grey?" asks a wife of her husband.

"Why not . . ." he replies, "I loved you through all the other colours."

We have a tendency to think of old age as robbing us of youth and beauty. Old age seems to be synonymous with wrinkles and hardening of the arteries. What a delusion! Most of us have never learned what true beauty really is. We have been brought up and nurtured on the movie version of the sensuous beauty. The movies, the cosmetic advertisements, have brain-washed us into accepting a certain standard of beauty.

Just finger through any woman's magazine and see the barrage of beauty ads. . . . "She's engaged, she's lovely, she uses Bumpo!"

"Use this for dry skin . . . use that for wet skin . . . use this for leaking skin . . . be beautiful forever with this cream and that lotion."

Now ladies, listen to me:

No one has ever been born who knows how to bottle beauty in a jar. There is no cream that has ever been invented that will draw beauty out of a dried-up personality. There is no serum or lotion to be smeared on nightly that will tone up a hardened heart. Speaking of the liquids they often drench themselves with, one comedian said, "Did you ever sleep next to a swamp?" He claims his wife puts on so much grease he thought she was going to swim the channel, but that once she got ready to sleep she couldn't . . . she was so slippery, she kept sliding out of bed.

What is the true beauty then? In my opinion, one of the finest motion pictures that was ever made was "The Enchanted Cottage". I hope you saw it, for if you did you will never

forget it. It told the story of two people . . . a man and a woman . . . whose faces were so twisted and ugly that even their own relatives couldn't bear to look at them without pity.

In loneliness and bitterness they married each other and hid themselves away in a little cottage far in the countryside, where no human being could look upon their ugly faces. To tell the truth, they could hardly bear to look at each other.

One day . . . a miracle took place . . . as they looked into each other's faces . . . gone was the ugliness . . . and in its place was an indescribable beauty!

They were elated to find all the ugliness gone, and a fragile, tender beauty where only ugliness existed before. They arranged to give a surprise party for their families, and invited them to their home for the first time.

At the zero hour, they took each other arm in arm, and started to walk down the staircase, to allow each member of the company to look upon their new faces.

Imagine their shock . . . their pain . . . their bewilderment . . . when everyone looked up at them, and then with the same pity as always cast their eyes to the floor. They couldn't understand it . . . why? Why? Why did these people see only ugliness, where only beauty existed? They came to the conclusion that they must be living in an enchanted cottage.

But they were wrong. There was no enchanted cottage. Oh, there was an enchantment, all right . . . but the enchantment was within themselves. It was the way they talked . . . their tenderness . . . their love for one another . . . their thoughtfulness . . . their kindness . . . that had destroyed the ugliness, and brought true beauty in its stead. Of course they could see only lovely faces in each other because they were lovely and beautiful in every way to one another.

Lest you think that this is a fairy tale that you can brush off with a sigh, let me caution you. All of us are capable of weaving an enchantment around others. We do it by the way we talk . . . the way we treat others . . . our kindness . . . and our graciousness.

Haven't you ever seen a strange face at a party, and said to

yourself, "What a handsome person". Then, after meeting him and talking with him, did you want to say: "For Heaven's sakes, what made me think that drip was handsome . . . he's very plain on second look."

Have you ever met someone whom you thought was rather plain . . . then, after a conversation, found yourself saying, "You know, while you talk, your looks change". No . . . their looks don't change at all . . . you change! And the reason that you change is that they are subtly but surely weaving an enchantment around you.

No, ladies, it is not creams that will make you beautiful.

One mother was vigorously rubbing some beauty cream into her face, when her little five-year-old daughter said, "Mommy, what's that for?"

"It's to make me beautiful, darling."

"Oh . . ." said the little girl, as she watched more carefully.

Then mother started to wipe the cream off her face.

"Oh . . ." sighed the little girl, "it didn't work . . . did it?"

"No one grows old by living,  
Only by losing interest in living."

*Commit a little murder in self-defence . . .*

*Murder your worries before they kill you.* One day in Colorado a great stalwart tree fell down. It was a sapling when Columbus landed on San Salvador. It had been struck by lightning fourteen times. It had braved storms, earthquakes, hurricanes . . . but in the end . . .

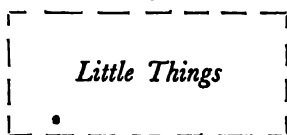
the tiny little beetles killed it! They bored under the bark, dug into its heart, ate away its mighty fibre, and one day . . . down came the lordly king of the forest.

Ladies and gentlemen. . . Life for us is not made up of great





sacrifices, nor a series of great and tumultuous crises, but a never ending continuum of:



Some people, like the tree in my story, are able to weather the serious hardships of their life . . . to stand up to the greatest crises . . . but they allow little worries, and tiny, gnawing, constant fears to undermine their living. They are destroyed in the end, not by the great crises, but by the boring of the little beetles of anxiety, and regret.

Worry is murderous . . . don't be another victim. There is a solution to everything . . . if but we knew it! Seek the solution . . . dig out your fear, expose it to the hard daylight . . . find out what to do about it . . . and do it!

One man sat in a psychiatrist's office, nervous, twitching, restless.

"Tell me, my man, what kind of work do you do?" asked the doctor.

"Doctor . . ." he said, "I'm a psychiatrist."

"You're a psychiatrist! Then why do you come to me?"

"Because . . . I'm too expensive."

Well, at least you must admit the nervous psychiatrist was doing something about it.

Perhaps you may be like Sam Friedman. I hope not.

Friedman the clothier was distressed at the haggardness of his partner Weinberg, who suffered from insomnia. "I'll bet you," he said to him, "you never tried the commonest remedy, after all your specialists."

"What's this commonest remedy?"

"Counting sheep."

"All right," said the sick man. "What can I lose? Tonight I'll give it a try."

But next morning Weinberg was more haggard than ever.

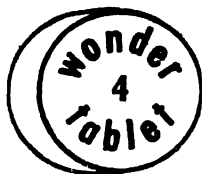
"Did you do like I said?" Friedman eagerly asked.

"Sure I did," said Weinberg wearily. "But something terrible happened. I counted sheep up to 50,000. Then I sheared the sheep, and in a little while I made up 50,000 overcoats. Then all of a sudden a problem came up, and I was tearing my hair all night. Where could I get 50,000 linings?"

Don't allow worry to eat away at your fibres. Face up to the problem, get all the facts, get advice, seek a solution, put the solution into practice . . . and murder the worry before it kills you.

*Live your life one single day at a time.* That's right . . . one single day at a time . . . and no more!

One of the most shocking commentaries on our present way of life is that too many of the hospital beds are occupied by patients with nervous and mental illnesses.



One of the principal causes is that so many of them have collapsed under the crushing burdens of accumulated yesterdays and fearful tomorrows.

Today is the only day that you can possibly live. Don't turn it into a physical and mental hell by aimless worry over what is to come, or by fretting over blunders you made yesterday.

Stop dating your cheques of life ahead. It's bad business. It's a rather shaky, hand-to-mouth business man who does that. One such man when he died, had engraved on his tombstone:

*"Here Lies Jimmy Lyon  
Died March 7 as of March 9."*

It's a simple little rule . . . living each day as it comes . . . you can bear up under the problems of *one* day. But it becomes an intolerable burden to have to carry yesterday's regrets and tomorrow's fears at the same time. Learn to enjoy your todays, and to forget your yesterdays. Learn from them, but don't cling to them. If you do, you may be in the position of a lady who

had spent the evening attending a very romantic movie.

That night as she and her husband were asleep in their respective twin beds, she started to cry.

Finally, the husband asked, "Well, whatsamatter . . . whaddye cryin' a-bout?"

"Is this the great romance . . . the great love for which I married you . . ." she wept . . . "once you would come over . . . kiss me goodnight . . . sweetly . . . tenderly . . . now you just turn over on your big fat stomach and go to sleep . . . oh dear . . . is this the great romance? . . ."

Whereupon the husband got up out of bed, walked over to her, bent down, kissed her, and said . . . "there . . . now shut up!" and went right back to his bed again.

"Oh no . . ." she wailed . . . "that's not the way you used to kiss me . . . you used to bite my ear, nibble my nose . . . little things like that . . . you don't do that any more."

Suddenly she heard a terrific crash!

"What happened . . . what happened?"

"What happened . . ." her husband replied . . . "you and your crazy ideas . . . I was looking for my teeth!"

*There is a law in psychology that says . . . If you will form a picture in your mind of what you would like to be . . . and if you will keep that picture there long enough, you will soon become exactly as you have been thinking.*



If you think happy, you will act happy, if you think sad, you will act sad . . . the thought is father to the action.

If you fill your mind with happy thoughts, then your whole physical being responds accordingly. If your mind is filled with unhappy thoughts, thoughts of sadness and failure, then as surely as night follows day, you will be a failure.

There are people whose attributes of mind are always on the positive side, they have no doubt of their triumphs over whatever the problem may be, they believe in their ability to succeed, and they do. Whatever they touch seems to go well, because they never had any doubt but that it would.

Then there are those who are so sure they are going to fail, we hate to disappoint them!

William James, the father of psychology, made one of the most profound statements that any human being has ever uttered. He said, "*Human beings can alter their lives by altering their attitudes of mind*".

And after all, isn't this the real value of religion? Religion should fill your mind with confidence and strength. It should give you a way of looking at life and its problems. If your religion fills you with the belief that you must and will triumph over your problems and anxieties . . . then your religion is working mightily to carry you forward and make you better than you are.

But let's face the issue with honesty. Religion is a two-edged sword. If it fills your mind instead with thoughts of sin, unworthiness, with doubt and fear . . . with the torments of burning in hellfires everlasting . . . then your religion is harming you . . . you are better off without it . . . it will make your hell right here on earth.

The ultimate measure of the value of your religion is its ability to give you a philosophy of life that alters your attitudes so that you may meet your everyday problems, realistically, intelligently, and constructively. Never forget it . . . a man is what he thinks. Think sad . . . and you will be sad. Think happy, and you will be happy.

That is why the greatest investment you can ever make is the investment in yourself. You are your greatest investment. The more you store in that mind of yours, the more you enrich your experience, the more people you meet, the more books you read, and the more places you visit, the greater is that investment in all that you are.

Everything that you add to your peace of mind, and to your outlook upon life, is added capital that no one but yourself can dissipate.

Speaking about investment in oneself, I am reminded of a little old lady who stood at the box office of a movie theatre, and was surprised at the high cost of a ticket.

"Is it really as much?" she asked the girl in the cage.

"Yes, Madame. There's a very wide screen."

"Is it a good picture?"

• "Oh yes, Madame. Its 3D and there's stereophonic sound."

"What is it about?"

"A doctor," answered the girl, a little impatiently.

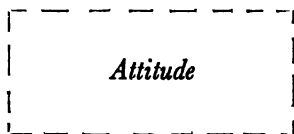
The old lady mused. "Tell me this . . . is he at least a specialist?"

Ladies and Gentlemen . . . lend me your ears. . . . I am about to whisper the magic word that is the Bluebird's name. It is actually the secret of all happiness in one single word.

It is the foundation of psychiatry . . . it is the basis for mental health in that it gives you the strength to face and solve your daily problems.

I wish I could give you a word that would just raise you right out of your seats . . . that would cause you to whistle and scream with delight and amazement. However, I must warn you that it is a very simple little word. If you came across it in a magazine or newspaper, you probably wouldn't even look twice at it, but nevertheless it is still the magic word.

That word, Ladies and Gentlemen, is:



That's it . . . your *attitude* . . . the *way* you look at life.

Now I challenge you to analyse a happy person and a broken soul. Do you dare to say that the happy one has everything he wants? Nothing ever goes wrong? . . . No one he loves ever dies? He gets anything and everything he wants?

You may find that the opposite is true. That the happy one indeed has borne up under more frustrations and challenges than the other. Where then does the difference lie? It lies in their attitude towards what is happening to them. It is their individual outlook on life that makes the difference.

I think, for example, of one man of 85 who seems to have a pretty constructive outlook. He was about to marry a girl of 21.

"Don't do it," advised his doctor, "for that you need young blood."

"Oh, I've got young blood," said the groom, "but it's in an old container!"

"But, why do you want to marry such a young girl?"

"Because, Doctor, I've always wanted an heir."

"Well," said the doctor, "I can see you're heir-minded, but you're not heir-conditioned!"

*Bless yourself with the "Light Touch" (this is the truly priceless ingredient). Tablet Number 6 I have saved for last because, without it all is lost, with it nothing is ever lost.*

If you have it, then you are richer than emperors or kings. If you lack it, then no amount of millions can ever make you happy.



Inflation cannot wipe it out, the Government cannot take it from you, there is no tax on it, no thief can rob you of it, there is no place in the world where you can go and buy it, yet it is life's cheapest luxury . . . what is it?

\* I know of nothing that will make you more beautiful, help you to face and solve your problems, and keep you rubbing shoulders with happiness more effectively . . . than the *ABILITY TO LAUGH!*

This indeed is the priceless ingredient. Your ability to laugh. Tell me how *healthy* is *your* sense of humour?

You've all seen these blood-pressure machines that a physician uses to take a patient's blood pressure. It indicates something about your physical health. Some day, perhaps, someone will invent a "laugh-pressure" machine to show how sick or how healthy one's sense of humour may be. That will really indicate a lot about your mental health.

Laughter is the best medicine . . . it is a priceless elixir that tones up the skin, and freshens the soul. It has a cosmetic effect on the entire body. Beware lest the wrinkles of the heart shall extend to the face!

Can you be like one man, for example, who received a bill

from his doctor. The doctor had written on the bill, "This bill is one year old today".

•The patient returned it with a note . . . "Happy Birthday!"

I always feel such a deep pity for those who have lost the knack of easy laughter, whose sense of humour is warped and wilted . . . who take everything that is said with such deep sensitivity and seriousness, who lack the "light touch".

How blessed are those who have the "light touch" . . . they are the alchemists of life, who can turn dust into gold.

George Bernard Shaw had the "light touch". It permeates his plays and his philosophy of life. A beautiful actress in one of Shaw's plays once wrote him:

"To benefit mankind as a whole, you and I should have a child. Just imagine: a human being with my looks and your brains!"

Shaw replied:

"Sorry, I can't take the risk. What if the child had your brains and my looks."

I would like to tell you a personal story. This style of writing developed in large measure as a result of a lesson I learned from a fifteen-year-old girl.

Here is how it happened:

When I first graduated from college with a degree, I took a position teaching in one of the high schools of New York. The principal put me in charge of the class of handicapped children.

I wish you could have stood with me in front of the room as I took attendance on any day of the week. I wish you could have seen my students coming into class in the morning. Did I say "coming" into class? I mean, *pulling* and *twisting* themselves into the room. These were the badly crippled boys and girls who were picked up each morning by a special bus that brought them to school, and then at three o'clock the bus would come and take them all home again.

If you could have seen my boys and girls as they pulled on their straps, lugged their braces, twisted on their crutches, it would have wrenched your heart.

One day a very heavy blizzard hit, and the bus didn't get

back at three o'clock. I put as many of the children as I could into my car, and I started to drive them home. As we came to one girl's house, I opened the door for her, and, because of her heavy brace, she fell headlong into the snow. At once, all the rest of the children in the car started to laugh out loud,

"What are you laughing at?" I scolded.

Whereupon, this little fifteen-year-old girl, with a brace up to her neck, sitting next to me, whispered, "you see, teacher, if we don't laugh, she'll cry!"

Now, that's one lesson I shall never forget. There are some things in life that are so sad, that if we did not laugh, we would surely cry.

— Come on now . . . give your laugh muscles a little exercise every day. It will improve your digestion . . . by the way, laughter does not make you fat . . . but it gives you such a good digestion that you eat more, and grow fat . . . it will lower your blood pressure . . . reduce your anxieties . . . tone up your health . . . make you lovelier . . . clear your eyes and your heart.

Laughter affects not only your body chemistry, but it affects those with whom you come in contact. It is like a ripple in a stream . . . spreading out in ever increasing circles to embrace others in its warmth.

Laughter has the magic of being able to dispel tension and tears.

Witness:

A breathless schoolgirl as lovely as she was eager to enjoy her share of history-in-the-making, once journeyed from Chicago to Washington to see Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes unveil his own sculptured likeness.

At long last she grabbed his gown tails. She exuded:

"Justice Holmes! I have travelled 400 miles to see your bust unveiled!"

"Gladly," replied the mischievous Holmes, "would I travel 400 miles to return the compliment!"



## A PRAYER TO REMEMBER

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, in connection with this business of rubbing shoulders with happiness, I would like to leave you with a final thought expressed in what I believe to be the most complete prayer ever written.

After all is said and done, what else is there to ask for? This prayer is engraved on the wall of Chester Cathedral. It is one you should engrave in your hearts.

Here is the prayer:

“Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
And also something to digest.  
Give me a healthy body, Lord,  
And sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, O Lord,  
To keep the good and pure in sight,  
Which seeing sin is not appalled,  
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,  
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh.  
Don't let me worry overmuch  
About that fussy thing called ‘I’.

Give me a sense of humour, Lord.  
Give me the grace to see a joke  
To get some happiness from life  
And pass it on to other folk.”



PART TWO

YOUR PROBLEMS OF ADJUSTMENT  
IN RELATION TO OTHERS



## 5. SECRETS OF POPULARITY

"NOBODY LOVES ME," wails a little boy. What a truly sad plight. Little boys and little girls—big boys and big girls—wish fervently to be liked and to be loved.

If we are honest, then we will admit that we crave admiration and approval.

William James, the Father of Psychology, once said, "The deepest principle in human nature is the craving to be appreciated".

When a woman buys a dress, she buys it because she hopes others will like it and admire her taste and attractiveness. Any woman who denies this does not understand her true motives.

"I don't care if anyone else likes my dress or not," petulantly cries one young lady, "I like it, and that's all that counts!"—and she's lying!

It is the object of all normal people to win the approval and affection of others. But what happens? Some people are always welcome, always wanted, and others, who are just as eager to be liked, are rejected as undesirable and offensive.

"By all means, invite Sarah to the party, but if you invite Herman—then I'm not coming!"

Why? Don't we all start out to be liked? Where do we go wrong in our human relationships?

There is a lot of truth in the saying: "Everyone can give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, and another by going out!"

To be accepted and liked by others, we must learn to perform certain actions. Our behaviour toward others is learned, not inborn. Consequently, the development of a warm social

personality that attracts and wins friendships is not a magical abstraction that some have and some just do not.

The secret lies in discovering "What are those things that I as a person can do that will assure me of wholesome, pleasant, and enduring human relationships?"—and then setting out purposely and deliberately to develop those qualities.

"You know, you'd be better liked if only you would stop that constant bragging. Must you be like that?"

Now here is a line that must be familiar to you. Popularity is made up of a lot of little things. Similarly, being disliked is also made up of a lot of little things.

The unpopular person may fail to understand the importance of his own behaviour. He may not realize that little things like boasting, bragging, sponging, or belching, are lowering his personality stock.

An unpopular person is one who simply lacks the social skills, or the attitudes toward others that one must have if he is to be accepted into a social circle.

How can you expect to enter a social situation completely devoid of social skills—conversation, courtesy, manners, appearance—and yet expect to be liked? Liked for what? For your greasing? Your rudeness? Your loudness? Your selfishness? Your pouting? Your self-centredness?

Enjoyable human relationships require interplay of personalities, give and take, and mutual exchange. A bag of tricks is not the answer either. An ability to speak well and interestingly, a sincere concern for the welfare of others, a background of many rich experiences and thoughts, and an artful technique to make others feel at ease—these are the indispensable ingredients of true popularity.

To build a personality that is liked and admired, we must start with a sound foundation. There is no sounder foundation than sincerity and selflessness. This is the keystone upon which all enduring popularity is built.

When we realize that humans are but creatures of flesh and blood, earnestly desiring to be appreciated, we can then proceed to the development of those skills that make for social success.

The more sincerity and the more insight into human motives we can attain, and make operative in our daily contacts with others, then the more successful will be our dealings with them.

We all tend to dislike others who are snobbish, affected, show-offy, and those who display excessive ego; yet there are so many little things we do to annoy others that detract from our personalities too. If only we become aware of some of these things and learn to recognize them in ourselves—then we can begin an active programme for overcoming them. Even a diamond that is unpolished is not very attractive. There are many persons who are like diamonds—potentially very attractive—but unpolished. They *could* be beautiful, but aren't.

One researcher reports that the most common annoyances people resent are those which include the physical crudities, or self-centred modes of action. Most people tend to dislike those who are back-seat drivers, who continually criticize, who crowd in front of others in a line, who are continually bragging, who are poor losers, who persistently talk about their illnesses, who fail to pay attention in conversation, who cough in other people's faces, who continually criticize food, or otherwise behave crudely when in the company of others.

All these are perhaps little things in themselves, but think—are you guilty of any of these common faults? If you are—and they were removed—wouldn't your personality be improved?

For every action there is a reaction. If we are pleasant to others, they are invariably pleasant to us. If we are offensive and insulting, then the reaction is one of dislike. Therefore, the more we understand human nature, and the more insight we have about the fundamental needs and desires of all human beings, the more successful will be our own human relations.

Do you know what is one of the strongest motives of human beings? It is the desire for recognition and appreciation. A desire for a "place in the sun" accounts for the greater part of human striving. To be appreciated and admired—this is what may make a man go to school at night after a hard day's work; that may make the housewife take infinite pains to get

just the right design on the layer cake; that makes the little boy stand up and recite before company.

Did you ever analyse what a good friendship or a good love relationship depends upon? A really good love relationship is basically a good friendship. A real friendship is attained when there is present a similarity of interests, of tastes, and of points of view. It is human nature to like those who are like us, and ordinarily we will gravitate toward and feel more attracted to those people who share in large measure our points of view. Our best friends are those with whom we have many interests in common.

The enthusiastic person will prefer ordinarily to be with others who are also enthusiastic and extroverted. He wilts when he is with a "wet blanket" or the strong silent type. The art devotee finds it easier to develop a comradeship with other art lovers. The gangster will find his most satisfying companions in the underworld.

It should be obvious, therefore, that to be successful in our human relationships, we must first have a real understanding and appreciation of others' feelings, interests, thoughts, ambitions, and their general patterns of behaviour.

Personal charm and success in social life are dependent upon your ability to enter into the interests, points of view, and aspirations of others.

How can you ever hope to have what others will regard as a pleasing personality unless you are able to recognize other people's judgments, mix freely with them, and learn to appreciate what they like? When you are modest about yourself, and when you show an interest in others' beliefs and views, you are implying that they are persons of worth, and are leaving them with a measure of fulfilment of their desire for recognition.

"I'm proud of you," says the teacher to little Billy, and Billy glows all over. He feels important.

"Only a person with a brain like yours would think up so delightful a birthday card," says the young girl to her boyfriend, and he beams. He feels important.

Each of us wants to be regarded as a person of standing and



importance. From ditch-digger to college professor, no one is free from this desire.

Ah popular applause, what man's heart is free  
From thy sweet seducing charms?

This desire for popular applause—and for feeling worthy—is the driving force that is behind most of our actions, and accounts for our great efforts. Those who do not recognize this fact often make the mistake of trying to be liked by stressing their own virtues and accomplishments, while completely neglecting or discounting the other fellow's self-esteem. If it is your desire to be liked by others, then the process should be reversed.

You must learn how to deal with others so that they feel more satisfied with their own attainments and progress. We like friends who enhance our feelings of personal worth, not those who damage our ego feelings.

Of course, to be able to deal with others in such a way that they feel more satisfied with themselves, you must have a certain amount of importance and prestige yourself. It does not mean much to be complimented by a tramp. A girl would much rather be smiled at by a movie star than by a bootblack. A student would much rather be praised by his professor than by a truck driver.

The principle here is this: BECOME RESPECTED AND ADMIRER YOURSELF AS A PERSON OF STANDING AND PRESTIGE; THEN DEAL WITH YOUR ASSOCIATES IN SUCH A WAY THAT, AS A RESULT OF KNOWING YOU THEY ARE MORE SATISFIED WITH THEIR OWN ATTAINMENTS.

How do you build your own personal prestige, and become a person who is respected and admired? There are certain minimum essentials required.

How many of these questions can you answer affirmatively? Are you well informed? Well educated? Are you usually well groomed and pleasing in appearance? Are you skilful in your work? Cultured? Socially refined? Are you reasonably extrovertive in your attitudes toward others?

One cannot expect to be automatically welcomed by others

or warmly received, just because one expects it, or wants to be. A person untidily dressed, with an empty look and a cold manner, who sits with an expression on her face that says, "Will the person with the lucky number come up and get me"—will just sit and sit, and sit!

If the desire for recognition and a sense of worthiness is so basic to the security and happiness of human beings, then one of the secrets of attaining real popularity would lie in the ability to deal with people so that their sense of worth is not damaged or challenged.

What, then, can you as a person who wishes to develop a winning personality do to bring about this double-barrelled effect?

In the points to follow, I am going to suggest some specific things that you can do in your everyday relationships with others to bring about this effect. They are simply little diplomatic techniques that we must all learn to use well, if we are ever to be regarded as worthy human beings.

Here then are some suggestions that work wonders. Start using them and see what happens to your own human relationships.

*Reply the Superiority of Another Person.* It is but human nature to appreciate and to be friendly to those who see superiority in us. What person will not glow to the implication that he is unique, or desirably different?

"He thinks you're very attractive," one girl is told.

"He's nice, too," she beams.

"He thinks you look like an old wreck," another is told.

"And who says he's such a bargain?" she sneers.

It is also human nature to dislike and to avoid those who make us feel inferior or less content with ourselves. We do not deliberately try to maintain pain in any form. Perhaps the most wretched pain is the pain of inadequacy and inferiority.

How much better it is to say, "If it weren't for your excellent suggestion, I don't know when I would ever have finished this job," than "If I had listened to you, God knows when this job would ever have been finished!"

*Impute Knowledge and Judgment to Others.* "Who knows the

answer to this problem?" asks the teacher, and a field of wildly waving hands responds—each more eager than the other to display his knowledge for the approval of the others.

Everyone likes to feel that he is a person who has knowledge and judgment.

"Could you give me a little advice?"

"Advice, is it? Just sit down and tell me all about it."

Why do people love to give advice? Because it enhances their egos. Just being asked for your opinion implies that you must be a person of knowledge.

To be a diplomat, then, do not neglect to impute knowledge and judgment to others.

You can do it in numerous little ways. . . .

"I'm going to leave this important decision up to you."

"What do you think about this?"

"I'm puzzled, I don't know what to do. That's why I came to you."

The person who asks for our opinion, or our advice, raises our self-esteem. That's why people love to give directions. Ever notice what happens when you ask for directions? Everyone wants to tell you. Why? It gives them a chance to show off their knowledge.

Be liberal in your use of words that impute knowledge to another. Be generous in your willingness to enhance the feeling of self-worth in another.

It is nice to hear, "I trust your judgment in this matter", or, "If you say so, I'll do it that way".

If a person feels you trust him, he does his utmost to live up to that trust. It is a rare situation, indeed, in which another person who feels that you trust his judgment and knowledge will deceive or doublecross you.

This tactful technique is useful in influencing a child, or gaining the admiration of a man. Don't overlook it.

Speaking of tact—there is a lady operating a boarding-house who has a simple, silent, but most effective method of collecting money from delinquent boarders. A new arrival at this lady's establishment noticed at supper that one of the boarders had one fork too many beside his plate, and seemed to be actually

embarrassed over the circumstance. "Why is he disturbed over the extra fork?" the new boarder whispered to the gentleman seated beside him.

"Oh, that's how the landlady collects overdue board bills," he explained. "When she puts that extra implement beside a plate it simply means 'Fork over'."

*Give Indirect Compliments.* Oscar Wilde once remarked, "An acquaintance that begins with a compliment is sure to develop into a real friendship".

All of us feel a fine sense of satisfaction when it is implied that we have especially good taste or excellent judgment in the selection of our clothes, our furniture, in the way we bring up our children, or that we have the most adorable boy-friend, child, or dog, in the area. We all appreciate compliments that make us feel distinctive and reduce the stress of the uncertainty of our standing. Psychology long ago discovered that praise is far superior to blame. "More flies are caught with honey than with vinegar", is an old bromide, but oh so true!

Compliments are as essential to good human relations as oil is to the smooth operation of a motor. They must be given in moderation and with sincerity. Never pay a compliment that you do not mean. "Praise undeserved is but satire in disguise."

When a friend asks you for your frank criticism of him—be wary. He is probably looking for a compliment or some ammunition to build up his ego. If you must be critical, then it is good psychology to make your remarks incidental to praise for a greater quality.

If a woman asks you, "Do you like my dress?" and you do like it, then say so—in glowing terms. But if you do not like it, then don't say so, but admire some part of it that you do like.

Do not look with disdain upon the person who fishes for compliments. Remember that his act of fishing provides an opportunity for understanding the fisher.

When a woman says, "Don't I look a fright?" she doesn't want you to say, "Yes, you certainly do!" She hopes for a contradiction and a compliment.

If you can find something worthy of a compliment, then give

it. Don't keep it to yourself. Mark Twain said, "I can live for two months on a good compliment".

•To receive a compliment graciously seems to be almost as hard as knowing how to give one properly. What would you reply to someone who said to you, "Everyday you grow lovelier and lovelier, and today you look like tomorrow"? Would you say, "Wow, what a line, I'll pay you a shilling tomorrow"?

Never insult a person who is gracious enough to pay you a compliment, by implying that he is a liar, a rogue, or a fool. This is exactly what you do when you contradict another who is thoughtful enough to say something nice to you, by insisting, "What a line", or "How many girls have you told that to?" or "Don't be silly, you know you don't mean it"...

There is only one thing that you should say when someone has been gracious enough to remark on some pleasant aspect of your personality. That is simply—"Thank you, how nice of you to say so." Or "How thoughtful of you to tell me—I am so glad you think so." Words to this effect make the person glad that he went to the trouble of telling you what he liked about you. The other type of remark only embarrasses him, and makes him sorry that he ever bothered.

*Show a Sincere Interest in Another Person.* Do you know what a bore is? Here is a definition I am very fond of: A bore is someone who insists upon telling you about his rheumatism, when you're dying to tell him about yours. Psychologically, this is a sound statement; for when we are constantly telling about ourselves and our exploits, we make the other person feel inferior by comparison.

We always appreciate and like those who show a genuine interest in us and who are willing to make much of our attainments. So, instead of relating all your adventures and the magnificent way in which you are succeeding, all in order to impress the other fellow—reverse the process and become a good listener.

Being a good listener is an *active* process. It does not mean that you merely supply the ears and the body, but that you listen with real interest and animation. Look at the person talking to

you as if nothing else in the world mattered. Know when to say "Really!" or when to exclaim, "How utterly unbelievable!" Show that you are with the person talking to you, that you understand, and that you are really interested. Being an active, animated listener is one of the first steps toward being a brilliant conversationalist.

When you are cold, indifferent, unresponsive, and self-centred, you drive others away. The best way to freeze conversation is to look uninspired, glassy, with a faraway look in your eyes. Above all, be sure that your conversation is sparked with enthusiasm. Nothing can be worse than the wet blanket of an unenthusiastic reaction. An alive, alert human being thinks and responds in alive, alert ways.

The great charm of children lies in their ready enthusiasm when they like someone or something. Adults, to their detriment, often lose this vital spark that supplies such charm to personality.

✓ A warm and enthusiastic person draws people to him.

*Protect the Self-esteem of the Other Person.* Why is it that some people dislike to hear others praised? Everyone wants to feel that he is a man among men—a person of esteem and standing.

Did you ever find yourself in the midst of a heated argument, when suddenly you realized you were wrong? Yet you kept on fighting for what you knew was wrong? Why? Because the other person had hurt your self-esteem. He did not let you save face. If he had said, "Surely, a person with your background and experience can readily see this, can't you?" you would have said, "Yes, I certainly do". But if he says, "Any fool can see this", you exclaim, "I do not!"

Whenever you hurt another's feelings of self-esteem, or social standing, you will lose. You cannot win. People enjoy listening to comparisons which are favourable to them. We dislike braggarts mainly because their exploits make us feel inferior and tend to put us on the defensive.

Hearing others praised may bring back to you an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity which you felt as a child when your mother would praise the boy or girl next door, to your detriment. Hearing the other children praised might have made

you feel that you were losing love. This feeling may carry over to adulthood, and a similar vague feeling of discomfort may overcome you whenever the outstanding aspects of another's personality or achievements are lauded.

*Try Sincerely to Understand the Other Person's Point of View.* How pleased we are when we feel the other person understands our point of view. The finest compliment that anyone can pay you is to say, "You know, you understand me!"

How many friendships and how many marriages have crashed on the shoals of "misunderstanding"—the failure to see another's point of view.

On a farm one day, the donkey was missing. It simply could not be found anywhere. The farm was in a turmoil until one of the younger farmhands walked in leading the donkey.

"How did you know where to look for him?" he was asked.

"Why," he drawled, "I just asked myself, 'Where would I go if I were a donkey?' I went, and there he was!"

When you understand that all humans are but creatures of flesh and blood, hopes, sorrows, and ambitions, each deeply desirous of personal recognition and a sense of social importance, then you will have gone a long way towards discovering the foundation for all human relations.

We all crave the emotional security that comes when we are sincerely appreciated by others; and their occasional words of commendation constantly motivate us to greater goals.

The suggestions given above are legitimate ways of appealing to a person's desire for recognition and for a feeling of personal worth. There are other things we can do in our daily lives that will build us a greater acceptance within our social circles, that will make us better liked, and more welcome.

Here are some other builders of popularity. Only when you are able to make these suggestions part of your everyday working tools will your personality become more attractive and more desirable.

*Be Reliable.* Top on the list of popularity builders is reliability. Perhaps nothing harms your personality stock more than the reputation of "Oh, you can't depend on him. He never does as he says he will." Giving others "stand-ups" should be licence

for being shot on sight. Last-minute cancellations, violated promises, and lame excuses increase the other person's sense of insecurity. Be known as a person of integrity and dependability, one who can be counted on in little as well as big things, and you will at once have added greatly to your popularity.

*Be a Friend.* If you would receive the affection and respect of your friends, you must first give these things to others. To have a friend, you must be a friend! The wail, "I have no friends, I just can't seem to find any friends", always comes from those who truly want to *find* friends, but who unfortunately do not realize that friends are made, not found—made by our constant little efforts on the behalf of others—by the respect, loyalty, affection and understanding, that we are willing to give to another. This is the stuff that friendships are made of.

Having made a friend, continue to work at it—be a friend! And treasure the friend that you have cultivated through your own efforts. Never be "too busy" to keep your friendships alive.

*Do Not Show off Your Knowledge.* When a person shows off his knowledge he suggests the inferiority of the other person. "Showing off" balances the scale in your favour. Educated and successful people must particularly watch this point.

An unassuming person who allows others to relieve their own stresses and raise their own self-esteem always wins more favour than one who attempts to win approval by selling himself through bragging.

Some mistakenly display their points of superiority in an obvious manner in their fervent desire to impress others and win their approval. Sam, for example, always loved to make his friend Max envious, so after refurnishing his home, Sam invited Max over. Sam didn't overlook anything, while he showed Max around, especially the price of every article, stressing the point that every piece was very "expensive". Poor little Max returned home in a very depressed mood. Then someone tipped him off that Sam had bought all his new furniture on the instalment plan. Elated, Max couldn't wait until he got Sam on the phone.

"Bluffer, you," he said with contempt. "I found out you bought your furniture on instalments!"



"Sure," admitted Sam, "it's more expensive that way."

We dislike to have others overshadow us. That is why it is a mistake to look down or talk down to people. The person who says, "Now you listen to me, I am older and wiser than you", merely casts his words into the air. Even poor or uneducated persons like to feel important, so learn to make others feel more capable, not inferior.

*Do Not be Blunt in Your Criticism of Others.* When a friend says to you, "I want you to call my attention to the mistakes that I make"—be careful! If you attempt to bring his mistakes to his attention, he will probably engage you in a heated argument and show you where *you* are mistaken. Of course some people need criticism, but all shun unpleasant or painful truths. Calling attention to the bad points of a person's appearance, his poor taste in clothes or furnishings, or his poor English, deflates the feeling of self-worth of a person.

I know one rather clever gentleman who repeats a word incorrectly if he must use it right after a friend has pronounced it incorrectly, rather than silently insulting his friend by immediately pronouncing it as it should have been said.

*Be Tactful.* Tact is saying or doing the gracious thing under a certain set of circumstances. This is perhaps best illustrated by the bell-hop in a hotel who accidentally walked into a bathroom while a lady was taking a bath.

"Oh, excuse me, sir," he exclaimed, and quickly shut the door.

"When I said 'excuse me'," he later explained, "that was politeness, but when I said 'sir', that was tact."

Tact is the oil of life that makes the machinery of human relations run so much more smoothly. You will get along without tact. You can still plod through life though you are rude, inconsiderate, and thoughtless—but you won't be liked! The machinery of human relations will grind and burn without the essential oil of tact.

A man who was completely bald once walked into a department store and asked for a certain brand of hair restorer (for some brands are more effective than others, you know), but the salesgirl wished to sell him the store's own brand, as she had

been instructed by her department head. Do you know, she was so tactful and so enthusiastic with the bottle of hair restorer she also sold him a comb and brush? "

A man says to his sweetheart, "You know, dear, when I am with you and look into your face, time stands still".

But what if he said: "You know, your face would stop a clock"?

Many a door-to-door salesman has been given quick admission when the lady of the house (no matter how old) answered the door to hear the question, "Miss, is your mother at home?"

One theatre had considerable difficulty in getting the women patrons to remove their hats. The women would not co-operate, no matter how they put the request, until one sign was put up. It was immediately successful. It read: "Elderly ladies need *not* remove their hats!"

Indeed, there is magic in words. You should learn to use these powerful tools.

*Do Not Distort the Truth or Exaggerate in your Statements.* The story of the boy who called "wolf" once too often is well known to all of us. The worst thing that can ever be said about anyone is, "Oh, you can't believe her even when she tells the truth". Reliability in your statements is fully as important as reliability in your actions. People will feel safer with you when they realize that you can be depended upon to state the facts as they are, without minimizing or exaggerating.

*Do Not Be Sarcastic or Make Fun of Others.* Some humour depends for its laughter on the gibes it pokes at others. When you make jokes, at someone else's expense, the crowd may laugh; but they do not trust you or like you for it. They do not know when the axe may fall on them. If you want to tell humorous stories, tell them at your own expense, but never make others the butt of your jokes.

"He has so much bridgework in his mouth, whenever she kisses him she has to pay a toll."

"I'll pull out your blond hair by its black roots."

"You're looking good today, who's your embalmer?"

"I always remember a face, but in your case I'll make an exception."

All these remarks may get a very good laugh, but they will not increase your popularity, because they injure a person's self-respect and make him feel inferior. The essence of diplomacy is never to injure another's self-esteem or his feeling of importance. Be a diplomat. It pays dividends.

*Avoid a Domineering Attitude.* All persons resent being dominated. We all covet a feeling of independence, and balk whenever we feel another is trying to dominate us.

Of course, the best way to dominate another is to make him feel that he is dominating you. Salesmanship was therefore once defined as "the gentle art of letting others have your way".

People who are themselves insecure attempt to make up for their inferiority by bossing others around and, in a thoroughly obnoxious manner, capitalizing on whatever authority they may have. During the war, there were many officers who were liked and respected by their men. There were also officers who were roundly hated. Officers who dominated their men, who used dominating techniques merely as a compensation for their own inability to win by personal power, made enemies of their own men.

In the last analysis we dislike certain persons for any one or combination of three reasons:

(1) WE ARE AFRAID OF THEM. We can really never grow fond of anyone who controls us by fear. Fear and love are antagonistic. We may maintain a quiet respect, but never a warm affection, for those who strike fear into our hearts.

(2) THEY MAKE US FEEL INSECURE. Security is the major objective of all people. Anyone who is the cause of our insecurity or who makes us realize our insecure position, does not become the logical object of our affections.

(3) THEY DEFLATE OUR EGO. The feeling of self-worth is basic to good human relations. Anything that threatens our ego, that causes us to think less of ourselves, and amplifies our feeling of inferiority, will be intensely avoided.

*Avoid Vulgarly in Your Attitude or Speech.* Vulgarly is one of the factors in the destruction of a charming personality. Telling cute stories is one thing, but telling stories that depend on vulgarity for a laugh is still another.

The use of profanity is the resort of a limited or uneducated mind. Taking a vulgar attitude towards the opposite sex cheapens and lowers you in their eyes.

*Make Good Manners Part of Your Indispensable Equipment.* Plain everyday good manners that cluster around the idea of being thoughtful and courteous are perhaps the greatest beauty treatment that one can have. Those who have real social acceptance and are most admired are those who consistently practise good manners; who are thoughtful and considerate of other folk's time and feelings.

Observe how crude and thoughtless some people can be; how they blow smoke in other people's faces, how they fail to close doors, keep their hats on in the theatre, or walk noisily out of a room, continually disturbing others. Such people are certainly not very popular with their associates.

Be careful about being late for appointments, breaking promises for trivial reasons, boasting of your popularity with others, trying to have your own way, chronic complaining, and correcting the eating habits of others.

Courtesy is the cornerstone of lasting popularity. Become aware of the self-centred actions of which you may be guilty. Remember that refinement of manners, courtesy, and thoughtfulness, are all learned traits.

Unfortunately, some of us have two sets of manners: one for home and one for company. It is said that "Familiarity breeds contempt". How sad if this is true in your life. "Familiarity should only breed more familiarity."

Life, for most of us, is not made up of great sacrifices or ventures but a world of little things like smiles, kindnesses, and friendly gestures that signify thoughtfulness, consideration, and understanding, wherever we may be.

There are discouraged hearts everywhere just hungry for appreciation and sympathy. It is the little thoughtful gestures that show others we do sympathize and that we really do understand and appreciate them that finally endear people to us and make for good friendships, good marriages, and strong loves.

Little things, such as a courteous manner, holding a door, rising in the presence of a lady, remembering a birthday or an

anniversary—these are the things that lend charm to personality.

- I have known many women, married to husbands of unlimited means who showered them with furs and jewellery and with all the money and material advantages they could ever want, but who neglected them in the deeper cravings of their hearts—the desire to be shown that they were loved, appreciated, and respected. After an insult came a diamond ring; after an interlude of profanity came a fur coat; always the material things, but never satisfaction for the gnawing desire to feel secure in an abiding love and companionship.

“A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper or an envious spirit.” If you respect someone, show it; if you love someone, let him know it; if you appreciate some action that another has made on your behalf, tell him so. If someone means enough to you that you do remember his birthday, then be sure he is greeted with a thoughtful little personal note. If you send a greeting, make it distinctive. Personalize it. For heaven’s sake, don’t send a mass-production card which shows as much originality as a sheep. Don’t rely on the cold, impersonal greeting thought up for you by a stranger who has imprinted his own thoughts on millions of similar cards.

The intelligent person makes himself stand out by “the little thing”—such as making his greeting a personal gesture which represents his own personality and his feelings about the other. Just a little note which says: “Dear Jim, Today is your birthday, and I want you to know that my thoughts and best wishes are with you; that I am proud to have you as a friend, and am thinking of you fondly this day.”

If you must depend on the prefabricated *bon mots* of others, then at least personalize the mass-production card by writing on it: “You know, Jim, this card somehow reminds me of you, and the time we met at the Turkish Bath on Ladies’ Night.”

The same applies to anniversary greetings, birth announcements, etc. Originality distinguishes you and sets you off as a person of intelligence and ingenuity.

If your friend has given a good performance in a play, phone and tell him so—tell him that you enjoyed his performance and

that you think he did a wonderful job. If someone has gone out of his way to help you, be sure to let him know how much you appreciated his thoughtfulness. Never let a kind act pass unnoticed.

"More people are fired for their inability to get along with others than for their lack of skill." Here is the statement of one of the leading personnel directors in our country. He has hit upon one of the most important problems in living happily and well—learning how to get along with other people.

A human being is by nature a gregarious animal. His survival depends upon others. He cannot exist by himself. If the infant were to be deserted by the adults who care for him, he would soon die. Our entire social set-up is such that every single one of us is dependent in some degree upon others for our survival and for our happiness. No man can live alone—entirely alone—and like it. Not unless he is a very abnormal person. No man is an island.

Since our happiness in life is dependent upon the way we get along with others, it is necessary for us to learn to understand and to appreciate the hopes, frustrations, wishes, and points of view, of other people. If you, as a human being, fail to develop a love for other human beings, a desire to be of service to others, to want to contribute to the happiness and well-being of other people—then you have failed to develop a mature and well-adjusted personality.

The most neurotic and unhappy people I have ever known were those who were so deeply in love with themselves that they could never lose themselves in the love of another, or feel the warmth and gratification that comes from bringing a smile to the face and to the heart of another man or woman. They condemned themselves to unhappiness.

Only a warped personality—an undeveloped and immature personality—feels no concern for the happiness of another.

Hate and intolerance are based on ignorance, lack of understanding, and a twisted and distorted upbringing. We are not born to hate, but learn to do so. Have you ever seen prejudice among children who were never taught to be prejudiced? Indeed, you really have to "be carefully taught".

George M. Cohan, the great Broadway star of yesteryear and also a great man, once wired a hotel for a room. The telegrapher erroneously spelled his name Cohn. Back came a wire, "We don't take people of your faith".

Cohan replied: "You thought I was Jewish, and I thought you were American. We were both wrong. Cancel reservation."

An infant is interested only in his personal pleasures. He is not concerned that Mama didn't get much sleep last night, he's only concerned with getting his bottle on time. We expect nothing more of him—he's an infant. We expect more of the adult. A mature person has learned that real happiness comes from bringing it to others. Do you know any infants, aged twenty-five? There are infants from six months to sixty years of age—selfish people who are concerned only with their own petty comforts and problems; who are never able to grow up emotionally with the ability to enter into the hopes, frustrations, and wishes of another.

You cannot consider yourself a truly mature person, whatever your age may be by the calendar, unless you are able to find real joy and gratification in bringing a little happiness to another.

Once upon a time, runs a story, a man died and went to heaven. Before settling down, he asked to be allowed to satisfy his curiosity by visiting hell to see what it was like. The wish was granted.

Down, down he went until he found himself in a very different place. Yet it was not so different after all. The scene and setting were much the same, but not the spirit.

There he saw a circle of hungry-looking cadaverous people around a banquet table spread with a rich feast. Alas, each one had a long metal spoon strapped to the inside of his arm, like a splint, so he could not bend his elbow. No one could feed himself.

There they sat, hungry and disconsolate, unable to eat. It was a perfect feat of torture. He had to admire the art and skill of the arrangement. When he returned to heaven, he found another rich banquet spread, surrounded by a circle of happy people. Each one had the same kind of spoon strapped on his arm, in the same way, but each was feeding his neighbour!

This story is a parable of the difference between perdition and paradise, here and beyond. It is the simple difference between an ingrowing and an outgrowing life. Selfishness can never satisfy. No matter how clever and cautious it is, it must in the end defeat itself. Here, indeed, is the root of all our ills, though we are slow to see it and refuse to believe it.

If you are ever to learn the meaning of life, then you must learn that the fundamental difference between heaven and hell is told in the word "otherness". All the great teachers have told us this simple truth, and have shown us how it works out in life. Yet we either do not believe it, or fail to live by it.

Perhaps the most important and valuable lesson we learn in early life is to co-operate with others. Co-operation would indeed solve most of our problems. How many fewer marriages would break up if only the couple would learn to co-operate. Even freckles would make a fine coat of tan, if they would only get together. Friendship, love, marriage, depend upon co-operation and emotional maturity to survive. They depend upon the willingness of each person to see the point of view of the other, to understand and to help his partner along the road of life.

If you would add to your pleasure  
And a lot from your worry subtract,  
Divide happiness, give in good measure,  
It will multiply as it comes back.

Or as Uncle Remus said: "Them ez gives, lives," and to which I add, "He who gives . . . gathers."



## 6. HOW TO OVERCOME AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX

WHAT WAS YOUR reaction to the title of this chapter? "An inferiority complex . . . ah, that's what I've got!" More or less, that's what everybody's got. What is the story behind this popular affliction that everyone tries so hard to push off?

In order to get rid of oppressive feelings of inferiority you must understand what inferiority really means, how it develops, where its roots begin, and what it does to the human personality.

I think that it is safe to say that inferiority complex is perhaps the most vicious personality disease of normal people, causing more grief and more self-consciousness than perhaps anything else we could talk about.

Do you remember the story of Gulliver? Do you recall now Gulliver, a giant of a man, fell asleep one night in a strange land, and when he awoke, he was surprised to discover that the Lilliputians—the tiny midgets of the town—had tied him hand and foot with numerous thin cords? The cords were thin and weak, but there were so many of them that he could not move and was, indeed, an impotent and complete prisoner of the Lilliputians.

A person with an overwhelming feeling of inferiority is exactly like Gulliver. He may be a potential giant, but he is so tied up, hand and foot, with incapacitating feelings of inadequacy that he becomes impotent and useless.

How many cords of inferiority hold you down? Are you a victim of this dread personality disease? Are you less effective than you feel you should be? Are you socially a wallflower? Do you fear to speak to others lest you be thought foolish? Do you have a constant gnawing sense of inadequacy that makes you

feel more like a worm than a human? Then it is important that you explore yourself, to understand just how and why you arrived at such feelings. †

An inferiority complex is a cancer of personality. It eats upon itself, and grows bigger and bigger, wearing down the personality, so that a person with strong feelings of inferiority is hampered in his human relations and prevented from being as sociable, as personable, or as friendly, as he could be. Social failure leads to more feelings of inferiority, which in turn lead to more social failures. It is a vicious cycle. But it is a cycle that you can break up, if you learn to understand the roots of inferiority and what to do about it. It's the doing something about it that counts.

I recall one young lady who came to see me and said, "Dr. Banks, I am going to California, and I don't want the same thing to happen to me in California that happened to me in New York."

"Well, what happened to you in New York?" I asked.

"That's just it," she said, "nothing!"

If you want to cut some of those terrible little cords that bind you, learn to do something about it. The first step to personality improvement is understanding of self. If we can first understand what an inferiority complex really is, we can proceed to change. Now, just what is an inferiority complex? Is there a difference between a feeling or knowledge of inferiority, and what is commonly termed "a complex"? Yes, there certainly is.

Is there anyone in the world who can be considered a perfect individual? Are there people who know everything about everything? Of course not. Therefore everyone is inferior in one way or another. Will Rogers said it: "We are all ignorant, only on different things."

If every person is inferior in some way, why then do some people have inferiority complexes and others not? It is not the inferiority that is important, but the reaction to the inferiority that determines the kind of personality that an individual has.

Who can be as talented, as educated, as charming, as attractive as he would like to be? We are all destined to be inferior in some things.

Let us first make a distinction, then, between a "feeling of inferiority", which we will consider in this discussion as implying a strong emotional reaction ("inferiority complex"), and what we shall call a "knowledge of inferiority".

Let us illustrate the difference between the two. Let us assume that someone asks you to dance. Let us also assume that you do not know how to dance—never having learned. Now, suppose you respond to the invitation with an overwhelming feeling of inadequacy, thinking, What a worm I am. I can't even dance. Everyone must think I am a simpleton. It is obvious that I am doomed to failure and to be an old maid. Everyone can dance, but me. I'm just a big flop, that's all—this is the type of reaction a person with an inferiority complex might have.

However, if, on the other hand, you smiled back at the person saying, "You won't believe it, but I really can't dance. Now isn't that something? How about coming over some night and teaching me how. In return, I'll show you how to play the darndest game of Ping-pong or Canasta that you ever saw. How about it?"—this, I would consider as simply a "knowledge of inferiority", but by no stretch of the imagination would I regard it as a complex.

If you respond with fear, envy, emotional distress, and personal chagrin, you have the "complex". If you respond with poise, equanimity, and with the realization that while you may not be so well versed in one thing as in another, you are still pretty good at what you can do, then you have escaped the crippling effects of the inferiority complex. Notice, please, that it is not a situation where you do not feel inferior that counts, but the particular emotional reaction that goes on inside you that determines to what degree you are a victim of this personality disease.

Here is an important lesson for you to learn in life: realize that no person in the world is superior in everything; we are all inferior in a great many things. Life is, after all, but a very short eternity, and everyone may strive to increase his knowledge, develop his talents, and improve his human relations, but can never hope to do everything superlatively well. It is admirable enough if you can distinguish yourself in just one field.

As a matter of fact, one of the signs of real personality growth is the ability to confess ignorance, and to realize that the more one lives, the less one knows! Only adolescents know everything. They can, therefore, afford to be dogmatic.

When I graduated from elementary school it seemed to me I knew everything. When I graduated from high school I was bursting with knowledge, but when I graduated from college I realized how little I knew. Perhaps that's why one educator said, "No wonder colleges have so much knowledge: the high school students bring in a great deal, and the college students leave it all behind."

It is a strange paradox when a person who is actually a very superior individual in the eyes of others, personally feels inferior. It would surprise you to find out how many people you admire, and regard as having great poise and charm, actually suffer from pangs of inferiority. We may not always appear to ourselves as we appear to others.

I suppose it can really be said that you have actually four different personalities: (1) the personality that you think you are, (2) the personality that others think you are, (3) the personality you'd like to be, and (4) the personality that you actually are. None of these conceptions may be alike.

Did you ever hear your own voice on a record? What was your first reaction? "Oh, my God, is that me? Does that really sound like me? It doesn't sound like me to me!"

Haven't you ever looked at a photograph of yourself, only to say, "For heaven's sake, that picture just doesn't look like me at all."

"Oh, yes it does," says your friend, "it looks just like you. The camera doesn't lie, you know!" It really would be nice if all our pictures came out just the way we like to picture ourselves. Sometimes, if they came out as we picture ourselves, they would be considerably uglier than we actually are. It depends on how well or how badly we think of ourselves. If only we could really see ourselves as others see us!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie  
gie us

To see oursels as others  
 see us!  
 It wad frae mony<sup>9</sup>a blunder  
 free us,  
 And foolish notion . . .

What are the outward signs of inferiority complex? By what behaviour patterns may it be recognized? Perhaps one of the outstanding symptoms is a high degree of self-consciousness—a subjective preoccupation with oneself. Of course we are all self-conscious to a degree, and at one time more than at another. The distinguishing characteristic is the degree to which the self-consciousness is felt.

When you walk into a room do you think, “Oh, everybody is looking at me. They are all thinking about me”? Then you show a comparatively high degree of self-consciousness. If instead you can walk into a room and think, “Just see that peculiar-looking person sitting there in the corner. How’d he ever get in?” then you may perhaps be instrumental in making others feel self-conscious, but you yourself get a good mark on this score.

A person with strong feelings of inferiority is highly sensitive to blame and to praise. He over-responds with satisfaction to praise, and with high sensitivity to blame. Again—it is a question of degree. People vary even in the degree to which they feel inferior, ranging from an occasional feeling of inadequacy, to a tormenting, gnawing, constant reminder of being worthless, and hopelessly lost.

How much do you daydream? The more you daydream, then the more inferiority feelings you probably have. Daydreaming is an adjustment turned to when life denies us what we want. It is so easy to turn to dreams of fame, power, love. How pleasant it is to rescue the millionaire’s daughter from drowning, and to be rewarded with marriage, and a few millions. Yes . . . it is pleasant, particularly if you have never had more than ten dollars in your pocket. How wonderful to dream that you are a great movie star and the world is at your feet, acclaiming you wherever you go. This daydream is even more satisfying

when you are nothing but a wallflower, shunned even by the janitor at the dance.

Daydreaming, you can see, is a fabricated expression for what cannot be attained in reality. It usually accompanies pretty strong feelings of inferiority. People with inadequacy feelings are often oppressed in the middle of an enterprise with a sense of unfitness to complete the project successfully. . . . "I'll never be able to do it. I'm sure to fail. This is not what I expected."

Are you given to a great deal of remorse and regrets? "Oh, I never should have gone with him. I never should have let his yellow convertible lure me to the beach!" "Why didn't I think of telling her off. This is what I should have said . . . Boy, but I'm stupid!"

How afraid of competition are you? There are many girls who do not go to dances, for fear of not being asked to dance. Of course if you do not go, then you cannot fail. "It's no use, I may as well stay home. Who would care to go with me, or dance with me, anyway?" Do you constantly compare your progress and achievement up to the present time with that of others? And do you always come out on the short end? "What a failure I am . . . just a clerk . . . never graduated from college . . . while Ernie . . . now he's made good."

How much do you worry about little things you said and did, little blunders that you made that you wish you hadn't? "Oh . . . why did I drink out of that finger bowl . . ."

Are you embarrassed by the memory of scenes and blunders long after they have happened? "There I stood in my polka-dotted shorts; how did I know company was coming?"

These are all symptoms of inferiority. There is no person who is entirely free of these symptoms. If they are fleeting feelings that do not necessarily oppress you to an overwhelming degree, you are not victimized by too strong a feeling of inferiority. If, on the other hand, you are constantly weighing yourself on the scales of success, only to find yourself ever wanting; if you are generally aware of being less worthy than those with whom you associate; if you are constantly plagued with a painful feeling of shyness, because you fear making mistakes, being laughed at,

and otherwise being ridiculed for doing and saying the wrong things; then you had better read on even more carefully.

• “Self-conscious? Yes, indeed, that’s what I am . . . always self-conscious.” This may be your reaction to the word, but are you more self-conscious than others of your age and sex? Well, here’s a chance to compare yourself with other people. Take this little test of twenty questions and see whether you really are more self-conscious than most other people. You may even find that most people are more self-conscious than you.

**DIRECTIONS:** After each question check the word that most accurately describes you. For example, if the question is: Do you feel inferior to other people?, then you would check “Yes”, “No”, or “Occasionally”. If you feel inferior most of the time, you would place a check next to the word “Yes.” If you feel inferior some of the time, and it is not necessarily an annoying or persistent feeling, you would place a check after the word “Occasionally”. If you rarely or never feel inferior, you would place a check after the word “No”. Then, at the end of the test, score yourself as directed. Let’s go—no cheating, now.

Do you avoid making extensive social contacts?	Yes	No	Occasionally
Do you look in the mirror often to see if your appearance is satisfactory?	Yes✓	No	Occasionally
Do you feel that other people always “get the breaks”?	Yes	No	Occasionally
Do you often criticize yourself?	Yes✓	No	Occasionally
Do you feel timid or fearful at <u>at-</u> <u>tempting</u> activities which are un- familiar to you?	Yes✓	No	Occasionally
Do you go back again and again over completed tasks to reassure yourself that you have done them correctly?	Yes✓	No✓	Occasionally
Do you avoid public speaking?	Yes	No	Occasionally✓
Do you feel that you “never have any luck”?	Yes✓	No	Occasionally✓

Have you a hopeless attitude towards ever accomplishing anything?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Are you easily embarrassed?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you feel that you lack poise in social situations?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you feel that you will never be able to get what you desire from life?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you believe others have thwarted your efforts?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you brood over your defects?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you often imagine yourself as someone else?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you often compare yourself with others?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Have you a fear of failure?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you envy the possessions of others?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you often fear making a public appearance?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

Do you envy the behaviour of other people?

Yes ☒ No ☒ Occasionally

**HOW TO SCORE YOURSELF:** Give yourself 8 credits for all questions to which you answered "Yes". Give yourself 7 credits for all questions to which you answered "Occasionally". Give yourself 0 credits for all questions to which you answered "No".

Then compare your *total* with the following:

Did you have a score of 126 or above?

Then this indicates that you probably have marked feelings of inferiority and are considerably more self-conscious than most people. You need to study this chapter even more carefully than those who score lower.

Did you have a score from 85 to 125?



This score indicates a tendency to brood over yourself and your faults. You are not as bad as some people, when it comes to feelings of self-consciousness and inferiority, but you are higher than most.

Did you have a score of 40 to 84?

You have the distinction (?) of being in the normal range. Normal, that is, compared to most people. The majority of those who have taken this test fall in this range. In other words, there are those who score lower than you, and those who score higher. You are about in the middle. This may or may not be consoling.

Did you have a score of 19 to 39?

If so, then you have a tendency to have a good opinion of yourself. You are considerably less self-conscious than most people and, consequently, more poised.

Did you have a score below 18?

Then you really should have written this chapter! When you compare yourself with others, you have feelings of superiority. It may be that you are not comparing yourself with the right people? Yes?

Inferiority feelings are expressed in behaviour patterns—the way you behave towards others, your reactions to a given situation, and the way you think and feel.

Surely you know the quiet, shy, withdrawn type of person whom you might find at a social gathering sitting all alone in a little corner, taking everything in but contributing nothing to the conversation, to the jokes, to the stories, or any activities that are engaged in.

But you also have heard and seen the phenomenon known as the “life of the party”. This is usually a man or woman who monopolizes the spotlight, tells lots of jokes, and has a wonderful time so long as everybody gives him plenty of attention. As soon as they don’t—“This is a lousy party, let’s go.”

Both these types are responding perhaps to the same feelings of inferiority. In the first case you have a withdrawal; in the second case, you have an aggressive response, or an attack. Both, nevertheless, are responses to feelings of inferiority. The “wall-flower” just sits and withdraws into himself. The “life

of the party" covers up with a mask of gaiety and bravado. Of course it is easier to note the wallflower as the victim of inferiority than it is to point to the boisterous and noisy person as an example of reaction to feelings of inferiority. Let's examine both reactions more carefully.

When the competition is judged as being too keen, and the fear of failure too oppressive, then an individual may adjust himself by withdrawing entirely. If you don't enter the race, then you can't lose, can you?

There are some people who make friends only from among those who are considerably younger than they are. They shun people who are their own age or older. But then it is much easier to feel superior to a person who is younger than you are in experience and education. Every person actually needs to know three groups of people—those his own age, those older than he, and those younger than he. Each of these groups serves a useful purpose in our friendships. We need the stimulation and competition of those our own age; we can benefit from the association with those older than we, and surely we can find a great deal of satisfying experiences and personal gratification by having friendships with some people who are younger than we are. You are really not a very well-adjusted person if you cannot get along with people of all ages and find each filling a useful function in your life. When your friendships and associations run through all ages, you are more likely to develop a realistic and intelligent sense of values. You have the stimulation and the comfort that middle age, old age, and youth, can give, each in its own way.

Earlier I spoke of daydreaming as a form of adjustment. This is such an easy adjustment to use that we are all inclined to use it to get a little satisfaction out of life when the going is tough.

In daydreaming you can picture yourself as a great beauty, a very popular personality, a rich man, an idolized hero, a brilliant career man or woman. It is such a pleasant sensation to live for a while in a dream world of our own making that practically no one passes through life without resorting to building "castles in the air".

If Johnny fails in arithmetic and is not promoted—what do

you think his first daydream is? At once he is grown up, and becomes—no less—Superintendent of Schools! And what do you think his first action is? Of course—he sends for Miss Bongshnook. “Miss Bongshnook, you’re fired!” And there, big as life, is poor Miss Bongshnook on her knees, pleading with him not to fire her and cast her out in the cold. She is most penitent that she “failed” him so many years ago. How was she to know how brilliant he really was? Now isn’t that a pleasant dream for a little boy to have, who has just failed, and has no way of getting back at the teacher?

Here is a plain girl who has no dates at all. What does she daydream? Well, now she has so many dates she doesn’t know which to take. She has to start giving them all civil service exams to see who should be next!

The little girl who is spanked by her father soon visualizes that she is dead! Dead . . . and the body is being carried in a long funeral hearse. There are her mother and father, weeping . . . Yes, let them be sorry for the way they treated me . . . it serves them right . . . they should have given me the money I asked for . . . just because I took it out of Mama’s bag is no reason to spank me . . .

Well, there is really nothing wrong in daydreaming—so long as you make your dreams come true. If the homely girl, in her desire for dates, is motivated to do something to improve her looks and personality so that she can get some *real* dates, then her daydreams have been a help. If they prevent her from looking for real satisfactions, but keep her in the do-nothing life of her own imagination, then her daydreams are useless and even dangerous.

Everything worthwhile starts with a dream. Every building, every creation, every painting, every song, everything beautiful, started once as a dream in the mind of its creator. If it had stayed there, just a dream, then no one would ever have seen it, except the dreamer, in the shadowy realms of his dream world. But if the dream is turned into a reality by hard work, a persistent application and unquenchable urge to translate the dream into reality, then the dream has had a useful function, and the dreamer has been helped by it. What would you think

of a man who sits and looks at a road map all day long, planning each move and picturing the sights he will see on the trip he is going to take, but never takes? He just sits and plans and imagines. Instead, consult your road map, plan your course, but then pack your bags and set out to follow it!

What does a girl say, while sitting in a movie theatre, as her boy-friend nudges her and whispers, "Boy, isn't she gorgeous . . . what a face . . . what a figure!" Does she respond with, "She's not as young as she looks. It's all done with make-up!"

And what does the boy-friend say, when the girl-friend nudges him to comment upon the star in the movie? "I think he's just the handsomest thing I have ever seen."

"That's what you think. Do you know that he wears a corset and a toupee?"

*These reactions are really defensive.* If it makes you feel insecure to hear others praised, then examine the little roots of your inferiority. Inferiority may breed an envious heart. An unwillingness to applaud usually indicates an envious heart.

I remember when I was seventeen years old, and employed as an office boy in a large oil company, I regularly attended college classes at night. The other office boy who worked with me was forty-eight years old. "What do you want to go to college for?" he would ask me. "They're all college punks—that's all they are!" Obviously, this was his defence at not being a college graduate himself. It was a way of rationalizing his failure to go to college. "All it does is make a punk of you," he would say, and he would feel better.

There is a great deal of talk about a "superiority complex". What is a feeling of superiority anyway? If you are very good at doing the rumba, for example, and you get a glow of superiority whenever you're out there on the floor shaking it up, I don't think I'd term it a "superiority complex". What I would call it is merely a knowledge of superiority in rumba-ing. If you are excellent at certain activities and feel a glow of confidence when engaging in those activities, it is not a complex; it is a knowledge of superiority based on fact. According to this definition, then, most of us have feelings of superiority mixed in with our inferiority feelings. Certainly, you are good at some

things. If not, then, you really deserve an inferiority complex.

There are those people, however, who instead of withdrawing as a defence against their inferiority, do anything but. They attack. Their attack is not a result of confidence, but rather a result of an oppressing inferiority. This is what distinguishes those who perform confidently because they are secure in their knowledge from those whose actions are but an impulsive, emotional struggle to protect their egos and to attain recognition at all costs.

You've seen the constant "show-offs", the name-droppers, the pseudo-elegant creatures whose thin veneer of supposed superiority merely cloaks their truer feelings. Extreme arrogance and self-assertiveness are symptoms of inferiority, just as shyness and withdrawing are symptoms of the same personality illness, although they are manifested in opposite ways.

Stand in the way of such a person: obstruct his view and he glares at you with, "Do you think you're a window?" He can't afford to be polite. The brusque and rude adults that you see are grown-up versions of the bullies that you find in every school yard. Notice that the bullies generally attack those who are younger or weaker than they are. My, but they're brave!

Here is a case of an aggressive defence mechanism as a result of inferiority. Shortly after I graduated from college, I took a position as a high school teacher in an all-girls' high school in New Jersey. As part of my daily duties, I was in charge of a study hall of 100 girls. My job was to police the study hall, to see that quiet prevailed. A girl could do whatever she wanted, just so long as she did not talk in doing it.

One girl, however, who sat near the back, would continually jibber-jabber to all her neighbours with endless energy. I never called out to her, but would shoot her a few meaning looks, trusting that she would get the idea and cease the yip-yapping. She never tried to cover up, or look innocent, or point to the girl beside her, when I looked at her. Instead, she kept right on talking and stared right back at me.

One day, moved to be more articulate, I looked at her and said, "I do wish you wouldn't talk in this room."

"Ahh—stop picking on me!" she yelled.

Why, I had never even said a word up to that time!

"Would you mind coming up front," I said.

"If you want me, come and get me," was her unexpected reply.

At that, all the girls put down their pens and pencils, clapped their hands in anticipatory glee. Hurray . . . a fight . . . good!

Of course, I couldn't go get her—my dignity was at stake. So I said, "All right, I'll meet you halfway". (I had to keep face too.)

Seriously, though, she finally did come to the front of the room, not at all a cowed and penitent young lady, but a very amused and bold girl, her eyes twinkling.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Ann," she replied. "What's yours?"

More roars from the class! The more they roared, the more Ann's eyes twinkled. She was obviously enjoying immensely being the centre of attention.

"Ann," I said gravely, "you and I are going to see the principal. Go downstairs and wait for me in the principal's outer office."

"I'll wait right here and we'll go together," declared Ann. The roars from the class almost lifted the ceiling. They were enjoying it as much as Ann was.

"Don't worry, my dear," I said. "I'll be there. Now you just go downstairs and wait there for me."

Later, when I went downstairs to take Ann in to the principal's office for boiling in oil, I didn't recognize the girl—she had changed so completely. Instead of the bravado and challenge, she whined and pleaded, "Don't take me to see the principal, please . . ."

And I didn't either! The reason I didn't, will soon be clear. Ann had a twisted leg and limped—a handicapped girl in an all-girls' school. Do you know what that means? Every day she had to listen to the girls tell about the handsome boys they were out with last night, and the dances they had gone to. What did Ann have to tell? Nothing! Yet, she had a need to be recognized, to be admired, to feel equal to the others. Her defence was to pretend a lack of interest in all these things and to make up for

her failures by being over-aggressive. Her attitude was: All you girls are little sissies. I'll show you that I'm not afraid of anyone. Just listen to me tell him off!

Understanding is prerequisite to forgiveness. Had I been a victim of inferiority myself, I probably would have insisted on my pound of flesh. Knowing why Ann acted as she did, I pursued other tactics.

"Ann, I'm really a very busy fellow, and I need all the time I can get, including the hour in study hall. Would you do something for me? Would you like to take charge of the monitoring of the study hall?"

Ann certainly would, and so the next day I came back to class to make the announcement. There sat all the girls, expecting me to walk in with Ann's head on a platter. Instead, I said, "Girls, from now on Ann is in charge of this study hall."

Every eye popped: It's clear to see that the way to get ahead in this school is to insult the teacher!

By the way, Ann was the best monitor I had ever had. Why, if a girl even looked cross-eyed, or gave the slightest suggestion that she was *about* to say something, Ann threw her out of the room. What I had done was to divert Ann's destructive method of adjustment to a more constructive and wholesome one. That's what we all need: a wholesome outlet for our inadequacy feelings that is more than a blind, aggressive attack that destroys and devastates.

I don't suppose you ever imagined that inferiority feelings can be an asset. Well they can, and here's how: An individual who feels inferior seeks outlets or adjustments for his feelings of inferiority. He is motivated to do something. He wants desperately to succeed, to overcome the unpleasant feelings of inadequacy, and to amount to something. It forces him to be a success. If these motivations are directed into constructive channels, where a person has real talent, then the results are not only excellent, they are often remarkable.

(If you feel inferior, you may "overcompensate" for those feelings by going at a problem with far greater drive and effort than you otherwise would.) Thus, a plain girl may work much harder at being an excellent student than she would if she were

more attractive. The lack of beauty may lead to overcompensation, with the result that she reaches a higher peak of success than she otherwise would. Often man's best friend is not complete satisfaction, but the proddings of a hostile environment.

Overcompensation may, however, express itself in a constructive or destructive way. Thus, a little boy takes up smoking—to overcome his feeling of being little, and to feel important. The cigarette is associated with adults and independence. It may sicken and nauseate him, but it makes him feel important and he sticks with it. It is my personal belief that all adults who smoke started originally to do so out of a feeling of inferiority. They want to feel important. At the beginning all smoking is sickening. Yet we force ourselves to stay with a sickening thing until we become addicted to it. No one likes to smoke at the outset. He adjusts to it, and finally learns to like it.

There is no inborn craving to smoke. I never have seen an infant in its cradle, crying, "Mama, I just gotta have a butt . . . I just gotta have another cigarette!" Smoking is an addiction, a habit we get into originally as an outlet for our feelings of inferiority. I think if we understood that smoking initially begins in an effort to overcome our feelings of inferiority, and sought more constructive outlets for our inadequacy, then perhaps we would have fewer nicotine addicts than we do.

The highest incidence of delinquency is among those boys and girls who are failures in school, and who turn to socially disapproved activities as a form of compensation for their inferiority feelings. A delinquent's personality can be rehabilitated only when he develops a sense of understanding and confidence in himself, and in his relation to others.

I remember a little boy who was the terror of the neighbourhood. He was all of ten years old, and the slickest store robber in the area. To look at him, you would never have believed it. He was puny, anaemic-looking, and was as a matter of fact even excused from taking gymnastics in grade school because of his apparent poor health. His stealing was found to be a compensatory activity. If he could rob stores, then no one could call him a sissy, could they? He wanted to prove to all that he was a pretty tough guy.



There are a number of reasons why people lie, but one of the reasons we lie is traceable to feelings of inferiority. We lie to protect our ego. After all, are we not victims of inferiority in a world that puts great emphasis on achievement, superiority, talent, approval, and admiration? In order to attain the much-sought-after attention and approval, we brag and show off.

Thus one girl said boastfully to her friend after a shopping tour: "My sweater is one hundred per cent virgin wool."

"So . . ." sniffed her friend, "what if mine's had a little experience?"

The bragging may of course reach that twilight zone that blends from braggadocio to lying. Why does the young man tell his beautiful date that he earns considerably more than he does? Why does he tell her that his employer regards him as so essential that the business would surely close down in a matter of months without him? The unvarnished truth may be that the firm stays in business not because of him, but in spite of him!

Why does the little boy fib to his friends about the fantastic sights he saw when his father took him on a trip? It is all a "building up" process—reinforcing the ego. Whether you call it "exaggeration", "fibbing", or any other whitewashed word—it is still lying.

One of the deep mysteries in the newspaper business is the extent of a columnist's syndication. In most cases the figures are exaggerated. Paul Gallico, the sports writer, who became a syndicated columnist, really started with a remarkably high list. A friend asked him: "In how many papers does your column appear?"

Gallico said, "In 212 papers. And when I say 212, I don't mean 211, or 210, or even 209," he added. "When I say 212, I mean 106!"

While we are on the subject, we may as well bring out the other reasons why people lie, and whether it is ever desirable to tell lies anyway. Is it?

"How do you like my boy-friend?" proudly asks one girl.

"I've seen better faces on iodine bottles"—would be the truthful reply.

But is this the reply she is looking for? To understand why it

is advisable for people to lie once in a while it is important that we first understand why people lie at all.

There appear to be only three basic reasons for lying. We are of course eliminating from this discussion the psychopathic liar—the individual who lies without apparent provocation or reason because he has a personality flaw.

Probably the most common reason for lying is fear. Fear is a powerful emotion. It can so disintegrate a human being emotionally, that he is capable of doing amazing things to avoid the consequences, or punishment. Lying is after all one way of avoiding consequences. It is an adjustment mechanism learned early in life.

I remember very vividly something that happened to me in elementary school at the age of seven. The frightening threat hung over all of us that if ever we misbehaved seriously, then the ultimate of punishments would be ours—we would be “sent to the principal’s office”. This conjured up a picture of hell that defies description. If you could have seen the dragonish looks of our principal, you would have understood why such a threat could send terrible chills down the spine of even the bravest seven-year-old.

Sitting in the seat directly in front of me was a little girl whose mother insisted on braiding her hair into the longest set of pigtails imaginable. One of these blond pigtails would continually dangle precariously just an inch or two above my inkwell—always skirting, but never quite dropping into it. Day after day, I would sit hypnotized by the dangling pigtail, until one day in a moment of terrible temptation beyond all human endurance—I *did it*! Yes, I did it—I pulled the pigtail, dipped it in the inkwell—and returned to harsh reality!

The girl jumped up with a scream. “He did it,” she yelled, “he put my hair in the inkwell!”

I sat stunned. Already visions of horror and torture danced before me. “No,” I cried, “I didn’t do it—I swear it.”

Only one thing made me lie—fear! Society does that to all of us. Children merely illustrate so much more clearly the same adjustments that adults make. Lying is a matter of *adjustment*—a protective adjustment.

Next time you are about to lie—consider: “What am I afraid of? Am I really afraid of this person?” You might even decide to tell the truth!

Related to the reasons discussed above are those directly associated with the practice of lying to protect the ego.

The reasons for this are discussed above. Here you have the answer to the reason why all children lie, and why it is normal for them to lie. It is a means of being important; it is showing off. It gets a rise out of the grown-ups, and gets attention. If you are kind, you won't say, “My child lies.” You will say, “He has imagination!”

Next time you are relating a story of what happened to you while you were away, notice if you aren't “exaggerating” just a little bit.

I have always enjoyed the conversation two men held one day. Said one to the other, “You should see Max—he's a millionaire!”

“Really! I don't believe it. Tell me, does he have fifty thousand dollars cash?”

“Oh,” replied the other, “that kind of money he hasn't got.”

To avoid hurting the feelings of others, we resort to the much renowned “white lie”. It really would be wrong for us to go around speaking nothing but holy truth, no matter what. It wouldn't be long before we would become social outcasts.

“My, but you're fat!”

“Frankly, yours is the ugliest face I have seen in a long while.”

“What would I have to give you for just one kiss?” asked the hopeful swain. “Chloroform!” she replied.

Should people ever tell lies? Certainly. But here is the criterion of qualifying factors—from a mental hygiene standpoint: if telling the truth accomplishes nothing of value and results only in hurting another or increasing one's lot of unhappiness, then perhaps the truth had better not be told. Of course there are situations when it is essential to speak the truth, even though it may hurt another severely. It is necessary to gain other values, and perhaps to prevent even greater pains. Telling the truth is vital at such times.

Who can say, though, that when truth accomplishes nothing of value and saves no souls, it is wise to speak it anyway—anyway? This is destruction for destruction's sake, not for the sake of truth. There is no real nobility here.

To sum up, then: Honesty is the best policy only when honesty is discreetly the best policy, and when it accomplishes something of value. To be dishonest is a better policy if life-values and accompanying circumstances so dictate.

Perhaps we could be considered pretty well adjusted if we were like one girl who was asked, "Do you ever drink?"

"No," she replied.

"Do you ever smoke?"

"Oh, no."

"Ever neck?"

"No."

"Well, what do you do?"

"I tell lies!"

An inferiority complex does not just spring into being. Something must have caused it to develop. This is really a consoling thought when you begin to consider ways to overcome it. Anything that we have acquired can be "de-acquired". At least an inferiority complex is not hereditary, except to the degree that we inherit the kind of parents who implant feelings of inadequacy in us.

It is your life experiences—the things you have been taught, the shocks and disappointments that you have felt, together with all the other manifold forces that have operated on your personality from the time you were born—that account for the kind of personality you have today.

What are some of the things, then, that operate to cause an individual to develop feelings of inferiority? Remember, that it isn't any one or several specific things in themselves that cause inferiority to develop, but rather an individual's response to those things. It isn't what happens to you that is so important, but rather how you react to what is happening to you. Thus, what may cause one person to respond with strong feelings of self-consciousness and inferiority will have absolutely no effect

on another. Your reaction depends on your background, and how you were taught to react.

Here are some specific situations that may cause feelings of inferiority to develop:

*Failure to Have Material Things.* "Oh, if only I could have a mink coat," sighs a woman. Why does she want a mink coat? After all, skunk will keep her just as warm as mink! "No, I must have a mink coat!" When you stop to consider it, the only one who *really* needs a mink, is a mink—he's got to have it!

Recently, a department store in New York City ran a large ad~~p~~ offering for sale fur coats for dogs. A national magazine featured a picture of a dachshund in a mink coat. Can you just picture the reactions of some women to this?

"Just see, Herman," says a wife, "dachshunds have minks! I don't even have a skunk, except you."

The unfulfilled desire for furs, clothes, furniture, lovely accessories, and all the other million and one material things, may induce feelings of frustration and inferiority. Your inferiority feelings may be intensified particularly if you try to "keep up with the Joneses".

Some people, especially young men, must have a car to soothe their feelings of inadequacy. They will skimp on food, on clothes, on all the necessities of life—but they simply must have a car.

*Sensitivity over Physical Defects.* This is perhaps one of the most common reasons for a feeling of inferiority. More people report sensitivity and self-consciousness due to physical defects than perhaps for any other cause.

As far as the inferiority complex is concerned, it is not important whether these defects are real or imaginary. It is the person's reaction to the supposed defects that cause the flaw to develop in the personality.

Lameness . . . too short . . . too tall . . . hair too kinky . . . no hair . . . too thin . . . too fat . . . buck teeth . . . no teeth . . . These and a host more like them may cause a strong reaction of inferiority.

A person may brood over his defect without thinking of anything else. "My nose . . . my nose . . . everyone has small

noses . . . but I . . . just see that beautiful nose on that woman over there . . . but I . . . my nose . . . my nose . . . oh, if only my nose were two feet shorter . . ." There is so much concentration on the nose, you might get the idea that the person is nothing but a walking nose!

There is more harm done to the personality by the sensitivity over the defect than by the defect itself. Very few people are specimens of physical perfection. There are flaws in all of us. The great and important question is not whether you have physical flaws, but what you have done to correct them, cover them up, or compensate for them to the point where they do not adversely affect your personality. It is far more dangerous to become a victim of self-consciousness and inferiority over a defect than to live with the defect. Others may not notice your physical defect, but they will surely react to your poise or your lack of it.

*The Lack of Social Qualities in a Member of the Family.* One girl I know said to her father, "Now, Pop, I'm bringing a boy-friend home tonight for dinner. Do me a favour will you, and keep your mouth shut!"

You can picture what must go on in this household. At any rate, many people carry around inferiorities that do not even belong to them. They belong to their parents or relatives. It is remarkable how persons can pick up the inferiorities of their parents and carry them around on their own backs.

If parents do not speak well, are crude or ill-mannered when a member of the family brings his friends home to visit, this may cause embarrassment that not only prevents future visits of friends to one's home, but plants the seed that soon blossoms into feelings of inferiority.

*Your Place of Residence.* If you live on "the other side of the tracks", it may be that you have compared yourself with those who live in finer and richer homes, and have thus developed a sense of inadequacy. Many a girl has had her boy-friend drop her at Park Avenue. Then she walks over to Third Avenue.

If your neighbourhood is in the poorer section, if your home-furnishings are not what you would consider attractive, then it is possible that these factors have contributed to your inferiority

complex. If you stop to consider it though, it seems pretty foolish to carry around a burden of inferiority because you have not got a television set or a Persian rug. If your home and its furnishings are not equal to those of your friends, what of it? Do you carry the furniture around on your back? It's your personality and its furnishings that really count in the end. No one asks you for an inventory of your household goods before deciding whether or not he likes you.

*Lack of Educational Opportunities.* There is a general impression that the only educated people are those who graduate from a college or university. Some of the biggest fools I have ever known were college graduates. Some were even college professors. I should know because I have been teaching in college for many years. Some of the most educated people I ever met never even graduated from high school. There is a distinction that should be made between a mind that is filled with facts and formulas, and a mind that knows how to find a little happiness in life and bring it to others. The latter is definitely the educated man. The greatest wisdom that any man can acquire is the wisdom that comes from living.

If you are not a college graduate, or have missed the educational opportunities of formalized schooling, this is no reason to develop a feeling of inferiority, unless you have already stopped learning and thinking.

Bear in mind that the best education is not always received within a school room, or on a university campus. Education at its best prepares you for life, for growth, and for better living. If you can do that for yourself, you are an educated person.

Don't compare yourself to others in terms of formalized education. Compare yourself in terms of social success, intelligent adjustments, and intellectual curiosity. Some of the best learning occurs after a person has graduated from college. If you are a college graduate, remember that. If you aren't, and feel inferior because of it, you are the victim of a grand delusion.

Of course, nothing stops you from enrolling in late afternoon or evening classes in one of the excellent adult education centres and schools that offer a choice of study in many exciting and

stimulating fields. You are never too old to begin, unless you think you are. In that case, you are too old for anything!

*Financial Failures.* If your income is small, if your financial investments have been poor, then perhaps this has contributed to your feelings of inadequacy. I liked the remark one man made to his wife when they arrived home and found that their house had been robbed of one quarter of a million dollars worth of jewellery. "It's only money, darling, so don't worry," said the husband. He was a man with a proper sense of values.

Money is a very slippery commodity. If you use it so that it contributes to your personality growth, then you never really lose it.

At any rate, financial wizards are not very common. If you have lost your money in poor dealings, I hope you have learned better and become a more efficient manager of it. Best of all, I hope it has contributed to your better living. Success is not something to be rated by the dollar sign. You may be very rich, and a complete failure as a person. Indeed, you may even be poor in money, and very rich in other ways.

*Intellectual Failures.* It may be that you have been thrown into the company of people who made you feel inferior intellectually. Sometimes shyness is confused with intellectual failure. There is nothing to stop you from increasing your store of knowledge and growing with each passing day. Don't let the memory of past failures continue to warp your social adjustments today. Become interested in many things, but don't try to be an Einstein. You don't have to know everything, you know.

The story is told of two chorus girls who were great friends. One was a live wire, and the other quiet and reserved. One day the vivacious Phyllis said, "Look, Ruth, I don't mind digging up dates for us, but you just sit around like a zombie and never open your mouth. Why don't you read up and get something to talk about?" Ruth promised to try.

Next town they hit, Phyllis had two local Lotharios waiting for them at the stage door. Later in the evening, one of those painful silences enveloped the party. Ruth fidgeted, gulped once or twice, and then let him have it.



"Isn't it too bad," she inquired, "what happened to Marie Antoinette?"

Be fair to yourself—we can't all be geniuses, but what matter? There are geniuses galore who would be cast aside at a social gathering because they lack social intelligence. There are a great many people who would not score too highly on an intellectual plane, but who possess so much real charm that they are sought after and welcome wherever they go. Which would you rather be?

*An Early Embarrassment or Invidious Comparisons.* "Why can't you be smart like the boy next door? He comes home with all 'A's' on his report card. All you come home with is the truant officer."

Can you recall being compared with the boy or girl next door? Or perhaps you were constantly being compared with a brighter brother or sister? Heaven protect us from smart brothers and sisters—particularly if we are not so smart.

I know a family that has two little boys—one very bright, and the other very handsome. I am quite sure that number one little boy knows that he is much smarter than his "stupid but handsome" little brother. I also know that number two little boy realizes how much smarter his brother is, but knows he is more attractive. After all, don't Mama and Papa make a show of it all the time? Don't all the neighbours, relatives, and friends, keep bringing it to their attention?

"Why are you so slow?" wails Mama. "Just see how quick your brother is. Why must you take after your father's side?"

Well, you get the idea, don't you? Invidious comparisons made early in life can sow the seeds for the later gnawings of an inferiority complex.

Perhaps you can recall making a mistake in your elementary school class—and suddenly everybody laughed, while the teacher asked, "Are you always this stupid, or is this a special occasion?"

A great embarrassment that rankles in the personality, or comparisons made between you and others who were perhaps superior in certain activities, can be at the roots of a personality

mal-development. If you will understand this, and think it over, you will see how foolish and unjustified you're in letting these early experiences warp your outlook today. Review them in your own mind, think how careless and unthinking were these adults who treated a sensitive child so crudely. Determine whether you deserve to let these early experiences affect you today. Thinking them over, reviewing them in your own mind, understanding them, and then laughing about them, is a sure way to cast them off and start growing up.

*Overcritical or Perfectionist Parents or Teachers.* Without realizing it, a parent or teacher can help implant the seeds for feelings of inferiority by holding up standards of perfection, or by being overcritical.

A little boy comes home from school with a mark of 98 on his report card, and what does Papa say? "Ninety-eight. What happened to the other two points?" Of course, Papa is always perfect.

"Why, my son is so smart that he'll probably be governor by the time he is twenty-one." So Mama brags. At nineteen, he begins to worry as to how he will make the capitol in two years.

In an attempt to live up to the high standards set by the parents (set by them as a result of their own inferiority?), a person may begin to feel inadequate, and frustrated.

Do you remember what happened when the teacher gave an arithmetic test? "All those of you who get 100," she would say, "bring up your papers to my desk." Then one by one the children would march up to the teacher's desk, while she stamped their papers with a rubber stamp of a bunny, a duck, or an elephant.

I know the feeling, because all too often I was the only one left in the row who didn't go up to get my paper stamped.

In one of my evening college classes some years ago, I remember a very charming young lady who sat in the back of the room. In giving my reactions out loud one night, I said that I thought she acted like an introvert, and also said I thought she was basically a rather dynamic person, once she could throw off some of her feelings of inadequacy.

I was surprised to receive the following letter from her a few days later:

DEAR DR. BANKS:

In my grammar school days, insensitive P.T. teachers had a system of muscle-encouragement that for sheer brutality left the Circus Maximus at the post. They used to push us out on a playground, choose two brawn-thrusters from the class to act as captains, and allow them to pick their teams for all competitive games, one at a time, from the remaining material. Since I was without the slightest suspicion of anything resembling athletic ability, unless the current captain was a friend of mine whose loyalty was stronger than her common sense, I was invariably the last one to be chosen (or rather, accepted, as the "choice" element was eliminated when it got down to me). While this gave me a certain notoriety, that I wouldn't have achieved otherwise, I can assure you that I wasn't exactly enraptured by it. With the years, I finally became resigned to the inferiority complex which this helped engender (because, after all, I didn't give a damn about lamming a ball out into Bedford Avenue, anyway) but I still suffered horribly when I realized that the complex itself made me conspicuous, as no matter how I analysed myself I still came out Minnie Milquetoast.

The past week you discussed this subject very thoroughly, and I was all the more convinced that I was sunk in introspection and inferiority up to the ears, and for confirmation, as if I needed any, on the inferiority quiz I was right up there in the top brackets.

All I could hope for was that when you picked out types you wouldn't light on me as the unshining example of the introvert (hmm, paranoia—true to type). When I saw you looking in my direction on Monday night, it was only a fatal fascination that kept me from crawling under the radiator, and when you pronounced the verdict but added "with extrovertive tendencies", I can't tell you what a miracle you performed. Honestly, Dr. Banks, you cured me with those three words. It was like calling a jellyfish "dynamic". I never thought an objective observer, if he noticed me at all, would see anything extrovert in me,

and it freed me from my mental picture of myself as a thorough-going mouse.

Thanks a million. My undying gratitude is yours, for whatever it is worth.

SINCERELY,

An oppressive feeling of inferiority is a tremendous personality handicap. It is as if you were forced to walk up a hill with a heavy load on your back. Inferiority is a load you carry around and it takes its toll in tiredness, depression, fear, anxiety, and neurosis.

Inferiority is not inborn. It is something you acquire, just as you acquire all your life attitudes. I hope that the foregoing discussion on how such feelings are acquired has stimulated you to probe the roots of your own inferiority. This is the first step to mastering these oppressive feelings. Here are some other suggestions that may work miracles in personal improvement.

*Accept Yourself as a Bundle of Possibilities.* That's what you really are, you know, a bundle of possibilities. Stop being angry with Fate. Stop dreaming about what you would do if you had someone else's chances. Any psychologist will tell you that most cases of emotional maladjustment are due to the fact that people will not accept themselves as they are and learn to make the most of what they've got.

Instead of dreaming of what you would do if you were someone else or had another person's chances, determine what you have got—and how to capitalize on your possibilities.

Anyone can find sufficient cause to dislike his own lot. Anyone can point to numerous "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" that have served to frustrate him. Yet actually, the most stimulating successes have come from persons who have had to face some kind of limitation and handicap. Instead of moaning and groaning, and bewailing a cruel fate, they took up the challenge, accepted their handicaps as part of life's game—and played valiantly in spite of them.

Rebellion against your handicaps will get you nowhere if it is not constructive. Self-pity is synonymous with personality

destruction. Develop a spirit of daring, a refusal to be sorry for yourself, accept yourself as a bundle of possibilities—and then undertake the most fascinating game in the world, making the most of what you've got.

*Revitalize Your Attitude.* Attitude can make the difference between success and failure, happiness or unhappiness. Picture yourself as defeated, and you soon will be. Picture yourself as winning, and your chances are better. Picture yourself as nothing, and you will drift—a bit of logwood, a strip of seaweed.

Take charge of your life—don't drift. Have a goal, an ideal, a purpose. Organize your life around a purpose, and then travel and plan toward it.

Your life is in your hands—you are the engineer. Don't let Fate shove you through sheer circumstance. Shove Fate a little bit. Make your own fate by forming your own life goals. Know what you want to be. Know what you want to do, and don't allow yourself to be buffeted by circumstance. You can make your own circumstances by having a masterful purpose that serves as your guide. Hold in your mind's eye a vivid picture of what you would one day like to be or do. Hold it long enough, and steadily enough, and you will be drawn to it.

To make your own fate, you need first a strong purpose, then the will to succeed, and finally a substantial amount of faith and courage in your ability. With these three ingredients, you can't be stopped.

*Develop Insight as to the Causes of Your Inferiority.* "Understanding is half the cure"—so say the psychiatrists. You have gone a long way to overcoming your feelings of inferiority when you probe their causes, and determine what gave rise to them.

After all, everything that you are at this moment is the result of all the pressures and experiences that have operated on your personality from the time you were born. You are what you are today only because of what you were yesterday and the day before.

A feeling of inferiority, therefore, must be understood in terms of its background. What factors in your life caused

feelings of inferiority to develop? Are you carrying around with you your parents' inferiorities? Are you the victim of ignorance and superstition? So many people think that they are unique in thinking and feeling as they do. They carry around secretly a host of false beliefs regarding sexual functions, sin, and sanity—which shackles them to fear and inferiority. Get sound advice if something disturbs you, frankly face and resolve your fears. You may be surprised to discover that what you believed was a secret and sinful practice may be much more prevalent than you ever imagined.

Insight or understanding is the first step to better living.

*Develop a Realistic Sense of Values about Yourself.* One cartoon shows a man coming out of a psychiatrist's office. "I told the doctor I had an inferiority complex," he says, "but the doctor told me I didn't have a complex. He said I was really inferior."

Are you inferior in everything? Is there nothing interesting or good about you at all? Surely you must have some assets. In estimating your success or failure in life, be fair to yourself. Compare yourself with others of similar intelligence, opportunities and background.

You cannot be all bad. See your inferiorities as one aspect of your personality. Keep a good perspective. Don't fail to see the forest for looking at the trees. Don't exaggerate the importance of big ears to the point where they flop around like an elephant's, in terms of blocking your mental outlook.

Evaluate yourself fairly. Know what your handicaps and weak points are, and then determine what you can do to overcome them. If it is impossible to do anything, then resign yourself to it. Getting bald is one thing that comes under this category. If your deficiency makes you feel inadequate, and you can do something about it, then for heaven's sakes—do it! If your nose is badly shaped, invest what it takes to get it straightened out. It will work wonders for your morale.

If your deficiency is in appearance, put yourself in the hands of an expert who can help you improve your grooming, your hair style, the colours you use. Good looks are often nothing more than knowing how to choose and wear clothes that detract from and make up for nature's mistakes.

You get nowhere brooding about your defects. What you need is an active, systematic programme that converts your worries into real action, resulting in improvement and success.

There is a beauty parlour that has this sign posted in its window: "Boys, please don't whistle at the girls coming out of this beauty parlour—one of them may be your grandmother!"

*Accentuate the Positive.* There used to be a song with a line that said, "Accentuate the positive . . . eliminate the negative". And without realizing it, probably, the composers had hit upon one of the most important ways to improve personality.

You know what an optimist is, and you know what a pessimist is. One accents the positive, the other the negative. Here's how:

If there is a pitcher of water half filled on a table, the pessimist says, "The pitcher is half empty."

The optimist says, "Not at all. It's half full!"

It's simply a matter of accenting the right thing. They say that a pessimist is "one who looks at life through someone else's ulcers, while the optimist can always see the happy side of someone else's troubles".

Personally, I think the best illustration of the difference between the two is the following conversation.

The optimist says, "Oh, what a beautiful day!"

The pessimist replies with a sigh, "Yes, I am afraid it is".

If you are absorbed with your inferiorities, then you are accenting the negative. You are like the man who has a sore tooth. He keeps pressing it with his finger, "to see if it still hurts".

Put your mind and your attention on correcting your defects, and emphasizing your good points.

*Evaluate Your Assets and Your Liabilities.* I cannot think of a single company in our great country that does not have liabilities as well as assets. Every time I look over the balance sheet of a giant of industry, I find assets, but I also find liabilities. The good manager tries to increase the assets and to lower the liabilities. He does not expect to eliminate the liabilities entirely, but merely to hold them in good balance.

You as an individual are no different. You have your

liabilities and you have your assets. The important thing is to keep them in good balance. You should have more assets than liabilities.

One of my students presented me with this listing of her own balance sheet:

<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities</i>
Ready smile	Impatient
Excellent dancer	Talk too much
A good sport	Smoke too much
Enthusiastic	Inclined to brag
I can take it with a smile	Careless with appearance

What would your balance sheet show? Everyone should know his weak points and his strong ones. Take inventory of your own personality, find out what needs sweeping, painting, and cleaning. Determine whether a little more capital investment is needed to bring the balance sheet into better equilibrium. Keep taking inventory, and stop up the leaks.

Never become too disturbed over the liabilities. They should prod you into increasing your assets. Complete contentment is not desirable. The cow is the most contented animal in the world—but who wants to be a cow?

*Become-Expert in at Least One Thing.* “Nothing succeeds like success.” Success thrives on itself, and failure eats on itself. To fail is depressing and leaves us with a feeling of futility and despair, to the degree that the next failure is made even easier.

Every human being needs to master something. We all need to feel important, in some measure, in some way.

Is there some one thing that you can do particularly well? Sing? Play the piano? Converse brilliantly? Paint? Rumba?

It will do a lot for you if you will study some one thing that interests you until you are expert in that activity. Become expert in something—the confidence will do wonders for you. It will radiate from you and influence your success.

*Become Interested in Other People.* One girl I know has a practice of visiting a hospital ward whenever she gets to feeling too sorry for herself. “I can never see those poor suffering



people without thinking how foolish I am to be concerned about fussy me." There is no better way to overcome preoccupation with oneself than by becoming preoccupied with others. Self-consciousness is just what it implies—"consciousness of self". When you learn to be conscious of others, and sincerely interested in them, then you will proportionately reduce your own level of self-consciousness. You will find it difficult being concerned about other people, and also having time to worry about yourself.

When you walk into a room do you think, "I wonder if they are noticing me, and what they are saying about me?" It is better to think, "My, what a collection of faces. Now there's an interesting one. I wonder what sort of life goes with that face."

The more objective you become in your thinking, and the less subjective, to that degree will your personality increase in poise and sophistication. Perhaps the height of objectivity was reached by the girl in this story.

One moonlight night, after a prom dance, a fellow begged to drive a beautiful young girl home. She accepted and got in his little roadster. As they were driving along, he sighed deeply.

"You're beautiful," he murmured audibly. "That golden hair!"

"Thank you," she answered.

"And your big blue eyes. They're beautiful too!"

"Thank you."

"And your lips and pearly teeth!"

She again thanked him. As they rode along he continued to shower her with compliments, but she remained silent. Suddenly she spoke.

"Can you drive with one hand?" she asked softly.

"Sure!" he replied quickly, hopefully.

"Well," she drawled, "wipe your nose—it's running."

Of course you may not hope to attain the degree of objectivity of the young lady in our story, but you will find that as you become more interested in the way others act, think, behave, and look, then the less concerned you will be as to whether they are noticing your defects and your errors.

A certain amount of objectivity is essential to reducing feelings of inferiority and self-consciousness.

A feeling of objectivity can help give you more poise and balance. Ethel Merman, who starred in the musical show *Annie Get Your Gun* on Broadway, is noted for her objectivity and coolness. Each night, as part of the second act, she had to shoot a gun into the air. A dead bird would immediately drop upon the stage. One night she pulled the trigger, but the gun failed to go off. Nevertheless, on cue, the dead bird dropped on the stage, the same as always. The audience howled. Ethel Merman calmly picked the bird up, walked up to the footlights, holding it up in the air, and said to the audience, "What do you know—apoplexy!"

*Get Rid of Old Thinking Habits and Attitudes That Hold You Down.* Inferiority is really a way of thinking, a "mind set". It is your mind in low gear. Every person is controlled by mind sets which make it difficult for him to think or move in any but a set manner. Take the blinders, and the binders off, and shake off your old mind sets. Slough off your old thinking habits and attitudes that make you feel unworthy. Replace these depressing and crippling thought patterns with new and more vigorous ones.

The extent to which negative thinking habits can affect one's personality is shown in the story of Loretta as she tells about her black umbrella.

I was not really conscious of being different from other children until I was twelve years old. Then we moved to another section of the city. My first day at the new school a youngster pointed at me.

"Look at the new girl with the crooked back!" she shouted.

The next morning it rained and I left the house carrying a huge black umbrella. Suddenly that umbrella was the answer to my problem. It would hide my back. No one would guess my secret. After that the umbrella was always with me. My mother would watch me leave each day with what heartache I can only now imagine.

Every week I went to the doctor's for treatment. One time

he asked, "Loretta, how would you like to come a little earlier next week and visit with my children Joan and Eddie?"

The following week Joan and Eddie were waiting for me. When the doctor came for me I was in the yard playing tag, the umbrella forgotten. But as I followed him into the office, I snatched it up from the ground.

The doctor sat down, smiled, then pulled me to his knee. "Loretta," he began, "I've heard something that surprises me very much. I've heard that you are the most conceited little girl in the whole city."

I went scarlet. "Oh, no, Doctor," I protested, "not I. I *couldn't* be."

"No, my dear," the doctor continued gently, "you must be the one. Whenever you walk out of the house, you think: Everyone is looking at me."

"Oh, no. I don't think that," I pleaded.

"Then tell me this, Loretta, why do you always carry that umbrella?"

I hung my head.

"Now," he went on, "there is something I want you to do for me. I want you to leave that umbrella here. Tomorrow come back and tell me whether people looked at you."

I nodded. Very slowly I picked up the umbrella and laid it on his desk.

I walked down the steps, shrinking into my coat. After a few minutes I realized that no one was looking at me. I wasn't important at all. For the first time in months I was without that ugly encumbrance, and *no one was looking at me*. In that one swift moment I was freed for all time.

*Does Your Personality Have the Magic Ingredient?* A story tells of Jack, the Dragon Killer, who was given a "magic word" that made him invulnerable. He could slay dragons galore, without ever getting a dragon's fang in him. His success was due to his exclusive ownership of the magic word.

One day, as Jack ventured out to kill a particularly old dragon who was already on her last dragon's legs—and was already prepared to meet her maker when she heard that Jack

was on the way to slay her—he forgot the magic word! Sad to relate, the old dragon was able to reverse the tables, and plant Jack instead.

Would you like to know the magic word that made Jack invulnerable? Its power is still tremendous, and can work wonders in your life too. It can make you invulnerable to the many dragons that beset you in your life. Come closer, and I'll whisper it to you. The word, ladies and gentlemen . . . is C-O-N-F-I-D-E-N-C-E! And a word that can produce greater magic you will never see.

Here is the magic ingredient of all human personality—confidence: faith in oneself, faith to do, and faith to succeed. If you do not believe in yourself, how in the world can you expect anyone else to believe in you? How much faith would you put in your doctor's prescription if he did not believe in it himself, and you knew it?

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.

Thoughts of failure lead to failure; depressed thoughts lead to depression.

How vividly I can recall my first two-wheel bicycle. My father brought it home for my birthday. I was torn between my eagerness to ride it, and my fear of falling off it.

Finally, my father agreed to hold the bicycle as I rode along. "I'll hold it, I'll hold, never fear," he promised.

"All right," I said, "but be sure you don't let go."

I rode along with perfect balance, confident that I wouldn't fall because my father would hold it up from the rear. Suddenly, I became aware that after the first push, he didn't run along with the bicycle at all. I was riding on my own! Then, what do you think happened? Plop—off I went! I expected to fall, and I did. I had no confidence in my ability to balance the bicycle, and so it was impossible for me to do so.

If you have confidence in yourself, you have the courage to venture. Having ventured, you may succeed. Having succeeded, you will get more confidence. Having more confidence, you are more likely to succeed. What a wonderful cycle! Failure breeds inferiority. Inferiority breeds more failure. Which cycle would you rather be in?

Confidence, like enthusiasm, is catching. If you radiate confidence, others will believe in you too. They catch the feeling. It is like measles. Emile Coué originated a philosophy which created a sensation throughout the world about a half-century ago. Couéism is essentially the repetition to oneself of the phrase, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better."

Say it long enough, and you may even get to believe it. Begin to believe it, and lo! you do get better and better.

As you turn the last page of this section, let this thought stay with you.

Here's hoping that "every day in every way you too will grow better and better".



PART THREE

YOUR PROBLEMS OF ADJUSTMENT  
IN RELATION TO YOURSELF





## 7. WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE PSYCHIATRIST COMES

FORTY MILLION ASPIRIN tablets were consumed today alone. And tomorrow, forty million more will be consumed. Five years ago, it took seven million sleeping tablets to put the American people to sleep. Three years ago, it took thirteen million. Today it takes nineteen million sleeping tablets. We are so nervous—so unstrung—so keyed-up.

Think of it—there are seven billion headaches annually in America. That's fifty headaches per head, per annum. Have you had your quota yet?

You may be shocked to learn that the tranquillizer industry alone is a 250-million-dollar industry. Americans are too tense. The sales of tranquillizers, anything but calm, have soared to third place in drug volume. This year the new mental drugs will jump about 150 per cent in retail sales.

You hear a lot about deaths caused by cancer, tuberculosis, polio, viruses—yet *tension*—pure unadulterated tension—kills more people than all these maladies put together. Tension, anxiety, lead to nervous breakdown, heart disease, high blood pressure.

*If you could only be a cow.* If you had the opportunity, would you choose to be a cow? You know, cows are the most contented animals in the world. Of course you wouldn't! Who wants to be a cow? Now think . . . did you ever know a cow that had a neurosis? No. Only people have neuroses. Cows are not beset by conflicts, fears, desires, ambitions, hopes, worries—so they can't possibly break down. Human beings break down.

*Your breaking point.* Every human being has a point beyond which he cannot be pushed without losing his emotional balance. It is conflict and fear in us that cause this loss of emotional balance. A cow can sit in a meadow and contentedly chew on her cud. But life pushes us.

However, it is not the pushing that causes all the trouble. It is our REACTIONS to these experiences of life. One woman can be easily pushed off balance by the death of a loved one—even of her cat. Another person has to be troubled steadily for twenty years before he begins to weaken. What causes one person to be pushed off balance so easily? It all depends on his "I.S." quotient, his inner stability, his emotional balance. When we say "peace of mind"—that's what we really mean, inner stability; that it takes an awful lot to push you off your emotional balance.

Of course everybody has a breaking point. Eventually, depending on the pressures, we could all be pushed off balance. The important thing is that we should have enough inner stability so that we are not too easily pushed off balance.

Now what determines a high breaking point or a low breaking point? Strange as it seems, this depends a great deal upon the kind of parents that you selected in the first place. Infancy and childhood are full of emotional struggles, full of frustrations.

A mother, for example, takes a child out of a warm bed on to a cold seat. The mother is told to make appropriate sounds. Unfortunately it usually has no effect on the child, but it works on the mother! Your adult life is definitely affected by the number and kinds of emotional struggles you had to face in your infancy and childhood.

A child meets frustration not only at home but in school as well. He has to compete with others who are smarter than he is.

A child comes home from school—his mother asks him: "What happened today, Bobby?"

"Herman made a calendar, Harvey made a basket."

"And what did you do Bobby?"

"I vomited!"

Of course the normal person comes through infancy and

childhood relatively unscarred and is therefore able to adjust himself to the demands of his society.

In some societies, it is easier for the average person to be normal than in other societies. Our society today is one of the most difficult there has ever been in which to be normal. There are so many pressures, so many forces pushing and pulling us. For example, we have to battle with and resolve our sex urge in a society that takes no realistic recognition of it and forces us to repress it.

Now take sex education. In my day if we even mentioned sex—my mother would wash our mouths out with soap. There we were all of us going around all day making bubbles!

The new psychology today appears almost to be going the opposite way. "Tell him now—*now—now*, tomorrow he will be three years old!"

I never learned anything about sex from my parents—I learned from the fellows on the corner. I couldn't believe the terrible things they were saying about my father and mother. Well, maybe my father, yes, but certainly not my mother!

One little boy asked his mother: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Her answer was—"What's your business?"

The little boy said: "Benny says Mrs. Shapiro has a baby inside her, is it true?"

Mama's answer was unforgettable. She said: "Don't play with Benny."

If you are ever to understand yourself or others, you must understand one very important thing that applies to all human beings. We are all of us after something. Sometimes we know what we are after. Sometimes we think we know. A great deal of the time we don't know at all. One thing you can be certain of—if we really understood ourselves we would see that every single bit of behaviour, no matter how strange, is directed towards fulfilling some important human need.

All of us have the same basic needs . . . (1) Something to do; (2) Something to love; (3) Something to hope for.

Now remember, it's important. No matter how strangely a person may act, behind his behaviour is a motive, a *searching*

for something to do, something to love, something to hope for. Of course it isn't always easy to explain the behaviour. But whether or not it is explainable, you can be sure there is some motive, some reason, some searching, that is behind it.

For example, during the funeral ceremonies a couple of mourners observed that on top of the coffin lay a beautiful set of golf clubs.

Said one man to the other: "What a tribute to that person. Such a tribute! He certainly must have loved golf."

"I've got news for you," said his friend, "that man still loves golf. That's his wife inside the coffin; right after the funeral he runs off to the golf course!"

Now, listen to this very important statement: *If we could always have complete fulfilment in something to do, something to love, something to hope for—no one would ever break down.* Aye, but there's the rub—the real rub of life. Who can ever expect, let alone hope for, a life of complete fulfilment? Those we love, may not love us; those who love us, we can't stand. We may hate our jobs.

Housewives want careers. Career women want to be housewives. Accountants want to be lawyers. Lawyers want to be actors. Single men want to be married. Married men wish they were dead. Frustration exists for everyone. Rich or poor, money does not end frustration; it just gives you a whole set of new ones.

Now, since frustration exists for everyone, riddle me this. Since we all meet essentially the same kinds and quality of frustrations, why do some people have nervous breakdowns, turn to insanity, live miserable lives, and others go quite merrily on? The answer to that question of course contains the real excitement of studying human beings. The answer to that *why*? Take almost any situation you can name and put ten people into the situation and you will find ten different reactions.

One man, for instance, came home unexpectedly one night and found his wife in the arms of a stranger. When she saw him she looked up and cried "Oh, big mouth is here, now the whole neighbourhood will know!"

The world of the insane is a retreat from reality. A turning

back into a shell-like existence where one does not have to face the problems of living and loving, but can retreat to a shadowy world of dreams where one isn't required to earn a living, to be a mother, to be a father, to graduate, to find a lover, or to live through all the hardships to which our world exposes us.

Here is a clipping from a recent newspaper report that illustrates this type of adjustment:

**"I LOVE BOBBY TOO MUCH TO LIVE"  
HIGH SCHOOL GIRL TAKES OWN LIFE**

DETROIT, Jan. 4 (AP)—"Dress me in a black sweater and grey skirt and leave Bobby's ring around my neck," wrote 15-year-old Donna Joyce today as she sat in the living-room of her home. "Fix my hair the way he likes it," she went on writing. "You know, Mom, with the wave in front. Tell all the kids I said goodbye and wish them better luck than I had.

"All I can say is I love Bobby too much to live without him. When he called Saturday, he said it would be the last time he would see me.

"Please don't hate Bobby for this, for it was my own fault and besides he's a swell guy at heart when you get to know him like I do."

Then Donna put \$10 in an envelope and with it a separate note to the 17-year-old Robert, her high school sweetheart.

"I saved this money for you," she wrote as she again took up her pen. "But since that dream cannot possibly come true, I am giving it to you, for you are always needing it. I hope you and the new girl will get along fine. I won't be needing it now."

The pretty high school freshman then shot herself with a police revolver which belonged to her father Patrolman Herman Joyce, who found her dying in the living-room, a bullet in her chest.

The above illustration shows the results of *fear of living*. If you fail in love, build another! If you fail again, build still another! Do you wish to escape living? Only then can you escape the pain of an unrequited love, the loss of a job, or the vicissitudes of life.

*"A rose that never bursts in bloom cannot turn brown,  
And candles that are never lit cannot burn down."*

Your life must be a continual manoeuvre of adjustment to all sorts of conditions. Your blood maintains an even-temperature of extremes of hot and cold. Whether you are in a below zero climate or in 110° temperature, it maintains a constant even temperature. Your eyes adjust to darkness and light. If you go through a tunnel your pupils contract; if you go into bright sunlight they dilate. Your hearts adjusts to exercise and sleep. The failure to make these adjustments would result in death, wouldn't it? Just so, the failure to make intelligent, constructive, adjustments to your emotional hot and cold, darkness and light, likewise results in unhappiness, breakdown, emotional death.

I said before that the type of parents you had will determine to a large extent the kind and the level of adjustments that you will make. If you come from a Jewish home, you will learn certain types of adjustments. If you come from an Italian home perhaps other types of adjustments. That is why different nationalities seem to react in an almost consistent way to problems.

The Jews and Italians for example rank high in disorders of the emotions. If you go to a mental hospital, you can almost tell by the types of mental illness whether the person is Jewish or Italian. The Irish seem to rank high in psychoses due to alcohol.

St. Peter, sitting at the Golden Gate, greeted one newcomer—"And what is your name?" he asked.

"I'm Mrs. Reilly."

"Oh, you're that good Catholic woman. Come in, Mrs. Reilly. Take off your clothes. Here is a pair of wings—go fly around."

Soon there was another knock. "What is your name?"

"I'm Mrs. Thompson."

"Oh, you're that nice Protestant woman, Mrs. Thompson. Here, take off your clothes—here is a pair of wings—go fly around."

At the third knock, he asked, "What is your name?"

"I'm Mrs. Goldfarb."

"Oh, Mrs. Goldfarb, you're that fine Jewish woman. Put

down your beaded bag—go inside, they are all waiting for you to play canasta!”

There is certainly a mathematics of life. If you overeat, you will get fat—if you undereat, you will lose weight—if you smoke, you will get certain diseases—if you don’t smoke, you will avoid those diseases. If you exercise or do not, there will be effects.

There is a very definite mathematics of life. You are the result of what you do, what you think, and how you adjust. You are the result of all the pressures that have been put upon you, the result of all the education you have ever had, the result of all the friendships you have made, the result of the kind of education your parents gave you, or did not give you.

One man would regularly take callisthenics from an announcer on the radio, who broadcast early in the morning and gave rather detailed exercises.

One morning he said, “Now, stand up straight—raise your arms high—squat low—turn around on one foot, and with the sheer weight of your own body raise yourself to the right and turn at the same time. Now, send me a postcard and tell me the results.”

The man sent in the postcard with one word—“Rupture!”

Similarly, there are ways of life that result in happiness—and ways of life that result in emotional rupture. Happiness for anyone is never automatic. It will never be yours unless you learn how to live. You must learn how to be happy as you learn to read. Enthusiasm is contagious. It spreads and creates more enthusiasm wherever it lands. It is a symptom of being really alive. Don’t be afraid to be enthusiastic, to laugh heartily and easily, to commend strongly and unstintedly—it will make you more attractive.

Now, I know that you have all had physical check-ups. I am sure that you’ve taken—perhaps even on your birthday—a complete physical check-up to see what the condition was of your heart, lungs, respiration. I wonder how many of you have ever had a really good mental check-up. Actually your mental health will affect your physical health. It is therefore very important to keep mentally healthy if you wish to stay physically

healthy. A person does not exist in a vacuum as a pair of lungs, kidneys, and a heart. Our hearts, our lungs, our respiration, our stomachs, are all affected by the kind of thoughts we have, by the kind of adjustments we make, by the kind of life we live.

You even love with some part of your body. "I love you with all my heart"—"I woke up in a cold sweat"—"I was so frightened my hair stood on end." Here are everyday expressions that reveal the truth, that suggest why so many physical ailments have their roots in the emotional life.

I said before that the kind and quality of adjustments you make depends a great deal on the kind of parents you selected in the first place. That is why the best possible gift any parent could ever make to his child is, foremost, to be himself a well-adjusted, well-integrated individual. This sets the stage for later happiness or grief of his children. The Bible says it—"The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children."

I would like now to have you take a little psychiatric check-up. A self-administered mental examination that will indicate the road of life you are taking. If you will check these points—if you will examine them carefully—if you will apply your own adjustments to them as a yardstick, you will have a pretty good indication of how successful you will be in keeping the psychiatrist away. You will have another indication as to how lucky your own children will be in having selected you as a parent in the first place. On the other hand, if you are looking forward to having a perfect nervous breakdown, you might use these as guides in attaining it. Violate each one of them and I can guarantee you a perfect nervous breakdown.

If a person had a problem and he went to a psychiatrist to help him, do you think the doctor would be doing the patient a service if he knew how to solve the problem and told the patient promptly how to do it?—No—never! Actually, what good does it do to help a person solve a particular problem, since life will promptly bring him a dozen more?

The psychiatrist's function is to show the person the healthy way to face not only that particular problem, but all the problems that life will inevitably bring.

The secret, of course, is not learning to solve any one indi-



vidual problem, but to reinforce your inner stability to such a degree that you are then able to face up to the pushings of life—able to face the problems that may come your way, no matter what they may be, without going to pieces. Remember that—that is the great *secret of psychiatry*—building your inner stability—building your personality—building your attitude—building your outlook, in such a way that *no matter what* life brings you—no matter how terrible the pushing may be, you are able to stand up under it—you are able to face it and adjust to it. *This is the most important thing that we can ever learn.*

Now, here are some check points—things that you must study carefully—think about carefully—because they are check points that can help you to improve your inner stability. If you are able to integrate these suggestions with your daily life experiences you will find yourself stronger and more able to face whatever the years may bring you. You will find yourself not so easily pushed off balance—and that, of course, is what everyone wants to do—to develop himself in such a way—to become so mentally healthy that he is able to stand up under the rumblings, the earthquakes, the pushings, of life, without going to pieces easily and quickly.

Of course that is the great art of life, learning how to live well and happily, *despite* problems, not because of an absence of them.

CHECK POINT 1—Unless you believe in yourself, then it is futile to expect others to believe in you. Unless you believe in yourself—unless you have faith in yourself—unless you love yourself—then you will soon be a candidate for a psychiatrist.

One of the greatest cancers of personality is what is commonly called the “inferiority complex”.

It's nice to be liked, and we all want to be liked by others. But beware when you reach the point where you want everyone—just everyone—to like you. You must learn it, and learn it as soon as you can, that it is impossible to please everyone.

Ask someone: “Shall I make this dress shorter?”—There are some who will say make it shorter—some who will say make it longer—and others who will say leave it just as it is. Just try to please all three of them and see what happens to the dress and to you!

A belief in yourself means that you have confidence in your decisions, that you are not too easily swayed by the opinions and pressures of the crowd; that you are able to decide and carry through your decisions, without being constantly tortured as to whether you will please this one or offend that one.

I must tell you a story that has always been one of my top favourites. I read it when I was only eight years old. It was in my elementary school reader. Of course, I didn't appreciate it then as much as I do now, but certainly do appreciate it enormously today.

I hope you will never forget it. It is about a miller and his son, and is right out of Aesop's Fables. Here is the story:

A miller and his son were driving their ass to a neighbouring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met a troop of girls, returning from the town, talking and laughing.

"Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such fools, to be trudging along the road on foot when they might be riding!"

The old man, hearing this, quietly bade his son get on the ass, and walked along merrily by the side of him.

Presently they came upon a group of old men in earnest debate.

"There!" said one of them, "It proves what I was saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle young rogue riding while his old father has to walk? . . . Get down, you scapegrace! and let the old man rest his weary limbs."

Upon this, the father made his son dismount and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children.

"Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several tongues at once, "how can you ride upon the beast while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?"

The good-natured miller stood corrected and immediately took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

"Pray, honest friend," said a townsman, "is that ass your own?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"Oh! One would not have thought so," said the other, "by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!"

"Anything to please you," said the old man, "we can but try."

So, alighting with his son, they tied the ass's legs together and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge that led into the town.

This was so entertaining a sight that the people ran out in crowds to laugh at it; until at last, the ass, not liking the noise nor his situation, kicked asunder the cords that bound him and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river.

Upon this, the old man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, convinced that, by trying to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and had lost his ass in the bargain!

The greatest asset in life is a belief in one's self. With it you can face problems with confidence—with attitudes of success. *There are some people who are so sure they are going to fail we hate to disappoint them*

There are many students in school who, when faced with an examination, wring their hands and cry, "Oh, I don't think I can ever pass. I am sure I am going to fail!" I wish I could tell them about the medical student who had been out on a big party the day before an important examination. When he came to the examination, one of the questions was, "Tell how mother's milk is better than bottled milk."

He wrote, "It's fresher. The cat can't get at it. It's easier to take along on picnics. It comes in such cute little containers." He probably received at least some credit for the answer.

A wise man once said: "The three worst things in the world are: 1. *to go to bed and to sleep not*; 2. *to wait for someone who comes not*; 3. *to try to please and please not*. I would add a fourth—to *try to please EVERYONE*.

There are people who chastise themselves for not achieving success as quickly as they feel they should. Beware of letting ten failures for each success depress your spirits.

Everybody knows that it is bad luck to walk under a ladder. It's worse luck to leap from the bottom rung to the top at a single jump. Things that rise rapidly seldom stay up long; every skyrocket has a stick that falls swiftly. Of course the quicker you can get where you are headed or what you want, the better; but when you get anywhere or anything with little sweat, hold on for dear life. Good things come slowly.

I can never talk about faith in yourself without recalling the story of the Indian who came to Washington as a delegate to the White House education conference, and signed the register at the Mayflower Hotel "X X".

"What does that stand for?" the clerk asked.

"The first 'X'," the Indian said, "represents my name, Sitting Bull, Jr."

"And the second?"

"The second stands for Ph.D."

Now there's a man who had faith in himself!

In connection with confidence in oneself, I have always enjoyed the story of the college professor who told his students, "If there are any dim-wits in the class, please stand up."

After a pause, a freshman rose.

"Do you consider yourself a dim-wit?" asked the professor.

"No," said the lad, "I just hated to see you standing alone."

**CHECK POINT 2**—Perhaps the greatest destroyer of happiness is anxiety and fear. What causes anxiety? Are you ready for the shock? *You! You! You* cause anxiety to yourself. It is your thinking—your poor, illogical, irrational thinking that does it.

We become anxious because we think something is dreadful, when in reality it really isn't. Because we believe something is frightful, horrible, awful.

We think it is dreadful if someone may disapprove of us—"Oh, my God, what will people think of me? What will they say?"

We believe it is terrible if we do not get something we'd like to have. We construe our failing a task as horrible.

Once we think or believe this kind of nonsense we begin to

feel anxious. Belief precedes feeling. The tranquillizers you may take can never get behind the *causes* of the anxiety. That is the trouble with tranquillizers. It may palliate, it may tranquillize but it cannot cure. If you have a headache you may take an aspirin. It only *palliates* the headache. It does not remove the cause which may perhaps be a wisdom tooth or sinus trouble. Similarly, a tranquillizer does not get behind the cause of your anxiety. The result is you keep thinking horrible thoughts and need mountains of tranquillizers.

The only basic solution to anxiety is to get at the thinking behind it and *change the thinking*. This is what psychiatrists help people to do in psychotherapy. This is the only thing that really works. A psychiatrist tries to show a person that the cause of his anxiety lies in himself. It lies in the type of thinking he has become accustomed to.

He thinks sad, then he is sad; he thinks anxiously, he becomes anxious. Tranquillizers get at anxiety the easy way—which is no way at all. It is useless to treat surface symptoms, so long as the underlying cause is still thriving.

Just to show you the danger that attends judging surface symptoms, let me tell you about one mental hospital that has a large lake in front of the hospital. One day one of the patients jumped over the fence into the lake and started to drown. Another patient ran in and pulled him out. The psychiatrist asked him why he did it.

"Why, doctor, this crazy nut can't swim. If I hadn't gone in and pulled him out he'd have drowned!"

"I know, I know," said the psychiatrist, "but *what* made you do it?"

"But doctor, it was the thoughtful, kindly, brotherly, thing to do!"

"I can't understand why you are a patient here," said the psychiatrist. "If you can tell me the same story tomorrow morning then I will personally discharge you."

The next morning he sent for the patient: "Now, just tell me in your own words, what happened yesterday?"

"Doctor, what is there to tell? This crazy nut jumped into the lake and started to drown. I jumped after him and pulled

him out, because if I hadn't he'd have been a dead duck. It was the thoughtful, humane, thing to do. I did it for him, I'd do it for you, I'd do it for anyone."

"That's enough," said the psychiatrist, "I'm impressed. You're discharged! Before you leave, I have something very sad to tell you. Right after you pulled that man out of the lake he hanged himself."

"No, doctor, he didn't hang himself," said the patient. "I did it! I just hung him up to dry him out!"

You see, making a judgment on surface symptoms can mislead you badly.

Here is a rule of psychology: Every person who has a nervous breakdown is a frightened person. Only frightened people can have nervous breakdowns. Only a frightened person can go to pieces. Fear is a terrible thing. It tortures the mind, it can kill your appetite, destroy your health, ruin your life.

A person with a nervous breakdown is a terrified person; an individual who is afraid to stand up to life, and so he runs away from it. The nervous breakdown is an ESCAPE from life. That is simply what it is. It is definitely a running away, an escape from intolerable problems.

The one thing a victim of nervous breakdown must eventually learn is that recovery comes in facing up to his difficulty not in running away from it.

Do you know the tale of the rich man who sent his servant to Bagdad to do some shopping for him? The servant saw the face of Death in the market place. He was terrified and ran back to his master crying, "Please master give me a horse, and let me ride to Samarkand, because today in the market place I saw the face of Death looking for me. He stared at me as if he was waiting to clutch me to his breast." The master gave his servant the horse and bade him godspeed.

That same evening the master was journeying through the market place himself when he, too, saw the Angel of Death. "Why did you frighten my servant today in the market place?" he asked.

"I didn't mean to frighten him," replied the Angel of Death. "I was merely surprised to see him here in the market place at

Bagdad—when I knew I had an appointment to meet him tonight in Samarkand.”

Well, of what are you really afraid? You lost your job? You’ll probably find a better one. You lost your money? You’ll make more. You lost a sweetheart? Good for you—you’ll find a bigger and better one, if you want to.

The brother of anxiety is worry. Worry and anxiety go together like ham and eggs. It is the most common sickness in the world. It is common to all of us. No one escapes the killer—Worry.

There are after all several basic reasons why we worry. For example—we worry because we are not able to do something about the cause of our worry. I remember a man telling me, “The first time I went in an aeroplane, it was a horrible trip: lightning began to strike, a terrible hurricane tossed the plane like a feather. A little old lady got up and said, ‘Let’s all do something religious’. So I took up a collection!”

Fear of the unknown generates a great deal of worry. It is difficult to be afraid of what we know. It is always fear of what is going to happen—of what we are afraid will happen—that causes worry. Indecision can cause tiredness, sleepiness. It is actually better to make a poor decision than not to make any decision at all.

A woman goes shopping for a dress: “Shall I take this one, or shall I take that one—I think I’ll take them both and send them both back!”

Worry will drain you of all your energy. It will make it impossible for you to concentrate on anything else. Worry insists on sapping every conceivable bit of energy that you have available. No matter how you try to submerge it, your problem will always creep to the surface. You can’t forget your worries.

A professor once asked his students to write a composition on the elephant. The English student wrote: *Hunting and Stalking the Elephant*. The German student wrote: *A Bibliography of Research on the Elephant*. The French student wrote: *The Love Life of the Elephant*. The American student wrote: *Raising and Producing Bigger and Better Elephants*. The Jewish student wrote: *Elephants and the Jewish Problem*.

You may have heard it said that alcoholism is a symptom. The alcoholic is a sick person. Every alcoholic is indeed a sick person. He is a victim of fear. He is a victim of fear of failure, a fear of not pleasing, a fear of not succeeding, fear—fear—fear! The alcoholic runs away from himself and his fears through alcohol. That is why alcoholism is considered a symptom.

Alcoholics Anonymous, a wonderful organization, realizes this and in their meetings they get each alcoholic to discuss his life, his problems, his fears, his ambitions, his hopes, his worries. Each person in the group begins to see that he is not alone in having the particular ambitions and frustrations that he has to face. He begins to see that pickling his problems in alcohol is a very poor solution. There is a great deal of wonderful psychotherapy, of grave philosophy, in the slogan of Alcoholic Anonymous. I might call it a great prayer:

*Dear Lord, give me the serenity to live with what cannot be changed. Give me the courage to change what can be changed and the wisdom to know the difference.*

"Joe, how would you like a job at fifty dollars a week to do all my worrying for me?" asked Moe.

"Agreed," said Joe. "When do I get my fifty?"

"That," said Moe, "is your first worry."

Worry is a word known to all. Children and adults alike worry. Of course, an adult does not often worry over the same things that upset children, and vice versa, but the worry-bird is known to all—young and old.

What is worry? Why do people worry? Is it dangerous? How can a worry be killed? This is a list of questions that concerns everyone.

Let's first see what worry really is. Worry is an emotional attitude accompanied by unpleasantness. It is interest paid on trouble before it is due. It is the product of prolonged frustrations, doubt, conflict, and chronic anxiety rooted in fear.

Worry is a thin stream of fear trickling through the mind. If it is encouraged, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained.



Since worry is produced by unsolved conflicts or frustrations for which there is no immediate adaptive behaviour, worry itself is a form of adjustment. Certainly not a constructive or fruitful type of adjustment, but a form of adjustment nevertheless. When an individual is faced with<sup>a</sup> a problem or situation for which an immediate or satisfying solution is not apparent, he adjusts with the activity of worry. A tension is present and is unreduced; result—worry.

What do people worry about? Life itself is a source of worry. People worry about their health, accidents, their position in life, marriage, death, old age—worry, worry, worry, from the cradle to the grave.

“Oh, if only I had done that.”

“Oh, if only I hadn’t done that.”

Fear of failure, fear of criticism, fear of the future, FEAR, FEAR, FEAR! This is the core of all worry.

“Don’t you ever think about getting married?” a girl in her anxious thirties was asked.

“Think?” she answered. “I worry!”

Just as we learn to respond to certain things in life with laughter or tears, so we learn to adjust to trouble with worry. This can become a vicious habit that clings to us, keeping us disturbed, unhappy, neurotic. Worry is a habit—a bad habit—a perverted use of the brain.

A person starts off by worrying indiscriminately about any possible problem. He continues to employ this adjustment in all other life situations.

Often a person will carry with him all sorts of fears—fear of insanity, fear of being found out, fear of social disapproval, fear over sex practices—that prevent him from being a well-adjusted individual. He is constantly exerting tremendous amounts of energy to keep his problem to himself and undiscovered. Since all his energies are drained off by these insistent unresolved fears, he is like a car that has eight cylinders but performs with only three or four because grease and dirt prevent the other cylinders from operating and giving additional power to the car.

We now know that worry is in itself a form of non-adjustive

adjustment, and has its roots in fear. With this in mind, let us see what a person can do to make a more intelligent adjustment.

Popular advice has an unfailing recommendation for the person in a fear conflict. "Forget it," it says.

If you are restless and driven, you are advised not to worry. You are told instead to take a vacation, or change your diet, to get tight, or to have a love affair—even to get married!

Here, however, are five suggestions that are more scientific. If you learn to use this attack in meeting your problems and fears you can count on your worries turning into nothing.

**SET A TIME FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF YOUR PROBLEM.**  
If you put off a painful act, you keep tensions unreduced.

"Oh, I'll speak to the boss tomorrow, and ask him right out if I am going to be laid off."

"I'll do it tomorrow." What a good way to keep yourself in a state of worry! Think about it *now*. What is worrying you? What's the particular problem? Consider it now.

Once there was a rabbi who was most unusual in one respect: he was a prosperous merchant on the side. It chanced that because of misjudgment he staked all his money on a certain business deal and almost overnight become a poor man. Hearing of this, his disciples hastened to his house in order to comfort him, for they expected to find him broken in spirit. To their astonishment they found him serenely absorbed in his studies.

"But, Rabbi," they stammered incredulously, "we cannot understand. Don't you worry at all?"

"Certainly I worry," said the rabbi, "but, you see, God has blessed me with a quick brain. The worrying that others do in a month I can do in an hour!"

Another story that is appropriate to the suggestion of setting a time to consider your problems goes as follows:

Yudel, the wagoner, having banished the bad taste of a long, hard journey with a tot of brandy, was immersed in a plate of borsch.

"Yudel," his neighbour Yankel yelled into the kitchen, "something terrible has happened!"

The wagoner continued to eat with intense concentration.

"Yudel, you idiot," cried Yankel, "prepare yourself for bad news. Something terrible, I tell you, has happened!"

Still Yudel ate, unperturbed.

"Yudel," Yankel persisted, "you poor man! Your wife has just died!"

The news had no apparent effect.

"How can you eat so calmly?" Yankel rebuked him. "It isn't natural."

"Make no mistake," said the wagoner as he looked up from his plate for a moment. "When I finish this borsch, will I give a yell!"

Worry is the symptom or outward expression of an inner fear—repressed or expressed. Unless the fear is discovered and an appropriate adjustment found, the individual will remain in a state of tension and continue to respond by worrying.

CONFIDE IN SOMEONE; CONFESS ALL ABOUT THE WORRY, AND TALK IT OUT. Did you ever take a train trip to some far-off city? Did it ever happen that a stranger sitting beside you began to tell you all the most intimate details of his life? Things, perhaps, that he wouldn't tell his own family? If so, he did this because he knew he could get it off his chest, confide in you, and that you wouldn't be able to double-cross him.

Everyone needs a confidante. If you are married, and have this sort of relationship that enables you and your mate to discuss and talk things over, then you have a wonderful marriage. The man and woman who are able to confide in each other, thus giving each other mutual psychotherapy, can go far in making not only a happy marriage, but contributing to the personality growth of each other.

A worry often becomes trivial when discussed. We feel better after we have told someone our problem.

I shall always remember with amusement a woman who consulted me. First she telephoned:

"You must see me at once, Dr. Banks. I have a terrible problem that you must help me solve. I'll be right over."

Within a half hour a taxi drove up to my office, and this woman rushed in to see me.

She sat down without even removing her hat and coat and

breathlessly related her story. For one hour and five minutes by the clock she talked. I sat back and listened silently for the entire time.

When her story was ended, she jumped up, grabbed my hand, shook it violently, and said, "Thank you, thank you! You've been such a help!"—and dashed out.

I hadn't even said so much as "Peep, peep" in all that time.

**EVALUATE THE CAUSE OF THE WORRY.** Often an anxiety is entirely out of proportion to the cause. It happens all too frequently that a person thinks he is worried about one thing and actually is worrying because of another repressed fear. It is important to be able to face our fear unfalteringly, to take it out of its hiding place, look it over, put a searchlight on it, and decide what to do about it. Refusing to face reality, keeping our fears submerged and in darkness, will only cause the festering and anxiety to grow. A worry kept hidden becomes stronger. Exposed and brought out into the light it dissolves into nothingness.

**GET ADVICE AND SEEK ASSISTANCE.** Most worries are due to inadequate information or the inability to find an effective solution. If only we knew what to do—the right thing—we could solve every single human problem. Everything has a solution, although everybody does not always know the right solution. One who knows may be able to help. Seek other eyes when yours are inadequate.

**DO SOMETHING ACTIVE ABOUT THE CAUSE OF THE WORRY.**

Since worry is a non-adjustive response, any active attitude will tend to reduce it.

"I am so worried about my health," a woman told me.

"Well, why don't you go for a physical examination?" I asked her.

"Oh," she said, "I'm afraid the doctor may find something seriously wrong with me."

So long as you do nothing constructive about the cause of your worry, the fear-worry response continues to exist. To break up the vicious circle of fear-worry-fear-worry, we must do something specific and active about the problem. Take the bull by the horns and decide what can be done—*and then do*

*it.* Remember, worries are like crumbs in a bed: the more you wriggle, the more they scratch!

Today we are not plagued by the fire-spitting dragons of legend and mythology, but there are other kinds of dragons in our modern life. There are dragons that constantly stand in the way of complete fulfilment, that make our nights restless and our days filled with anxiety and remorse. One of these is the dragon of fear.

You cannot get rid of this dragon by hoping or making ineffective attempts to put it out of the way, because it will always return in one form or another to taunt and torture you. This is because the dragon of fear represents something that we know nothing about. But once you learn to go out and meet it face to face, your dragon of fear will vanish.

Shake hands with fear, and no longer will the dragon stand in your path threatening you.

Fear is the root and core of all worry. When we attack the roots, then the pestering weeds will die. To free yourself of fear, you must learn not to be a slave of your fear. The person who refuses to face his inward fears is in exactly the same position as is the victim of a blackmailer. After all, is not fear a perpetual blackmailer—is not the unconscious mind blackmailing the conscious?

“Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.” The suffering which is involved in facing the tyrant of fear once and for all is nothing compared to the lifelong misery of remaining at his mercy.

So long as your fears remain in your unconscious mind, kept there by your reluctance to face your problems honestly, they will continue to multiply, to intimidate, and to threaten.

Don't misunderstand me. I do not claim that you can abolish pain by facing it. All you can do is to abolish or eliminate the fear of pain by calmly accepting its possibilities—and this indeed is a great deal. Sometimes, of course, life presents us with a problem—a painful situation in which all my previous suggestions are of no avail. Should life precipitate you into such a situation, then remember this story:

There was an ancient king who engraved a maxim in his

ring—counsel fit for any man. "Even this shall pass away," it read.

In the very zenith of the king's tremendous power, when his slaves gently waved fans to cool the cheeks of his hundred court ladies, he wisely said, "Even this shall pass away".

Later, the old ruler stood unknown in a public square of a friendly country and musingly read what the sculptor had said of his name and of his fame—and to all of this he whispered, "Even this shall pass away".

At last, stricken with palsy, the old king lay before the Great Gate. He caught his dying breath and sank back to sleep with this prayer: "Even this shall pass away."

What a wonderful philosophy! How true and how practical! It is a thought as old as man, with centuries of experience to prove its worth.

Nothing in life is permanent; everything is transitory. Joy and happiness give way to sadness and gloom. Life is ever-changing. You will know its sweetness and its bitterness. Every day will bring you some trying, some perplexing, problems. But in these hours of care and anxiety, let your mind unconsciously bring forth this bit of ancient wisdom: "Even this shall pass away."

CHECK POINT 3—What you *think* means more than anything else in your life. More than what you earn, more than where you live, more than your social position, and more than what everyone else may think about you.

There are people who decorate the rooms of their mind with awful skeletons, ghosts, and fearful objects. After they are through decorating it, they sit back in utter despair and horror as they view the decorations they themselves have created. Naturally if you decorate the rooms of your mind with lovely thoughts, lovely bright colours, think lovely—you will feel bright. Stop decorating the rooms of your mind with sombre and frightening furnishings.

Beauty, it is said, lies in the eyes of the beholder; happiness too lies in the heart and mind of a person. It exists within yourself. If you feel sorry for yourself—then you will be a sorry sort of person. If you feel life has cheated you, then you will act

cheated. A flower is beautiful only because you think it is beautiful. To someone else it may appear quite ugly.

"But how can I think happy, life has cheated me. I have lost my sweetheart. I have lost my job. Someone I love died. How can I ever be happy again?"

Whenever I hear such talk I think of a visit I once made to a military hospital. As I walked along the wards I came across a young boy who had no legs and no arms. Nevertheless, he sat there typing—typing with a stick in his mouth! He would hit each key with the stick, as he tapped out a composition. I wish some of the complainers could have seen him. There is truth in the old Chinese proverb:

*I had no shoes and complained until I  
met a man who had no feet.*

Did you know that you can never feel a pain anywhere except with your brain? All pains must be reported by the brain. This is the only place where you can feel it. If your brain tells you it hurts—it hurts. Someone can suggest pain to you. This is how hypnotism can cause people to react as though they were under severe pressure or torment by merely suggesting that they are. The brain accepts it uncritically and the person reacts as though he were really being tortured. Every doctor's practice is made up of hundreds of patients who complain of aches and pains that have no basis in any physiological causes. They are caused by painful *thoughts*. They are caused because the person believes he is sick.

I know one woman who ran from doctor to doctor complaining she couldn't sleep because she had a frog jumping in her stomach. Whenever she'd lie back at night she couldn't sleep because the frog would start hopping around and would therefore keep her awake.

The doctors tried to explain to her that it was impossible for a live frog to exist in her stomach, that the stomach would digest it.

"Are you telling me?" she would ask, "I feel it, don't I?"

"Yes, you do," said one wise doctor, "and we will operate."

They took her into the hospital, into the operating room, put

her under anaesthesia, made an actual incision and then returned her to bed. When she came out of the anaesthetic, they had a live frog ready in a jar to show her.

"There it is," they said.

"Oh, I knew it—I knew it! No wonder I couldn't sleep, and no one would believe me."

Well, she took the frog home with her and put it on her mantelpiece. For the first time in years she slept comfortably. She brought all the neighbours in to see the frog and to get proper sympathy.

"Oh, my God," said one neighbour, "no wonder you couldn't sleep, you poor thing—how you must have suffered. I certainly hope that frog didn't lay any eggs!"

I wonder if I need tell you how this story ends?

"Young in heart" is more than just a title of a song. Youth is a state of mind. Happiness is a state of mind. Health is affected by your state of mind.

I like to think of one little lady who went to see a doctor on the East Side in New York City. She expected to find an old, sedate doctor. Instead there was a young, attractive, good-looking doctor. He looked at her and said: "Madam, please go into the other room and remove all your clothes."

"Naked?" she screamed.

"Yes, naked," the doctor answered patiently.

She shyly turned away and said, "Doctor, you first!"

Now there's a woman who had some young ideas.

Your pattern of thinking, your way of looking at life, can keep you young or make you old before your time. You can be turned prematurely grey by fear and worry. There is nothing that can age you faster. Don't worry too much about physical ageing. Youth is truly a state of mind. You can stay young forever if you think young, keep yourself young. You can stay youthful and beautiful—if you think youthfully and beautifully.

**CHECK POINT 4**—A little boy had gone to bed for the evening. As he lay in bed he heard the grandfather's clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—he rushed out of bed—ran to his mother's room and yelled: "Get up everybody! It's later than it has ever been before!"



Whether you are a bookkeeper, window washer, broker, princess or king—in one thing we are all truly equal—we all get the same twenty-four hours a day.

The richest man in the world doesn't get twenty-five hours a day—only twenty-four. Why, oh, why, can't we learn to live life fully, richly, each day without postponing?

"When I am sixteen—when I get to be twenty-one—after I'm married—after my child graduates . . . after my grandchildren grow up—after—later—later!" Stop looking forward to your social security. Enjoy life *today*! It is later than it has ever been before.

I have always thought that social security was like giving a squirrel nuts when he has no teeth. Life is a ball . . . we must make haste before the lamps go out.

No matter what looms ahead, if you can eat today, enjoy the sunlight today, mix good cheer with friends today—*enjoy it* and bless God for it.

Do not look back on happiness or dream of it in the future. You are only sure of it today. Don't let yourself be cheated out of it by constantly postponing.

— The story is told of a man eighty-two years old who confessed to his doctor that he was going to marry a twenty-two-year-old girl.

"I advise you against this," said the doctor. "It'll be very difficult for you to keep such a young girl satisfied. If you insist on the marriage, I suggest that you take in a young boarder."

A year later he met his patient on the street and he said to the old man: "Tell me did you ever marry the girl?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" he said, "and she's pregnant!"

"Oh," said the doctor, with a smile, "that's nice, I see you took in a young boarder."

"Yes," said the old man, "She's pregnant, too!"

The psychologist, Dr. William Marston, once asked three thousand persons, "What have you to live for?"

He was shocked to find that 94 per cent were simply enduring the present while they waited for the future . . . waited for something to happen . . . waited for the children to grow up and leave home . . . waited for next year . . . waited for another

time to take a long-dreamed-about trip . . . waited for someone to die . . . waited for tomorrow, without ever realizing that all anyone ever has is today, because yesterday is gone, and tomorrow exists only in hope.

The truth is that happiness slips us by because we labour under two major delusions:

One of these is that we shall be happy . . . *When*—our schooling is finished . . . when we get a better job . . . when we arrive at a certain income, . . . when our bills are paid . . . when we get a new car . . . when we get married . . . when we get divorced.

The second delusion is that we can buy a ticket or pay admission to happiness. We never seem to learn that wherever we go we take our happiness or unhappiness with us.

Billy Rose has written a story that illustrates this point magnificently. It is an unforgettable story:

"A lady who lives in Montreal recently sent me a story about two sisters. She asked me not to use their names, and, as you will see, the request is reasonable.

"In 1912, a widower in Quebec died and left a small legacy to his daughters, who had been keeping house for him. A week after the funeral, the sisters sat down to discuss their future.

" 'I'd like to travel,' said Louise, the younger one, 'and see some of the places we've read about.'

" 'We haven't enough money for that,' said Miriam.

"That spring the girls rented a small store on the Gaspé Peninsula and stocked it with general merchandise. During the next few years the attractive and enterprising sisters built it into the most popular trading post in that whole neck of the wilderness.

"One day a car with a Florida licence pulled up and a couple of good-looking men came in to buy some canned goods. When they were gone Louise said to her sister, 'Let's close down for a month this winter and go to Miami where it's warm. It might be fun to use some of that lipstick we have in stock.'

" 'People would start trading elsewhere,' said Miriam. . . .

"A decade later the sisters had earned enough money to last

them the rest of their lives. 'What's the use of making any more?' asked Louise. 'Let's sell out and take a trip to California. And after that, maybe Mexico. Who knows—we might meet a couple of fellows we like and get married.'

"'Nobody would pay what the store is worth,' said the elder sister.

"The following year a man did offer to buy them out, but the deal fell through when Miriam insisted on a price more than ten times an average year's earnings. The man opened a store nearby and, for the next five years, the girls worked the clock around to stand off his competition.

"In 1938 their rival went out of business, and when the war boom started up the sisters again enlarged the store. •

"One night two Januaries ago Louise, now in her fifties, set out alone for home. While taking a short cut across a field she slipped and fractured her hip. No one heard her cries and when a neighbour found her in the morning, pneumonia had set in. Three days later she died.

"Miriam never went back to the store again, and her sister's funeral was the most elaborate ever seen in the area—a bronze coffin, and a carved tombstone all the way from Vermont, marked the final resting place.

"That spring Miriam made a strange request of the authorities—she wanted to move Louise's body to California. Permission granted, the coffin was placed on a special plane and Miriam went along to supervise its reburial.

"A few months later she got another disinterment permit. This time the coffin was shipped to Mexico City. The last time my correspondent in Montreal heard of the old lady, the bronze coffin was on its way to Havana.

"And that's all there is to this story, except it seems reasonable to assume that somewhere in the world today an uneasy coffin is resting in a fresh grave, and that not far from the cemetery a rich old lady is rocking away on a hotel porch, wondering what place her little sister would like to visit next."

**CHECK POINT 5**—Complete sanity becomes hard to preserve—hard unless we have a strength deep within us with which to meet life's threats. This strength, however, we can achieve.

Remember it is not so much what happens to a person that makes him what he is—it is how he takes it. Let me tell you a story of six men in a concentration camp.

Six men in a little cell herded together: food is scarce and bitter; there is only one cot among them. For six months, day upon day, night upon night, they never get out. Water is even scarcer. Six men herded together like beasts. How do they take it?

Two go mad. Three grow apathetic and violent by turn. But the sixth one makes up his mind he must find something to keep him steady. Otherwise, he knows that he too will go mad. Hour after hour he sits on a three legged stool with the stub of a pencil writing on scraps of paper. When at the end of six months the door is thrown open for no more reason that it was closed shut, he has with him a book that he has created in his hour on hour of imprisonment. He has taken the experience in his fashion, his companions have taken it in theirs.

You must learn to meet and enjoy challenging events in life. Not to run from them. Remember that behind every mental disorder lies the tyrant—FEAR. Mental illness is a reaction to intolerable fears. It is an escape from responsibility, from challenges. Stagnation and death in life come to him who ceases to rise to the challenges of life. Don't try to avoid challenges, learn instead to welcome them. Remember that success in any game: football, basketball, or the game of life, is measured more by the attitudes of the players than by any reckoning of victories or defeats.

Let me illustrate: One of the most pitiable forms of invalidism is arthritis when it is fully developed. There is an institution in the state of New York, where right now there are two people . . . a man and a woman, almost completely helpless arthritics, who are the most vivid, cheerful, interesting and charming individuals in the place.

On the other hand, I know a beautiful woman whose only child was killed in an accident. She can bear no more children. I wish you could see how she had turned her life into a maze of depression and self pity. She sits for hours crying, and refuses to go out. Her body lives on, but her soul has fainted. Isn't it a

shameful thing for the soul to faint in the race of life while the body still perseveres?

Nellie Revell, one of the great lady newspapermen of all time, after years of hospitalization, started busily to write a book of her heartening life story, "Right Off The Chest". In her book, which she wrote in long hand off her own chest as she lay in a hospital bed, she has included a bit of verse which has since spread comfort to countless wounded and distraught:

*"Courage is not just to bare one's bosom  
To the sabre thrust, alone in daring.  
Courage is to grieve, to have the hurt,  
And to make the world believe you are not caring.  
Courage does not lie alone in dying for a cause.  
To die is only giving.  
Courage is to feel the daily daggers of relentless steel,  
And keep on living."*

The only way we can insure happiness is to train ourselves to be happy in spite of, not because of, what life does to us. When we succeed in doing this, we become wise and useful adults. But there lies the whole paradox of life . . . we come into the world needing to know the things we can't possibly know until we are ready to go out. How does that old Dutch saying go. . . . "Ve grow too soon oldt, and too late schmart".

Nobody wants to grow old, but that is the one blessing that the passing years can bring you, if you are really growing up . . . it can bring you the wisdom and the will to make better adjustments.

CHECK POINT 6—At one of my lectures I once said that the sunshine of the soul was laughter. A man came up to me later and said: "If laughter is the sunshine of the soul then thank you for a lovely tan." I never forgot this compliment, for it was the loveliest compliment I have ever received. A human being cannot live without laughter. Life would surely break him. Laughter is God's antidote for sadness. Like sunshine it is the antidote to darkness. Fill your life with sunshine. It is a tonic for mind and body. It washes out the poisons of anxiety and

depression. It makes it possible for you to bear the burdens that life brings to us all.

To an insane person—his problems appear insurmountable. To a suicide his problem is insoluble—that's why he turns to suicide, it is the only answer. If they only knew it, every problem has a solution. If only they would seek it. With a sense of humour it is easier to find solutions. A wit once said: God gave man imagination to make up for what he is not—at the same time he gave man a sense of humour to make up for what he really is.

A Philadelphia schoolteacher once took her children to the zoo to see the monkeys. When they arrived, there wasn't a single monkey to be found.

She asked the guard: "Where are all the monkeys?"

"Why, this is their mating season, Madam. They are all back in their cages."

"Oh," she said, "the children will be so disappointed. Do you think if we threw peanuts—they would come out?"

"I don't know, lady," he said, "would you?"

You may not think of a comedian as a physician, but when they are able to make people laugh . . . especially at themselves . . . then they are ministering to mental health.

The prescription may taste so good that we take it just for the fun of it. But for our frantic century, there are very few mixtures on your druggist's shelf which compare in value and effectiveness with an evening of laughter.

You will have earned a gold star on the honour roll of life, when you have learned life's greatest lesson. . . . God's dearest blessing is a sense of humour.

The ability to laugh at yourself, not take yourself too seriously, will be your staunchest friend. It will prevent you from being pushed into a neurotic or psychotic state.

I wonder if you could be like one sailor from Boston. His mother wrote to him during the height of the war, requesting that he write and tell her where he was.

"Dear Mother," he wrote, "Military secrecy prevents me from telling you where I am, but it is perfectly all right for me to tell you that I just shot a polar bear."

A month later she received another letter:

"Dear Mother: Military secrecy still prevents me from revealing where I am stationed. But I can tell you that I am dancing with a hula-hula girl."

Several weeks later another letter arrived.

"Dear Mother:

I am in the hospital. I can't say why, but I can tell you that it would have been better if I had danced with the polar bear, and shot the hula-hula girl!"

\*Ladies and gentlemen: I make you a toast. . . .

May you live as long as you want . . . and may you laugh as long as you live.

To grow old means merely to age. To grow up means to become better, wiser, more intelligent in dealing with the same or similar problems. You can grow old, or you can grow up. It is really up to you.

Physically, every one of us in the course of time reaches his limit, but mentally and emotionally and spiritually no man can tell where the bounds are.

There are some who pray nightly, "Oh God, keep life's difficulties from my door. Lead me not into temptation."

It is very doubtful if you can ever attain any secure happiness by running away from temptation, pain, disappointment, disillusionment or hardship. These things must be faced by all human beings. This is life. What we need is not freedom from difficulties or temptation, but a serene fortitude in the face of disappointment and hardship.

If you evade all unpleasantness in your life, your happiness is placed in a very unstable equilibrium by the constant dread that some disappointment is just around the corner.

If you have faced pain and disappointment, then not only will you value your happiness more highly, but you are better prepared to meet and handle the next stumbling block in the road of life.

There may be human vegetables who have succeeded in avoiding unhappiness and pain, but they cannot be called mature personalities.

A mature personality expects and is ready for the hardships

of life, as well as its joys. He may become depressed when things don't go right, but he doesn't lose his sense of values.

Can you be like the fellow who was walking down the street in a state of deep melancholia?

He met a friend who said, "I see you are very depressed. Now, why don't you do what I did? The other night I was very depressed. I went home, sat on the couch with my wife . . . she made ardent love to me, and that snapped me right out of it. Why don't you do the same?"

"O.K.," said the fellow, "call up your wife, and tell her I'll be right over."

Your worst enemy is blindness . . . ignorance . . . turning away from reality.

Human beings fear to face themselves. Yet if we are to rid ourselves of troubles, we must do this very thing. As we face realities, we will find they are not so painful after all.

We need to understand what human beings want, what they are seeking, what their deep motivations are. We will need to look upon some of their common frailties. We will need to interpret all these insights in terms of ourselves.

Thus we will become stronger and more valiant . . . our troubles will diminish . . . life will become a more challenging adventure.

*Most of the shadows of this life are  
caused by standing in our own sunshine*

EMERSON



## 8. HOW TO LIVE A SANE LIFE

HE LOOKED UP at the doctor with sad eyes. He was very depressed. "What you need," said the doctor, "is some good entertainment to cheer you up. Why don't you go to the Music Hall tonight? There's a wonderful clown performing there. He'll cheer you up for certain."

"But, Doctor," replied the patient sadly, "I'm the clown."

The art of living is indeed the most important and the most difficult art in the world. And if we are ever to live artfully, there are certain things we must learn, and certain things we must do, or we may find ourselves in the same position as the clown.

Are you hoping that life will present you with continuous joys and rewards on a silver platter? And when it doesn't, do you feel resentful and unhappy? Then perhaps you may be interested in one undertaker's circular:

Why live and be miserable  
When you can be buried comfortably  
For three hundred dollars?

Ask six different people what they think is the most precious single ingredient for a happy life, and you will get six different answers.

One says: "Health! That's what you need. If you have health, then you have everything." But don't you know healthy people who are unhappy?

A second says: "No, it's money! That's what you must have—money!" (I know one girl who says "I'm looking for a fellow with blue eyes and green backs!")

A third says with a sigh: "Love! If only I had love . . ."

Others say: "Power", "Fame", "Talent".

Just to show you that you can have money, fame and power, and still be an unhappy person, I want to tell you a story about *Mr. Roberts*. *Mr. Roberts* was one of the most successful shows ever to be produced on Broadway. It earned \$92,000 in royalties alone every eight weeks for its author. Its author? Thomas Heggen. Brilliant, twenty-eight-year-old Thomas Heggen—attractive, healthy, talented, rich, and famed! Yet, Thomas Heggen was found dead—a suicide—in his duplex penthouse apartment. It is believed that when he learned his sweetheart married another, he decided to end it all. Thomas Heggen may have had many material things, but he lacked the most precious ingredient—an untroubled heart—a peaceful heart that lets you enjoy what you have got.

Some seek happiness by running from one night club to another to find the gaiety that is not in their hearts. They remind me of a little chipmunk I once saw. He was a cute little chipmunk locked up in a little round cage which was mounted on a rod, and which turned round and round, as the chipmunk ran all day long inside his little cage. It always fascinated me to watch how much running the chipmunk did, and yet always—always remained in the same spot!

How like this chipmunk are so many of us. We run here and there trying to find—"happiness", that elusive will o' the wisp—happiness! But wherever you may look for it, there's only one place, after all, where it can be found: *inside yourself*. That's where it *must* be found, if indeed it will ever be found at all.

Just as a traveller who starts on a journey will have a better journey if he knows what roads to take, and which to avoid, so every human being can have a more successful journey through life if he learns which adjustment patterns are bad, and which are good. Have you learned?

Every new year of life carries with it certain rewards and certain responsibilities. At six we have the freedom of childhood, without the worries of middle age. But we have not the same privileges that we shall have at a later period of life. At middle age we can harvest the joys of family life, and take advantage

of what we have built for ourselves in the years before, but we have lost something of the carefree feeling of childhood.

Life is very much like a scales that is constantly seeking a balance. What we lose on one side, we gain on the other. Who is to say which side is more important. The innocence of youth is replaced by the sophistication of maturity. The moth becomes the butterfly. Was he better off as a moth?

Every point of life is a step forward that brings us new and different responsibilities, joys, and problems. We must be willing to leave our toys behind and grow up to the demands of our new scene.

The key to good living is to be prepared for the hardships as well as the joys brought by each step forward. No looking back, no longing sighs to return to "the good old days", no immature clinging to the past.

Is it not a shocking thing that the greatest number of people who break down are between the ages of twelve and thirty? The mental hospitals are filled with boys and girls, young men and women, who have failed to face the responsibilities of their age with courage and with optimism. They have fallen apart under the pressures of life. They wish to return to the protecting arms of their mother, they long to be infants again, free from the demands of their ever-pressing environment.

It is even more shocking to see how many have mental and personality breakdowns between the ages of twelve and twenty. Why? Because this is an age when the world begins to make its demands—graduate . . . find a job . . . be successful . . . get married . . . be a mother . . . be a father . . . be more successful . . . earn money . . . earn more money . . . pay taxes . . . vote . . . make choices . . . and a home . . . support that home . . . be more successful . . .

It is too much, and the flight from reality begins. The flight into the protection of a mental illness—a flight into a dream world that is kinder and that makes no demands.

Health and sickness have their symptoms. Let's see what they are. You may find that you've been happy all these years, and didn't know it! Let us examine, then, just how a happy person acts.

Do you remember the story of the dying king, whose physician stated gravely that he would never recover unless he could wear the shirt of a happy man. Couriers were sent all over the land in their efforts to find a happy man. After much searching the king's couriers finally located a happy man. But alas, he had no shirt!

Personally, I do not like the word "happy". It suggests so many foolish things. To be happy, doesn't mean that you get up each morning, throw your hands to the sky and yell—"Oooh hoo hoo am I happy!!!! I feel like skipping, jumping, and strewing daisies all over the place." I don't think you're happy if you act like that. I think you're crazy!

A better word is "well-adjusted". This does not suggest that to be considered a happy person you must have an eternal song in your heart, or a grin on your face. It means that you have worries, fears, anxieties, problems, difficulties—but that you know how to face them with courage, bear them with patience, and deal with them intelligently.

To be well-adjusted means that you know how to win with modesty and how to lose with courage. Of the two, the latter is the more important. It takes no great ability to remain well-adjusted if life is good to you. The measure of a man is in the kind of adjustments he makes when life deals him a 'nasty blow.

"How a man plays the game shows something of his character. How he loses shows all!"

The secret of a good life lies not in the number of joys, or even the number of sorrows that come into it—but in the way both the joys and the sorrows are met.

A lawyer received a frantic telephone call from a client who'd been convicted of murder and sentenced to the chair.

"You told me not to worry," the prisoner screamed. "You said they'd never electrocute me! But they've shaved my head and slit my pants leg! They're leading me to the chair! Tell me, what should I do?"

"My advice to you," said the lawyer gravely, "is don't sit down."

Don't forget it—you *learn* to be happy. No one is born happy

any more than he is born clever, polite, refined, criminal, or educated. Any child can be so brought up that he will never be able to leave his drab level of existence except for a few temporary joys. Or a child can be so brought up that even a dungeon will not be able to shut the sunshine out of his life.

We learn our patterns of adjustment just as we learn how to play the piano or how to dance. That's why the best break that a child gets in life is when he selects good parents!

\* They tell of one mother who, whenever her son did anything wrong, hit him over the head with a French loaf. Every day—bang! One day when a neighbour walked in, she was hitting him with a cake. "What happened to the bread?" he asked. "Oh," she replied, "today's his birthday!"

Let's take a specific case of how one child learns to make his adjustment.

Here is a little boy who fails in arithmetic. Now this requires an adjustment. Of course, he can study more and try harder, but it's amazing what other type of adjustments he may attempt to make instead.

"Arithmetic," he sneers, "who needs arithmetic? Someday I'll be rich, and I'll have adding machines. I don't need arithmetic. That's for sissies."

Or—he may say to Mama: "Mama, do you know why I'm failing? The teacher hates me. That's it, she hates me!"

Here's another case. A little boy comes to his mother and says, "Mama, give me a penny".

"No pennies today," she declares.

"I'll hit my head against the wall," he threatens in a temper.

"Oh, all right, here's your penny. Now get out."

Mama says it was worth a penny to get rid of him. But see what has happened. The temper tantrum is a successful adjustment. It has been rewarded. Now he will use it again. Look at him twenty-five years later, when he is married, and his wife won't agree to his requests. Now instead of hitting his head against the wall, he just picks up a dish and hits her over the head! The same adjustment with a new look!

If Mama had only taken him into the "special wall-hitting

room," pointed out the spot where she preferred to have him bang his head, and then left, do you think he would have done it? Of course not. Not unless he's a moron! Now that this particular adjustment has failed, he must drop it, and think up another adjustment. And think up another he surely will. The next day, when thwarted, he is ready. "I won't eat! And if I don't get my penny, I'll throw up regularly too!"

Over-protection is just as bad as under-protection. If a child is prevented from meeting the problems of life which he should normally meet at every stage of his life he is less equipped to successfully meet the challenges of the following stage.

One mother finally took her beloved little Claude to school. She entered the classroom with him, and gave the teacher a whole list of instructions which she was to follow in taking care of little Claude. "Never hit Claude," said Mama to the teacher. "He's very sensitive. If he does anything wrong, just slap the boy sitting next to him. That'll frighten Claude!"

I remember a heart specialist who told me about one of his patients—a middle-aged woman who had started complaining of severe heart attacks, accompanied by much pain.

The doctor, an excellent heart man, said to me, "This woman is a very interesting case. Despite all her painful heart attacks, she has the healthiest heart I have ever seen. Why, her heart is so healthy, it will probably live ten years after she's dead!"

Why then was she having these heart attacks? Was she faking? Not at all. She suffered real pain—very real indeed. Perhaps you will be able to understand this case a little better if you know that this woman was a widow—a widow with an only son. Her son was more than just a son—he was a lover, a companion, a confidante, a husband, a friend—her everything! Now the boy was in love, about to be married and to move away. But how could he move away and leave Mama all alone, now that she was so sick and couldn't be left behind? HMMMMMMMM?

The heart attacks are really a scream from within, a scream that cries out: "Don't leave me. Please don't leave me. I'm growing old. . . . I have no one else but you. . . . I've sacrificed my entire life for you. . . . Who will take care of me . . . who

will comfort me . . . I don't want to be alone. . . . I can't be alone. . . . See how sick I am . . . see how I suffer . . . pity me . . . be sorry for me . . . take care of me. . . . Don't leave me." That's what the heart attacks are really saying! They are an adjustment, or more exactly a maladjustment, to a situation that is beyond solution (or so she thinks) for this lonely and frightened woman.

If a baby cries and Mama thinks he cries only because he wants to be picked up and played with, she says, "Oh, let him cry it out, he only wants me to pick him up". But if she thinks that he is teething or that he is in pain, just see the difference. She picks him up tenderly, pats him, and coos, "The poor thing, he's teething!"

How easy it is for us to learn that if we tell the truth about our fears we will be ridiculed and ignored. But if we turn them into physical aches and pains, we not only escape the ridicule but we get sympathy in addition. No one wants to be called "cowardly", "weak", "Oh, you're just a coward; come on, don't be a sissy". And so, the pattern that teaches us to convert our emotional disturbances into physical aches and pains is set early in life.

The more life threatens, then the more aches and pains.

I never met a really well-adjusted person who consistently complained of his health. Frustrated, disappointed failures in life turn their disillusionment and fear into physical symptoms that will not only excuse their failures, but will get them a little sympathy and attention. Did you ever notice two women who begin to speak of their operations?

"Is that all you had—ten stitches? Why, you should see my scar—from head to foot!"

Concentrating on your body is a bad thing anyway. The body and its organs are not meant to be concentrated on. As a matter of fact, the more you think about any particular function of the body the more likely it is to give you trouble. Would you like to try a little experiment on this tonight? When you go to bed this evening, concentrate on the way that you are breathing. You will soon see that it is simply impossible to continue to breathe. You don't know whether you should

breathe in or out. Concentrate on which foot to move next while you're dancing, and you'll soon be dancing with your hands.

I have always felt that children should never get the toys and the sympathy that they do when they are ill. I am for giving them the toys and attention when they are well. I don't think we should make illness pay rewards by reserving our affection for someone when he is sick. We learn too soon to turn to sickness when we are lonely and need affection. There is nothing conscious about this whole process of course, which is what makes it so interesting, and at the same time so difficult to treat. How can you cure something that you are unaware of? If it hurts, it hurts! "Wasn't it foolish of that young doctor to say that there's nothing wrong with me—it's all mental! Ridiculous! How can a pain that I feel in my chest be mental? I feel it, don't I?"

Would you be surprised if you were asked to consider the possibility of insanity as a "protection"? When you meet a problem in life, you may either fight or take flight. The flight may be a neurotic one, or it may be a psychotic one.

Have you ever watched a turtle crawl across a surface? Hit the turtle lightly and see what happens. Notice how he stops stark still, and pulls himself into his shell, away from a cruel, and what may turn out to be a very painful, world of reality.

The world of the insane is a retreat from reality. A turning back into a shell-like existence where one does not have to earn a living, to be a mother, to be a father, to graduate, to find a lover, or to live through all the hardships to which our world exposes us.

How do you look at life? One of the essential ingredients of a happy life is to be able to face daily problems with courage and an optimistic attitude.

Optimism is a mentally hygienic way of "looking at life". I like the story that is told of one town that had an incurable optimist. No matter what happened, he looked on the bright side, and it finally got on the neighbours' nerves. One cold winter night his wife ran away with his worst enemy, taking all his money, and burning down the house before she left.

At last the townspeople were sure the man couldn't find any-



thing to be thankful for. Curiously, they watched him as he got ready for bed at a kindly neighbour's house. Solemnly, the optimist got down on his knees, and they heard him say happily, "Thank God, I'm not a bigamist!"

Of course, anyone who tells you that life "is just a bowl of cherries", is as much a liar as the one who says it is nothing but hardship and suffering. The truth perhaps lies in these four lines:

This world that we're a livin' in  
is mighty hard to beat;  
You get a thorn with every rose,  
But ain't the roses sweet!

The most important thing that keynotes a truly happy person is his outlook on life.

The story is told of the kindhearted woman who took a group of children to the circus at Madison Square Garden—children who were either blind, or deaf and dumb. On the way home one of the blind boys said to her, "Gee, I felt sorry for those deaf children. They couldn't hear the band or the lions roar, or the clapping of the crowd. They couldn't even hear the elephants clump by."

One young lady came to see me and asked, "Dr. Banks, do you think I'll be happy when I'm married?"

"Well, tell me," I asked, "are you happy now?"

"Sometimes I am, and sometimes I'm not," she replied.

"Well, my dear, that's just the way it's going to be when you're married!"

Why is it that so many people believe that marriage changes the fundamental type of personality you are. If you are neurotic and miserable before marriage, you will be just as neurotic and miserable after marriage—with one exception—you will now make *two* people neurotic and miserable!

Speaking of outlook on life, one man went to a psychiatrist and said, "Doctor, my wife is crazy!"

"Now what makes you say that?" asked the doctor.

"Because she keeps sixty cats in the house—sixty cats."

"Well, maybe she likes cats. That doesn't show she's crazy."

"But Doctor—all in the living-room?"

"Still doesn't show she's crazy."

"But Doctor, I just can't stand it. Sixty cats, the windows closed, why the smell is just terrible!"

"Well, why don't you open the windows?"

"What!" screamed the man, "and let my pigeons fly out?"

To grow old means merely to age. To grow up means to become better, wiser, more intelligent in dealing with the same or similar problems. You can grow old, or you can grow up. It is really up to you. Who derives from life the greatest satisfaction? Those people who grow, and make each day contribute to their growth, not to their age. Is there any greater satisfaction than to grow and to know that you are growing, and never to cease growing while life lasts?

As you balance your life accounts, do you find that you are just a little bit higher on the hill than you were yesterday? What does it mean to grow up anyway? Growing involves outgrowing. Just as you outgrow your old clothes and grow up to new and larger garments, so all of life, when you live it for the best that it can yield, is a never-ending process of outgrowing.

Have you outgrown your old conceptions, your old prejudices, your old reaction habits, and have you grown up to others that are truer and better?

What you believe today you may not believe tomorrow. What fits our situation now may not fit as well next year. Stagnation is death, but life is change; it is not static, but dynamic, and constantly flowing. It may become dammed up for a while, but it must sooner or later start flowing forward again; it cannot be held back for very long.

The human personality can never find lasting satisfaction except as it develops the higher possibilities that are open to it. Are you the same as you were five years ago? You should be something more, something bigger.

You should not even be what you were a year ago. Are your thoughts a bit more comprehensive? Are your judgments and endeavours more constructive? Have you better control over your emotional life?

If your answer is yes, then you have grown. Have you lifted yourself up out of some of that littleness which characterized you once? Is your answer yes? Then your mind is in better balance. Do you look at the happenings of life and at your power of meeting them, and dealing with them, in a larger and more meaningful way than you did even one year ago? Then your assets are increasing. You are growing up instead of growing old.

One great and comforting thing in life is that as long as we live we have the privilege of improving our values, changing our emphasis on this or that, and of constantly growing--growing better, not older.

We can learn new skills, engage in new kinds of work, devote ourselves to new causes, make new friends, and form new and better values.

Accepting then the truth that we are capable in some directions, and limited in others, let us remember also that we can and must change ourselves. The man who believes he is perfect would have nothing to live for. Until the day of our death, we can grow, we can mature, we can improve and continue to tap hidden resources in our make-up. Physically, every one of us in the course of time reaches his limit, but mentally and emotionally, and spiritually, no man can tell where the bounds are.

There are some who pray nightly. "Oh God, keep life's difficulties from my door. Lead me not into temptation." It is very doubtful, though, if you can ever attain any secure happiness by running away from temptation, pain, disappointment, disillusionment, or hardship. These things must be faced in the lives of all of us. What we need is not freedom from difficulties or temptation, but a serene fortitude in the face of disappointment and hardship. If you evade all unpleasantness in your life, your happiness is placed in a very unstable equilibrium by the constant dread that some disappointment is just around the corner. If you have faced pain and disappointment, then not only will you value your happiness more highly, but you are better prepared to meet and handle the next stumbling block in the road of life. There may be happy human vegetables who have

succeeded in avoiding unhappiness and pain, but they cannot call themselves mature personalities.

A mature personality expects and is ready for the hardships of life, as well as the joys. He becomes depressed when things don't go right, but he doesn't lose his sense of values.

Mental health is not something that springs up overnight. It is something you must work to attain. It is the result of effort, knowledge, and continuous striving to develop the kind of personality that you would like to have.

Personality is not a static thing—it is ever-changing. If you would change for the better, then you must apply yourself to an understanding of the great rules of good living, and how to use them more effectively in your own life.

A way of life is not inborn, found, or given as a gift from mother to son, but is something that you must develop. One great and comforting thing in life is that as long as you live you have the privilege of growing. You can learn new skills, engage in new kinds of work, devote yourself to new causes, make new friends.

Of course, you must be realistic, and accept the truth that you are capable in some directions and limited in others. Don't let this discovery give you anxious feelings of inferiority. This is the way it should be.

Until your last days you can grow, and in growing tap hidden resources in your personality. Life can be a challenging and interesting game, or it can leave you with many psychic scars. Toughness or weakness is all in the attitude of the player.

Just as there is a road to sane living, there is also a road to insane living. Every one of us needs to learn for himself how to take and follow the right road. We need to learn how to recognize the signposts of a healthy journey, and to know the dangerous curves and byways before it is too late. These are all things that need to be learned. We cannot expect that anyone will be born knowing how to live life well, any more than he is born knowing how to correctly follow a route from one city to another without learning how.

Mental health, let me repeat, is not an automatic thing. It is

not a gift, it is an achievement. It is the result of constant effort to learn and apply to life situations the rules of mentally hygienic living.

The more you invest in learning how to live well, the more likely you are to attain a better and more rewarding life.

## 9. HOW TO MAKE MORE EFFECTIVE LIFE ADJUSTMENTS

ISN'T IT A remarkable thing that practically all of the things we worry about are not things that are happening today, but "are about to happen"? You can throw off a tremendous burden that you are carrying about needlessly, if you will apply one important principle for better living. Here it is:

Meet today's problem today, and tomorrow's problem tomorrow—not today! Don't pay interest on trouble before it is due.

I wonder what a girl applying for a job as a stenographer would do if she could be ushered into a room where she would be shown, stacked high up to the ceiling, the thousands and thousands of letters she will have to type in the next ten years. "All that? I quit now!" is what she would probably exclaim.

Life for too many people is overwhelming, because they make it so. Some people insist upon carrying the weight of yesterday's troubles, today's problems, and tomorrow's decisions, all on their shoulders at one time. Yesterday's troubles are over. You should have learned from them, and forgotten them. Tomorrow's decisions do not yet have to be made. Today's problem should be your primary concern. How much easier and happier will be your years ahead if you will face life with this attitude.

Can you remember how worried you were while still a little child in grade school about whether you would be able to do "the hard work" in high school? Did you then worry in high school, whether you would ever be able to understand the "hard work of college"? Of course you did, and how futile the worry

was (or was it?). Yet if only you could have lived with each problem as it arose in your life, rather than anticipating it, and worrying through each anticipation.

A wholesome life, while it prepares for any eventuality, lives in the present. It is foolish and wasteful of human energy to concern oneself unduly with what tomorrow will bring, or to sit and regret the errors of our foolish yesterdays. If you must worry, at least worry about what is happening today.

Dr. Arlitz tells of a woman who really knew how to live according to this principle. One day as he answered the telephone in his office, he heard an excited female scream, "Oh, Dr. Arlitz, my husband had been dozing on the davenport, and has just swallowed a mouse which jumped into his open mouth. What shall I do?"

"Get a piece of cheese—any kind will do—wave it over his mouth and keep doing that until I get there," he replied.

When Dr. Arlitz reached the house ten minutes later, he found the patient, reclining on the couch, his mouth still open, and the hysterical wife waving a smoked herring over her husband's mouth.

"I told you cheese, not herring," insisted Dr. Arlitz, "to lure the mouse out."

"I know you did," answered the wife, "but I've got to get the cat out first!"

"Enjoy yourself . . . it is later than you think," is the theme of a popular song.

But how many people know how to enjoy themselves? It is a real art to know how to get a little fun out of life. It is an art that some people never seem to be able to learn.

Aren't you acquainted with those who are so full of fears, so afraid of making mistakes, that they never adventure at all? Naturally, if you don't enter the race, then you can't lose.

To be happy while you are alive, you must learn to take a chance, to laugh, and to have the courage to explore the new opportunities that wait around the corner.

Life without adventure is a pallid life indeed. It is better to have adventured in life, and made mistakes, than to have petrified in mind and body.

"Security" is not always an asset. It can sometimes be a noose around your neck. I know a very competent and intelligent young fellow, for example, who happened to land a civil service job. He earns just enough to keep him tied to the "grindstone of security", and he is prevented from seeking the type of employment that will make the most of his talents. I choose to think that "security" in his case is a noose.

Sometimes the best friend a man can have is not security, but the proddings of a hostile environment that will bring out the best in him. After all, when you look around you, who but the dead know complete security?

A really happy person knows that one of the secrets of good living is to be able to get as much as you can each day out of your work, your play, your study. Don't fear change. Seek it. Don't give undue emphasis to security. It is a highly overrated asset. Accept the challenge of life—adventure, experiment, explore, make mistakes, and learn by them. Don't sit and bemoan your errors; don't become a victim of regret and remorse. You have tried, you have explored, you have learned. Isn't that worth something?

Think back on that last time when you were filled with enthusiasm and excitement about a project you were about to tackle. How much did it take to get you discouraged, and you dropped your plans? Discouragement and failure go hand in hand. They are twins.

Without the precious ingredients of enthusiasm and confidence practically nothing is ever accomplished. Everything that starts with a dream must be backed with a substantial amount of enthusiasm and persistence. The trouble with so many of us is that our enthusiasm remains high only so long as we are successful. The moment failure or frustration crosses our path, we respond with discouragement and our beautiful dreams disintegrate. There are too many dreams that turn to ashes in this fashion, and never become realities.

The story is told of a wise father who wanted to show his little boy what happens when discouragement begins to attack the roots of our ambitions. He showed him an experiment with a magnifying glass and a newspaper. He gave the boy the



magnifying glass and asked him to move it over the paper. When the little boy moved the glass from one place to another, nothing happened. But when he held it motionless in one spot, for a while, focusing the sun's rays, a hole appeared. The little boy was fascinated, but did not grasp the significance of the procedure. His father explained that the same principle applies to everything we do. To make a success of our lives, we must learn to concentrate all our efforts on the undertaking in hand, until it is finished. Sometimes, just as we are ready to give up, the solution to our problem will offer itself, just as the hole appears in the newspaper. Whenever you are confronted with discouragement, and sorely tempted to throw your project overboard, I hope you will recall this little experiment, and ask yourself whether you "have focused the rays" long enough.

An eighty-year-old man was once asked to what he attributed his longevity. "To good habits, to getting to bed early, and to no smoking or drinking," he replied.

"That's funny," said the first man. "My uncle did all those things, yet he died at fifty."

"That's just the trouble," commented the octogenarian. "He didn't keep it up long enough!"

Nothing in life that is worth having is easy to attain. Some things may come easily, but most things require concentrated effort, persistent attack, and freedom from discouragement. If it is worth having, a thing is worth fighting for. Don't throw in the sponge too soon.

Where would we be today if Thomas Edison had given up after his first one hundred failures to find a solution to the incandescent lamp? He persisted and persisted, and eventually won.

Did you ever read the biography of a famous person? There seems to be one thing that distinguishes the career of most famous and successful people. Failure attacked them at every turn; the climb to fame and fortune was never a straight climb, but a crooked path full of falls, and slips. But in each case they picked themselves up and continued to climb and eventually reached success. Had they allowed discouragement and failure,

or the rebuffs of their critics, to nip their ambitions in the bud, their goal could never have been reached.

How well adjusted are you to your work? Do you enjoy your duties, and in general is it the kind of work that you would choose, if you were given a free choice?

There are those people who enjoy the work they do in this world, and there are those who plod through their daily job only because it is a means for making a livelihood. Within these two categories you will find the happy and the unhappy people.

A person's marriage, his home life, his leisure activities, his religion, and his other affairs, engage his attention only in those moments when he is not at work, but the nature and the quality of the work he does in this world affects his every thought and impulse, throughout every hour of the day.

At one extreme of the scale, you will find the servant at work—the slave—the man who has to spend his entire life performing duties and tasks that are utterly uninteresting to him, and offer no balm or comfort to his vanity. He is but a routine worker, performing routinely, and without spark or enthusiasm, those tasks which he finds empty and unrewarding.

At the other extreme of the scale we find what Beethoven called "the fine artist". This is the man who makes a living with no boss directly over him, doing things that he finds powerfully interesting and enjoyable. He performs activities that he would gladly continue to perform, even if all economic pressure upon him disappeared.

In this group, indeed, may we count all the happiest men in the world, and hence, perhaps all the most useful men. For what is done with joy in one's heart is always far better done, whether it be fashioning a dress, carving a statue, designing a building, treating a patient, or kissing a girl.

Students have often sought my advice in aiding them to select a career. My first question was always this: "If you could wave a magic wand, and tomorrow find yourself in the career that would be most enjoyable, which would it be?"

Often, in attempting to choose between two different courses of study leading to different professions, a student would ask

me, "Which will make me the most money?" It isn't hard to see that if this is the question uppermost in your mind, then it is doubtful whether you will ever make much money in your job.

If you are engaged with mind and heart in doing what you genuinely love, then what monetary reward you receive is not too important. If you are given a fabulous salary, and are engaged in work which you detest, it is doubtful whether the salary cheque will bring you very much happiness.

All things being equal, if you are engaged in doing work for which you are well suited, your chances of receiving a higher salary are enhanced. Always remember: The man who can make the rest of humanity pay him for being happy is obviously a better man than the general run, or at all odds, a luckier one. Here, luck and superiority are one and the same.

"Good luck," says one wag, "is a lazy man's estimate of a worker's success."

A person should be free to decide what he would be most happy doing, without too much concern for the monetary rewards. It is important, of course, to determine whether you have the ability to be what you want to be. There is no point in craving to be a great concert pianist when one obviously has no talent for music. If you have the ability (and there are various tests given by psychological testing clinics to ascertain aptitudes), then strike out and fight to attain your goal. Remember the discouragement that you will receive not only from others, but from within yourself, must be battled. Fight until you reach your goal. Set up a series of little goals that lead to the major one. This will decrease the possibility of discouragement. You wouldn't attempt to climb a ladder from the first rung to the last, in just one step. Attain each little goal in turn, one step of the ladder at a time, and you will soon be at the top. .

This is the way to achieve things in life. Not to look way up to the top rung and say, "My, my, so many years of study and work required, I'll never make it". All major achievements are but a series of little steps, taken one by one. Unfortunately many parents attempt to push children into the kind of occupations they themselves would have liked to attain. They force

their own ambitions to fruition through their children. I know one young lad who wanted to be an actor or a teacher, but he is going to engineering school. Is it because he wants to be an engineer? Will he be happy in it? Does he have the aptitude for it? It happens that his father wants to be an engineer. And his father will become an engineer, even though it kills his son!

Are you the master of your emotions, or do they master you? Emotions are like a two-edged sword—on the one side they add beauty and richness to our living; on the other side they can destroy us. Emotional control is one of the characteristics of a well-adjusted personality.

Every person has an autonomic nervous system—a system that operates involuntarily, and responds at once to emergency situations by shooting adrenalin into the bloodstream, causing the heart to beat faster and to pump more blood. In an emergency you must be ready for flight or fight, and so additional oxygen is required. The increased heartbeat pumps more blood, and therefore brings more oxygen to the body. Have you ever noticed how your heartbeat increases when a car suddenly shoots out in front of you? When you are frightened, insulted, or attacked, the body readies itself for defence. These chemical changes occur without any thought on your part—all part of the operation of the autonomic nervous system.

When you are young, your arteries, which carry the blood supply to the various parts of your body, are flexible and rubber-like. They open quickly and readily to allow the additional flow of blood to pass. As you grow older, however, these arteries tend to calcify—to harden; and they do not open as quickly and readily as they once did. If you will picture what happens to a milk bottle when the milk freezes inside it, you will have a good idea of what happens to the arteries of a person who allows himself to become continuously disturbed. You can be your own greatest enemy. Anger can be your downfall. Habits of quick temper developed early in life may persist and destroy you later in life.

I hope this will convince you that when you allow yourself to become angry over every trifle, you are developing an

emotional reaction pattern that will do you more harm than your enemy. Remember this, next time you start getting all upset over a broken cup, or a run in your stocking, or an insult thrown at you by a driver who doesn't approve of the way you drive.

Before you begin to quarrel with those you love, decide whether the issue at hand is more important than having them with you a little longer.

Anger is nothing but an emotional reaction to frustration. Whenever you become angry, you are confessing that you really don't know what else to do. Counting up to ten will not help, either, unless you think of a solution to your problem. If you are good and angry, and start counting to ten before hitting, you may find that you will hit anyway when you have finished counting, only ten times harder!

When the lift operator refuses to start up when we are in a hurry, when the driver in front of us decides to make a right turn, and thus hold us up until he can pass, when a person rushes ahead of us in a line, or when a taxicab screeches by and splashes mud all over our nice white suit—all these are frustrating situations that result in anger—because there is nothing else we can do.

One of the surest ways to prevent anger, is to think of possible adjustments to the problem. It is better to think than to attack!

There is no surer road to neurosis than to try to be all things to all men. It just can't be done.

"Why do they tell such lies about me?"

"Oh, he's just a big phony."

You can make up your mind right now that so long as you will attempt to do things in this world, you will hear criticism. I suppose the only people who are not criticized or talked against are those bumps on a log who do nothing, and therefore upset nobody, or those who are dead. They certainly can't be criticized. Walter Winchell said it, and he should know: "Criticism is what you get when you have everything else."

If you have faith in what you are fighting for, if you are secure in the belief that you are right—then keep on fighting. Let the harpings of those who disagree or envy you, fall.

on barren soil. Who was it who so wisely said, "Don't explain; your friends don't need it, and your enemies won't believe it!"?

Religion and mental hygiene are handmaidens. They go together. What is religion, after all, but a philosophy of life that offers you a guide and standards for choice-making? If your faith in a philosophy of life guides you to better choice-making, and leaves you a stronger and better person, then religion is working in your life to help make you an integrated and well-adjusted personality.

I once met a man who told me blithely that he never sinned.

"Really," I said, "do you have headaches from too tight a halo?"

He then asked me for my definition of sin, that would apply everywhere. I found it very difficult to give a definition of sin that applied all over the world, for what was sinful in our country seemed to be accepted and approved in some other society. What was approved in our society often turned out to be unforgivable sin in another civilization. After floundering awhile he gave me what I thought was a very provocative thought.

"To me," he said, "sin is anything that hurts another or me. I try never to do anything that will bring pain or regret to another or to myself. Whenever I am about to do something, I ask myself: Will this bring happiness, pleasure, satisfaction, to either one of us, or both, or will this action only hurt another or myself? If it brings happiness without pain to either, to my mind, it is right. If it results in damage, remorse, regret, suffering—then it is wrong. To me, smoking is a black sin. It hurts me. Our society approves smoking. You can smoke anywhere without censure, but it affects my health, and therefore is sinful. On the other hand I can mention some things that my society would regard as highly sinful, but which do not fall into my definition, and therefore give me little concern."

Have you observed the recent wedding of psychiatry and religion? There is great popularity today among books that deal with better living, written by priests, ministers, and rabbis.

It is a perfectly natural wedding. Religion, after all, is but a way of life—a philosophy to guide one through difficulty and stress.

No wonder then that these books have received so enthusiastic a response from people everywhere.

Every human being who must live in today's world is called upon to make numerous adjustments to the stresses and strains of daily living. None of us is exempt from the anxiety, worry, and indecision brought about by our conflicts and our problems.

In an attempt to adjust healthfully, we are all eager for some criteria—some guides—to help us make more intelligent decisions when confronted with diverging paths.

If religion can give a person standards for adjustment and for inner peace, then it becomes a truly functional and worthy contribution to his mental hygiene and personality health. If religion, however, is merely conceived of as a group of ceremonials to be performed by rote, or a constellation of words to be mouthed, then it can never operate to contribute significantly to one's mental hygiene.

That's the trouble with those who think they are religious because they attend services regularly. Their religion is but a series of gestures to be performed, and therefore results in nothing really constructive from a personality point of view.

The story is told of a man from Boston who was seen in Times Square carrying a Bible. A friend from his own town who happened to see him approached him and asked what he was doing in New York. "Oh, I am down here drinking and playing cards and chasing around with loose women and having a helluva time," said the old gentleman. "What are you doing with the Bible?" inquired his friend. "Oh," he said, "I may be here over Sunday."

Harry Emerson Fosdick, in commenting on mental hygiene in religion, said: "We sometimes have to take 'No' for an answer to our prayers, instead of the 'Yes' we want. But real prayer always does one of two things: It either frees us from the trouble we fear or else it gives us the strength and courage to meet the trouble when it comes."

And now for the "sad but true" department: "Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it."

"A clear conscience and a peaceful heart"—here are two essentials of a well-adjusted personality. Conscience was defined by one wit as "that part that hurts when everything else feels so good".

A person's poise, serenity, and composure, are merely results of inner adjustment, just as anxiety, fear, doubt, and chronic unhappiness, are results—not causes, of maladjustment. Your personality reflects either your inner peace or your conflicts with impartial accuracy. Judgment, though, is something more desirable than blind conscience. Here is why: conscience may involve a hard taskmaster, it may enslave you with feelings of guilt, when perhaps no guilt should really be felt,

Conscience is the result of all the things we have been taught by our parents, our teachers, the church, the school, the police, to believe are right or wrong. It is possible that any one or more of these people may have instilled in us strange ideas about what is right or wrong. Isn't it possible that some of the ideas of sin and virtue as given to you by your parents, for example, may not be entirely correct or justified?

Judgment would evaluate action in the scale of true life values. Judgment involves thinking, reasoning, and considering—not just blind emotion that results in tweaks and pinches of conscience. Next time you are having a little trouble with your conscience, ask yourself, "Do I think this is sinful because I have been indoctrinated with this idea and have accepted it blindly, or is it really sinful because it hurts another, or me?" You may be saved a lot of unnecessary tweaks in this way.

It was Ogden Nash, I believe, who said:

He who is ridden by a conscience  
 Worries about a lot of nonsense;  
 He without benefit of scruples,  
 His fun and income, soon quadruples.

Nevertheless, it is better to evaluate your choice-making with



good judgment, than to plunge in, and become the victim of remorse, regret, and worry. Or as the little boy strawberry said to the little girl strawberry, "If we hadn't been found in the same bed together, we wouldn't be in this jam".

## 10. ELEVEN WAYS TO GET MORE OUT OF LIFE

A FORTUNE-TELLER is speaking to a woman: "You will be poor and unhappy until you reach the age of forty."

"And then, what after that?" asked the lady.

"After that you will be used to it."

How about you? Do you want to get used to being unhappy or do you want to learn how to live a happier life in the years ahead? Whether you will or not depends entirely upon your willingness to learn each day how to live better than the day before. Only thus is it possible to capture the illusive will-o'-the-wisp—happiness. It is now asserted that human intelligence reaches its maximum at sixteen years of age. After that, there is nothing left to do but learn how to use it!

Intelligent people are not always happy. This is because they have not learned how to apply their intelligence to life adjustments. They become victims of their ignorance and slaves to their emotions. They say that there are two things a man should never be angry at—what he can help and what he cannot help. Your personality, your life in the days and years to come—are definitely things that you can help. Your desire to learn more about yourself and how to live more effectively can free you from the slavery of torturing emotions, and fill the years ahead with more contentment and achievement.

Dr. Clarence Bellinger, the brilliant director of Brooklyn State Hospital, says: "The struggle of mankind for happiness has been a constant and engrossing one for centuries, probably since the advent of man on this earthly planet. Yet as we look about in this year of advanced civilization, we see unhappiness

all around. In fact, there are those who say that as civilization continues, the woes and unhappiness of man increase. To be able to reduce our own woes and unhappiness, we must know about the problems of human behaviour, understand our emotional reactions and our habits of life.

"This process requires the application of an old saying—'Know Thyself'. To really know yourself you must understand why you behave or react as you do. It means you must look for not the first reason that comes to mind, but the deeper and more, nearly true reasons.

"Only through understanding ourselves and by gaining the knowledge that leads to better choice-making, can behaviour be changed—not by law or edict, but by the individual himself. Only then can one live so as to increase his own happiness from within—the only true source of real happiness!"

Only those who have insight and understanding, and are eternally dedicated to improvement and growth, can hope to get more out of life. This should be the aim of each of us—to live each day more fully, and better than the day before.

To help you to attain this aim in some measure—I propose eleven points.

1. *Do You Know How to Make the Most of What You've Got?*

"Well, what have I got," asked one girl, "nothing but misery!"

A happy person always knows how to make the most of what he's got, rather than sit and moan and groan over the real success he could have been if only he were a little younger, a little taller, had the right breaks, were born with better features.

Perhaps Levine and Siegel illustrate what is meant by making the most of what you've got:

Levine bought a diamond and emerald ring for his wife. At lunch he showed it to his friend Siegel.

"What did you pay for it?" asked Siegel.

"\$500."

"I like it," said Siegel, "I'll give you seven hundred, that's \$200 profit for you."

So it was done. But the next day Levine regretted it. His wife

would have liked it. He went to Siegel and offered to buy it back for \$800.

Siegel sold. After all, it was a quick \$100 profit. But he had become attached to the ring and phoned Levine later, saying, "Look, if you'll sell it back to me I'll give you a thousand for it." So it was again Siegel's. And Levine joyously pocketed the extra \$200.

Before Siegel could present it to his own wife, his partner Berman saw it and offered \$1,500. The ring changed hands.

The next day, Levine again sought the ring, offering Siegel \$1,200.

"I've sold it to Berman for \$1,500," Siegel explained. "You're too late."

"You idiot," cried Levine. "How could you do such a thing! From that ring we were both making such a nice living, you had to go and sell it!"

Have you ever squelched an ambition because others discouraged you?

"What do you want to be? A doctor? You'll never make it. Takes too long, too much competition, too much money, too much pull, too much this and too much that! Give up and go into your father's underwear business!"

I think the hardest fight we ever make is to fight discouragement—that dread disease that can dry up even the hardest ambitions, once it is succumbed to.

The next time someone says to you, "What do you want to be—a doctor? A teacher? You'll never make it—takes too long—too much money"—then I hope you'll remember a little story that has worked wonders for me. Perhaps it may do the same for you.

The bumblebee cannot fly. According to the theory of aerodynamics, and as may be readily demonstrated through laboratory tests and wind tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight, and shape, of his body, in relation to the total wingspread that he has, make flying impossible.

But the bumblebee, being ignorant of these profound truths,

goes ahead and flies anyway, and manages to make a little honey every day!

You know, some people are so sure we are going to fail, we hate to disappoint them!

2. *Do You Know How to Keep Young?* On the tombstones of some people, there should be this inscription:

Died at 30  
Buried at 60

What is youth anyway? Have you ever seen any youths who had no youth at all? Look into the ward of any mental hospital, and you will see many bodies that have lived twenty-one years, but that possess no real youth. They are finished, spent with life, like the oldest of old.

Would you like to know when you're really old? Here's one way you can tell:

The moment you start to say, "Oh—oh, for the good old days . . . When I was a young girl of 16 . . . you should have seen me . . . the places I went . . . the things I did . . . sit down for about four hours and let me tell you about it . . ."

The moment the past appears more attractive to you than the present or the future, then, ladies and gentlemen, you are growing old! Have you ever observed what it is that some old people talk about? Do they talk about the present, or the future, or do they insist on telling what a wonderful life the past contained? Those who find the past more attractive than the present have nothing in the present that is stimulating, interesting, and vital enough to keep them from regressing to a long lost, but happier, state.

Stop looking back, longingly or regretfully. Life for many people is made miserable because their days and nights are spent in self-pity over unfulfilled desire or because of unrealized ambition. Too many torture themselves with self-recrimination over failure to follow what hindsight belatedly decrees the wiser fork in the road.

As there is a time for weeping so, too, is there a time for rejoicing. That time comes—and man finds himself strengthened

and better able to bear life's vicissitudes—the moment he learns that constant weeping over that which is lost is futile and fatuous.

Dr. Morris Weintrob, a great physician who brings a touch of mental hygiene into the lives of all who come to him for healing, puts it so aptly when he says:

The ability to forget is God-given and priceless. Without it life would be marred by pointless weeping and man would be unable to adjust properly to constant change.

Dreams are rarely if ever completely fulfilled, and fortunate indeed is the man who learns this lesson early in life.

Something has gone wrong in your plans? Don't let it get you down. Make other plans.

A good friend has failed you? Recall the desirable qualities which attracted you in the first instance before you toss aside his friendship. Friends are not as plentiful as the sands of the sea.

To cry over that which is lost may purge the soul and ease the burden; but the period of mourning should be brief. "Why is the water of the eyes salty?" asks the Talmud. "Because," said a sage of old, "when a person weeps for the dead constantly, he becomes blind; but since tears are salty (and make his eyes smart) he stops weeping."

Let him who has sorrow in his heart wipe the tears from his eyes and rejoice as he faces the future with renewed hope.

William Lyon Phelps used to say, "Physically all who have passed forty begin to deteriorate; but mentally some men and women never grow old, no matter how many years they have to their credit. If they maintain a constant interest in the world about them, they will actually live longer than those whose curiosity diminishes or decays."

If a man's mind is filled with memories and reminiscences instead of anticipation, then he is growing old.

While the physiologist believes old age begins at twenty-eight, which is when physical deterioration sets in, creative imagination, the real life surge of humanity, only reaches complete development in the forties. Artists do their best work at fifty; doctors at fifty-four; jurists at fifty-seven. As

Victor Hugo phrased it, forty is the old age of youth; fifty is the youth of old age.

A reporter for a midwestern paper asked an eighty-year-old man, "To what do you attribute your longevity?"

The old fellow answered, "I don't know yet. I'm still dickering with two breakfast food companies."

At any rate, no matter how fast the birthdays may come, always remember that the longer the time you stay young, then the shorter the time you will be old.

3. *Do You Continually Set Up Desirable Goals and Strive Toward Them?* When I was five years old it seemed to me that if only I had a puppy dog, my happiness would be complete. Then when I got the puppy, I was a little surprised to find that it was far from complete because I wanted a motion-picture machine and a gramophone. But then—ah then—if only I had these things, I would really be happy. And so it went until of course I realized that happiness is not a station you arrive at, but a manner of travelling!

If happiness were a station, then when we reached the station we would refuse to budge, wouldn't we? "Well, now that I've finally reached the station marked happiness, I just refuse to move!" But happiness is not a station. Happiness is something in the *attitude* of the traveller, rather than in the sights to be seen through the window. It isn't the attainment of a goal that is important, but the striving to attain. When you have attained one goal, there is nothing to do but set up another more interesting one toward which to strive.

Success is the feeling you have as you travel, not the feeling you get when you arrive. George Bernard Shaw says, "I dread success. To have succeeded is to have finished one's business on earth, like the male spider, who is killed by the female the moment he has succeeded in his courtship. I like a state of continual becoming with a goal in front and not behind."

A well-adjusted person is one who has learned how to set up desirable goals and strive toward them. What is a desirable goal? That depends on you and your own sense of values.

Charles Steinmetz, the tiny hunchbacked wizard of electricity, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He came to the United States as a poor immigrant, and became a top executive at General Electric.

Here are some sentences written by Steinmetz which should really give you something to think about: "To succeed is to make a living at work which interests you. The work which interests you may not make you rich. What of it? The wise man learns to live. The shrewd man learns to make money. But the man who has learned to live is the happier of the two. If his work interests him, it is not work at all."

To know yourself is to know what kind of work makes you happy. Live life for all it is worth by setting up interesting and stimulating goals for yourself, and start travelling today to attain them.

4. *Have You Learned How to Live with Yourself?* This means that you are seeking constantly to understand yourself and your true motives. You can never live well with others until you can first live well with yourself. Living well with others helps you to live well with yourself.

Did you ever notice the phrase printed on a railroad or bus ticket—"Not Good If Detached"? The other day I had such a ticket in my hand and got to thinking about the phrase. There's a world of meaning wrapped up in this.

"Not good if detached." In today's world nobody can really "detach" himself from others. He has to live with, work with, and be with, other people.

The greatest art in life is the art of getting along with other people easily, happily, congenially, and without friction. It is an art that is more important than all the knowledges and skills that a person can develop in or out of school.

"Not good if detached." No sensible person even tries to detach himself from what is going on around him. He keeps his mind open to the right kind of influences—influences that will help him to develop his personality.

One broken-down old roué came to a doctor for examination. After the examination, the doctor said, "You've got to give up



drinking, smoking, and be in bed by nine o'clock. That's the best advice I can give you."

"Doctor," he said, "the kind of life I've led, I don't deserve the best. What else would you suggest?"

Surely, it is not a crime to make a mistake. The crime lies in living the mistake, without attempt to change or improve. Improvement is impossible so long as you do not understand yourself, and your relationship to others.

Don't ever feel that you're beyond improving. Only at death do we reach that point. There is a danger in feeling too important anyway.

One teacher gave an examination to her students, informing them that they might take their papers and complete them at home. "However," she cautioned them, "remember that you cannot cheat and still live with yourself."

The next day among the papers, she found one student's paper that was letter perfect. At the bottom of the page was the explanation: "Dear Teacher, I find that I can cheat and live with myself better than I can fail and live with my father."

5. *When You Get a "Lemon"*—There's only one thing to do when life hands you a "lemon"—make lemonade!

"Oh, I never have any luck—all I needed was just one more number to make Bingo."

Said one fellow: "I'm really unlucky, I bought a suit with two pair of pants, and burned a hole in the coat!"

When the stock market crashed in 1929, it was worth your life to walk down Wall Street. A body might come hurtling down on your head. People were committing suicide by the dozens. As their fortunes were wiped out, they jumped from tall buildings or shot their brains out. Eddie Cantor lost every cent he had in the stock market crash. Every cent! Yet what did he do? Shoot his brains out? He wrote a joke book called *Caught Short*. Others killed themselves, and he wrote a joke book! Please note: it isn't life's blows that destroy, it's what we do in the face of the blow.

Some people learn how to stand up bravely under the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," while others want

life handed to them on a silver platter—monogrammed!

Next time you are overwhelmed with self-pity, when you are thinking how unlucky you are, and what terrible breaks life is giving you, it may be well to recall the story of Mrs. Patricia Doyle. Mrs. Doyle's experiences were reported in a United Press dispatch during the war as follows:

LOS ANGELES, August 11—Mrs. Patricia Doyle of Honolulu was notified in May that her husband, Machinist's Mate George Doyle, had been killed on submarine duty.

Four weeks later, her house was robbed of the money she had been saving for the birth of her second child.

The next day, her two-year-old daughter drowned.

A few days later a spine injury from a fall sent her to a hospital.

Friends contributed \$1,000 to a fund to send her to the mainland to give birth to her second child next month, and to bury the ashes of her first.

Soon after she arrived, \$900 was stolen from her room in San Gabriel.

Arriving in Los Angeles with \$60, she met a girl who offered to share a room.

Yesterday, Mrs. Doyle reported to police that the girl had stolen her clothing, and the \$60.

Next time you think how unlucky you are, give Mrs. Doyle a thought. You may change your mind.

An illustration of the "lemon-lemonade" theme is perhaps best revealed by a story which, it is said, was a top favourite with Franklin D. Roosevelt:

A thief broke into the home of a man and stole his purse. That night the man wrote in his diary:

"Let me be thankful. First because I was never robbed before. Second, because although he took my purse, he did not take my life. Third, because although he took all I possessed, it was not much. And fourth, because it was I who was robbed not I who robbed."

6, *Beware of Perfectionism.* The Shuberts own a string of theatres in New York. Some rivals once started trouble for the Shuberts, which resulted in some lawsuits against them by the govern-

ment. I was impressed with Lee Shubert's remark as he came into New York to face the music. "If you are successful," he chuckled, "you've got to expect brickbats sailing through the air. When the attacks on you end, it means that you're all washed up. Apparently, we are still arousing jealousies."

Lee Shubert is right. The moment people stop criticizing you—brother, you're dead! So long as you do things in this world, so long as you are striving to express yourself and to be better than you are, you will stir up jealousies, envy, and the brickbats of those who resent what you are doing because they do not agree with you, or because your success stimulates their own feeling of inferiority.

"Everyone must love me. Everyone must think my suit is perfect. Everyone must think my wallpaper is gorgeous." What nonsense! This is the surest way to ending up a complete neurotic! •

The "doers" in this world are the ones who must learn to let criticism run off their backs. Have faith in yourself, and remember that the only ones who are not talked against are those who either do nothing, or occupy a little plot of ground in the cemetery.

"Oh what a phony he is." "She's only putting up a front . . . who does she think she's kidding?" Have you ever had remarks such as this hurled against you? Well, next time you hear these criticisms just think to yourself, "Hmm, I must be a success!"

Winston Churchill has the following quotation hanging in his study at Chartwell:

If I were trying to read, much less answer all the attacks made on me, this shop might well be closed for any other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing it to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me will not amount to anything. If the end brings me out all wrong, ten angels swearing I was right, would make no difference.

The quotation is by Abraham Lincoln, and was given to Winston Churchill as a seventieth birthday gift by Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

If you have faith in the right of what you are doing, don't let hecklers weaken or worry you.

Perfectionism is a dangerous trait.

It is very well to "hitch your wagon to a star", but be reasonable with yourself.

7. *Can You Laugh at Life?* There are some things in life that are so sad that if we did not laugh, we would surely cry. Laughter is the "sunshine of the soul". Show me what it takes to make a man laugh, and I will tell you how mentally healthy he is.

There is no medicine ever made that can match laughter for therapeutic value. Laughter is a real medicine. It has optimistic vitamins in it. It revives like oxygen, and it restores failing morale.

The sorrow which has no vent in tears  
Makes other organs weep.

This is also true of laughter. To live well you need a good sense of humour. How I admire a one-eyed woman who walked up to a movie box office and said to the cashier, "With only one eye, I should think you'd let me in for half price."

The cashier shook her head, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to pay double. It will take you twice as long to see the picture."

8. *The Optimistic Vitamins of Laughter.* Life does many things to all of us. It is easy to be happy when it brings us what we want, but the measure of a man is how he responds to life when it deals him a nasty blow.

When you go for a car trip, you don't expect all the roads to be smooth and free of bumps. You expect a little bump here and a big one there, although naturally you prefer as smooth a road as possible.

So is life—bumps alternate with the smooth parts—big bumps and little bumps. None of us would like to be caught with a car that breaks down as soon as it hits a bump. We would prefer to have a sturdy automobile that rides as well over the broken roads as it does over the smooth and straight ones.

Have you developed the kind of personality that can hit life's bumps, and still bounce back, ready for the next one? If you have learned to be happy in spite of what life does to you, then you have indeed learned how to be a wise and useful adult. This is one lesson we should all learn early enough in life so that we can enjoy living more fully. Sad but true, isn't it, that the trouble with life is that when you get old enough to know what to do, you are too old to do it.

Let's go back to riding in our car over the bumps. What do you do when your car hits a particularly bad hole in the road? Do you cuss and yell, fret and fume? Or do you laugh, and say, "I think I ought to go back—I missed one."

The greatest friend you will ever have will be your own sense of humour. It can rescue you from fear, from a feeling of hopelessness, and give you renewed courage to meet and solve your daily problems more effectively.

One psychiatrist was walking through the wards of a mental hospital, when a patient—a woman—rushed up to him and said, "You know, we like you better than the other doctors."

"Really," grinned the psychiatrist, "why?"

"Because you're more like one of us."

Do yourself a big favour—start working on your sense of humour. Look for the funny aspects in your troubles. It's really quite hard to see anything funny in our own troubles, but when you are able to find something in them to laugh about, you will be amazed at how much easier it is to face your worries and fight away the blues.

Gelett Burgess, the famous humorist, tells that he went to hear an old professor speak in Paris one night. The professor began his talk by commanding "Laugh! Everybody in the audience—laugh! Laugh out loud! That's it, louder, louder!"

"One after another began to laugh," Mr. Burgess says, "and soon the whole place was convulsed with uproarious laughter. I hadn't felt much like laughing when I went in. Some people can laugh at their own troubles, but when one you love is suffering, and you can do nothing to help, it is hard to show mirth.

"I had almost forgotten how to smile, but I laughed with

the rest. I could not help it. I went away feeling definitely happier.

"The next day I saw in a magazine a picture of a sweepstakes winner. She was laughing all over. I pinned her to my wall, and every time I looked at her, I smiled. Every time I felt better. Then I began to cut out every laughing picture I could find in newspapers, magazines, advertisements. I finally filled a book with them. They were not mere photographic smiles or smirks, though. You need genuine ha-ha laughter to stimulate merri-ment.

"I showed my scrapbook to a nurse. She roared. In the hospital she gave it to a patient and the sight of those laughing faces made her smile for the first time in months.

"From bed to bed the book was passed, and in one ward after another. The doctors testified that this laugh cure almost always produced a marked improvement. I made other scrapbooks. I sent them to discouraged or ailing friends, always with the same happy result. Laughter is a real medicine. I have proved for myself that there is a cleansing power in laughter."

How can your insides feel depressed when ripples of laughter go through your body? Perhaps God gave the grace of laughter to the human being because the human is perhaps beset with more problems and more difficulties than any other group in the animal kingdom. No other animal can laugh. Did you ever see a dog having a good belly-laugh, or a cat convulsed with giggles? No animal laughs. This is reserved for the human species—God's gift to help balance us against the pressures of life.

Is it any wonder then, that the highest paid artists in the world are those people who can make others laugh? The world loves a comedian, because he makes us feel better.

Laughter is contagious. You not only help yourself, but you help others when you are able even to smile. Don't under-rate the value of a smile. It is remarkable how contagious it can be.

9. *When You Reach a "Tired Spot" in Life.* Have you ever been on a hike or a picnic, when, after walking for a long time, you

just felt so tired that you couldn't go on? After a while all of us reach just such "tired spots".

The thing that distinguishes one person from another, however, is the way he behaves when he reaches his particular "tired spot". Some rest awhile, and go on refreshed, and with renewed enthusiasm. Others simply refuse to go farther, declaring, "Enough is enough!" Some even insist on being carried. Which are you?

All of us reach certain points in our life when it seems just too hard to take the next step. We are exhausted, and wish to be relieved of our burdensome pack. One young lady tells this story of her childhood. When you approach your next "tired spot", remember it.

"One evening," she relates, "when my four-year-old brother, Jimmy, and I were out walking with Father, Jimmy asked Father to carry him home. He was just too tired to walk, he said.

"When Father told him that he was tired too, Jimmy began to cry. Without a word, Father took out his knife and cut a small limb from a tree. Handing it to Jimmy, he said, 'Here's a fine horse for you to ride'.

"Jimmy hopped astride the stick and off he galloped—beating us home by a block.

"Father laughed. 'That's the way you will find life', he told me. 'Sometimes you will be so tired mentally or physically that you'll think you can't go on. Then you'll find a stick horse—in the form of a friend, a song, a poem, a flower, a baby's smile—and over the tired spot you'll gallop.'

"Now I'm telling everyone that there is a stick horse to carry them over every tired spot in life if they will but look around for it."

When you meet some "tired spots" in your life, won't you just look around to see if there isn't some little "stick horse" to help you over? They are there if you will but look for them. Remember, the more you think how impossible life can be, the more impossible it usually becomes. Surely you don't want the kind of epitaph to apply to you that I once discovered on a tombstone in Pembroke, Massachusetts:

## HERE LIES

Here lies an old woman who always was tired.  
She lived in a house where help was not hired.  
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going  
Where washing ain't done, no sweeping, nor sewing.  
But everything there is exact to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.  
I'll be where glad anthems forever are ringing,  
But having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never;  
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

10. *Do You Take Time to Make and Keep a Friend?* To have a friend you must first be a friend. Friendship is like life or love. You have to nourish and take care of it. If it is ignored, it atrophies and disappears.

Anyone wrapped up entirely in himself will never be able to interest someone else.

The ability to enter into the tastes, interests, and points of view, of another person is a sign of good adjustment.

"You know, you understand me." Now what greater compliment can anyone give you than to utter these words? Most of us are so wrapped up in ourselves, in our petty little troubles and desires, that we lose sight of the fact that it takes a little unselfishness and a lot of interest in another to be able to make and keep a friend.

"But why don't you try to understand what I want?" wails a wife to her husband.

"You never see my point of view," declares a fellow to his girl-friend.

It is a great art, indeed, to be able to enter into the interests, feelings, and point of view, of another. "I know just how you feel, my dear," is much more easily said than felt.

Your "stock of understanding" will soar if you will merely do one little thing next time another person is confiding his problem to you. Ask yourself: "What would this mean to me? How would I feel if the same problem were right in my own back yard?"



If you ever hope to have another person like you or love you, you must be eager to understand the way he looks at life—his point of view. Is it easy for you to put yourself in another's shoes? "What indeed, would I do, or how would I feel if this same thing were happening to me?" This is always a good question to ask yourself.

11. *Do You Have an "Educated Heart"?* Everybody knows what an educated brain is. But what is an "educated heart"?

That's something you own if you know how to bring a little happiness into someone else's life . . . and you do it! It means you know something wonderful to say about someone . . . and you say it! It means you know something cruel and vicious . . . and you don't say it! It means you are willing and able to see the other fellow's point of view.

What a wonderful mother, father, sweetheart, doctor, lawyer, salesman, you must be if you can and do that one great thing . . . see the other fellow's point of view.

Should a person always tell the truth? Is honesty always the best policy? If you have an "educated heart" then you will know that there are times when it is far better to lie. Here's when: when telling the truth can do nothing, but bring pain and sorrow to another, and that's it . . . I think you had better learn how to lie a little.

Here . . . this happened in a cemetery. During the funeral ceremonies, the undertaker was very busy . . . looking all the other candidates over . . . when he noticed among the mourners one very old man . . . pale, thin, shaky, yellowed . . .

He walked over to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "You know, for you . . . it doesn't pay to go home!"

While we are on the "educated heart", have you noticed what a stingy world we are living in? What a stingy world! Make a mistake, do something wrong . . . see how long it takes before you are told what you did wrong.

Then do something very nice . . . see how long it takes before you are told, "What a wonderful job you did".

Don't you think it's a little disgraceful . . . we send banks of flowers to those who have stopped smelling them. We insist on

saying so many lovely words to those who have stopped listening.

Should you forget every word I have said, every last word, I hope you will carry away with you . . . forever . . . one tiny thought expressed in these stanzas. Here it is:

*Closed eyes can't see the white roses;  
Cold hands can't hold them, you know.  
Breath that is stilled cannot gather  
The odours that sweet from them blow.  
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming  
Its children of earth doth endow;  
Life is the time we can help them;  
So give them the flowers now.*

*Here are the struggles and striving;  
Here are the cares and the tears;  
Now is the time to be smoothing  
The frowns and the furrows and fears.  
What, to closed ears, are kind sayings?  
What, to hushed heart, is deep vow?  
Naught can avail after parting—  
So give them the flowers now.*